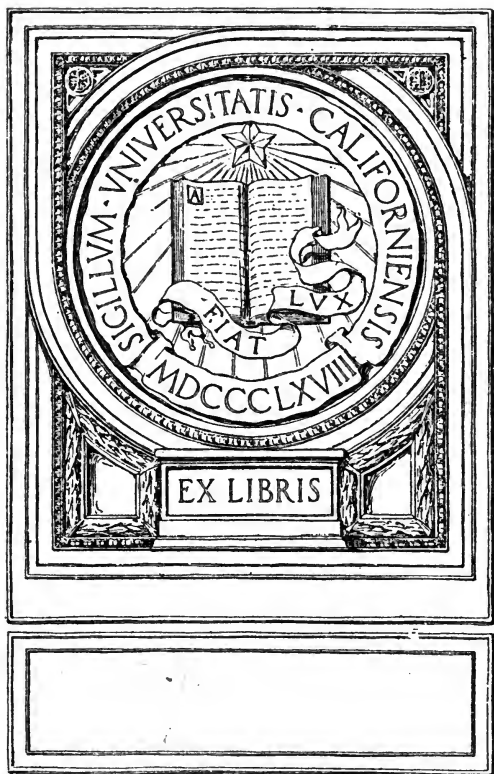


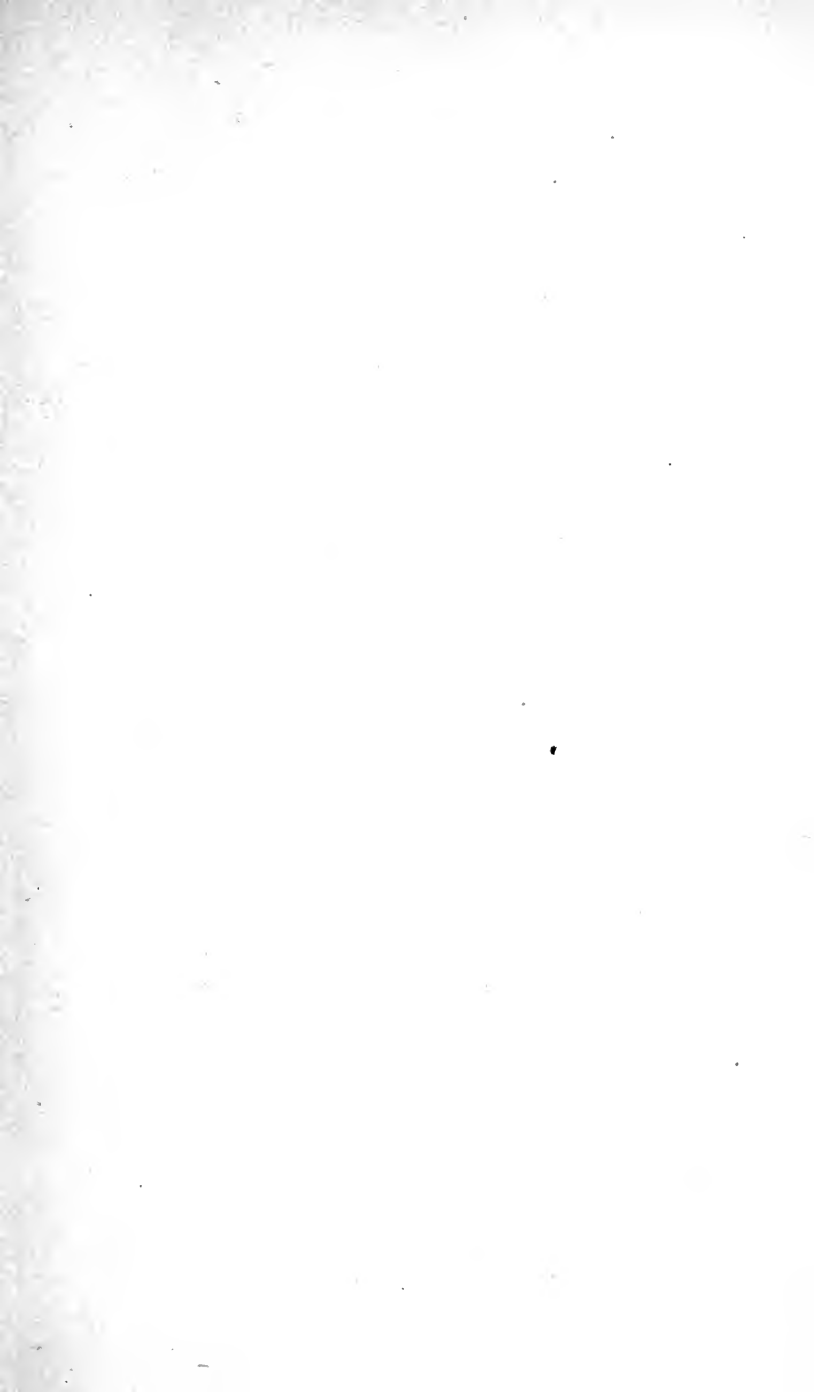
IN GREECE  
WITH THE CLASSICS

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WILLIAM AMORY GARDNER



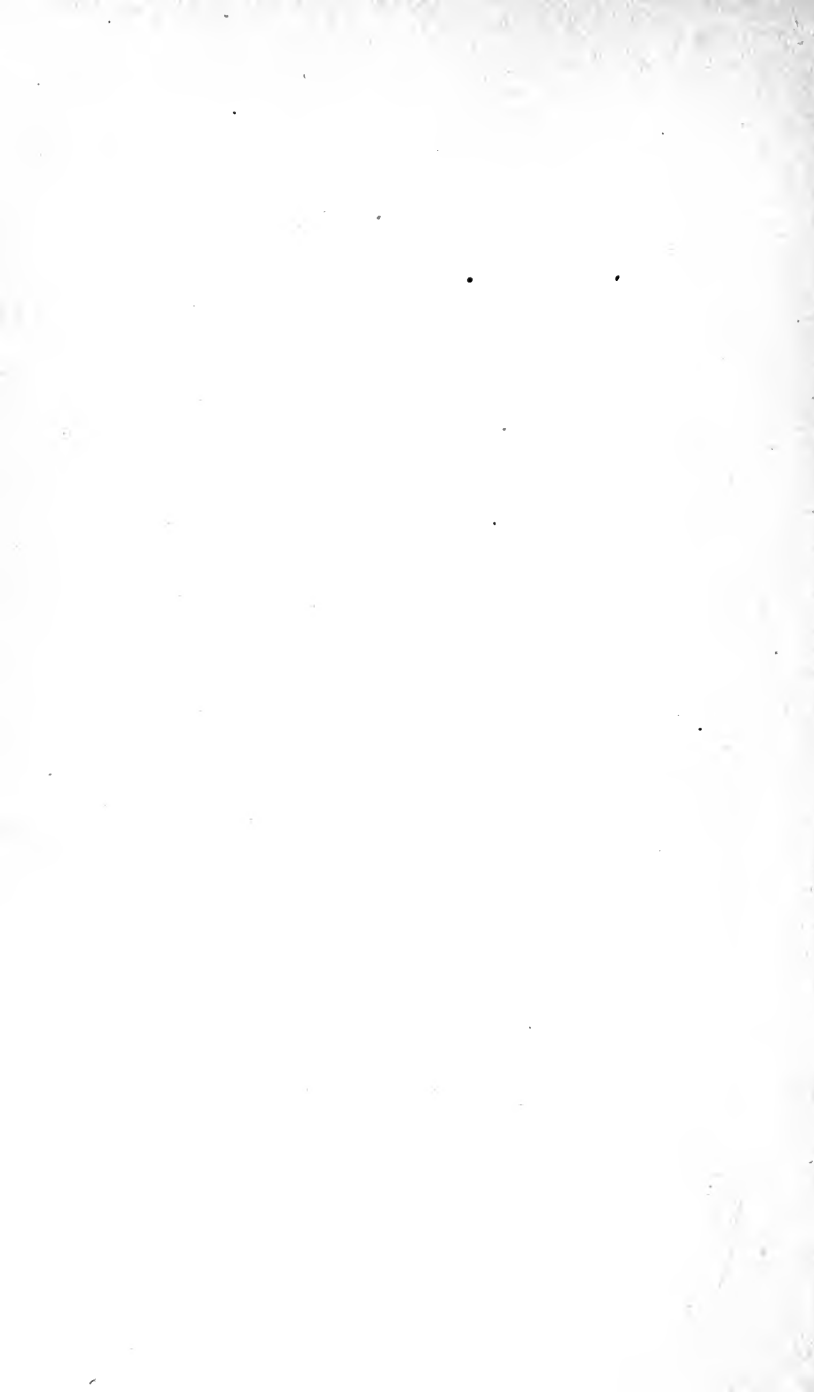












**IN GREECE WITH THE CLASSICS**



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# IN GREECE WITH THE CLASSICS

By  
William Amory Gardner  
*Master at Groton School*



Boston  
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1908

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## PREFACE

THIS book is the outcome of a month spent in Greece in the early spring of 1905. From my own experience, I am led to hope that other travellers will find their pleasure in visiting scenes of classic association increased by reading on the spot passages from the ancient poets and story-tellers, which those scenes recall.

The following pages contain a number of such passages, connected by a slender thread of narrative.

Many of the passages are very famous, and have already been admirably translated. My only excuse for offering new translations of these is that, as the best translation in the world can only partly reproduce the *feeling* of an original poem, each new translation may possibly contain something which will contribute its mite towards the unattainable total.



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"SHIP OF THE PHÆACIANS," CORCYRA .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
GORGE OF THE CASTALIAN SPRING, DELPHI . . . . .	<i>Vignette on Title</i>



## NOTE ON THE TRANSLATIONS

IN most of the translations I aim to be as nearly literal as possible. I usually reproduce hexameters by hexameters, and Iambic trimeters by blank verse. It seems quite impossible to reproduce in English the more difficult meters without wide departure from the original words. In such cases I make an attempt either by an occasional rhymed ending, or by a faint echo of the general rhythm, to preserve something of the ancient lyrical spirit. When this has seemed impossible, all that I have attempted is a division of the passages into verses of lengths varying somewhat in harmony with those of the original.

For the sake of variety, I have done a few passages into English rhymed verse. In these instances the translation is, of course, less literal.

The spelling of proper names is not strictly consistent. Where a name has become thoroughly anglicized, I use the familiar spelling.

The original text of the principal poetical passages is printed in the Appendix.





# IN GREECE WITH THE CLASSICS

## CHAPTER I

### ACROPOLIS

THE historian, the archæologist, and the architect have told the world so much about the Acropolis that a detailed account of the buildings would be superfluous in these pages. It is purposed rather to invoke the ancient writers of song and story to repeat to us the legends of the Holy Hill.

The Acropolis rises high over the city and is seldom out of the sight or the thoughts of the traveller. One acquires the habit of visiting it nearly every day. As we mount the crowded streets and long stone stairways leading from the lower town on the north, we pause for a moment near the spot once occupied by the Prytaneum, or we search in vain for traces of the Temple of the Dioscuri which must have been somewhere near. We lift the eyes and high above us we see, built into the walls, the drums of the ancient Temple of Athene

which were utilized in the rebuilding of the Acropolis fortification after the Persian War. Lower down we catch sight of a small opening in the jagged rocks, and after a rough and difficult scramble, the opening enlarges and we find ourselves at the entrance of the grotto of Aglauros.

Aglauros was one of the three daughters of Cerops, the ancient king of Athens. Her sisters were Herse and Pandrosos. To the care of the three princesses Athene committed the mysterious infant Erichthonius. The child was hidden in a chest which the goddess bade the sisters by no means to open. Pandrosos obeyed the injunction, but Aglauros could not be content. The chest was opened, and behold an infant with a serpent coiled about him. Smitten with terror or with the madness of remorse, the sisters leaped from the cliff and perished. At this very time Athene was busy at the work of fortifying her beloved citadel, and was carrying a small mountain through the air to buttress the northern wall. A crow brought her the news of the opening of the chest, and in her agitation and rage, she dropped the mountain which now dominates the town as Lycabettus. The crow, as bearer of ill-tidings, was forbidden thenceforth to light on the Acropolis.

Another tale relates that Athene, to punish Aglauros for her curiosity, inspired her with jealousy of her sister Herse, who was loved by the god Hermes.

In punishment Hermes turned her to stone. Yet another version of the story of Aglauros tells that she leaped from the cliff to save her country, when an oracle had demanded a victim as the price of victory in war.

It was doubtless in connection with this nobler tradition that in after times, when the Youth of Athens reached the age of military service, they received in this cave the shield and spear, and in the name of Aglauros, took the oath of devotion to their country. Henceforth "They<sup>1</sup> swear to regard as the boundaries of Attica, 'The Wheat, the Barley, the Vine and the Olive;' being taught to consider as their own all lands that are cultivated and fruitful."

When Pisistratus wished to disarm the citizens, that his tyranny might be the more secure, he bade them all bring their weapons to the Anakeion.<sup>2</sup> "They came, and his henchmen advancing took away the arms and deposited them in the sacred precinct of Aglauros."

We enter the cave, and overhead, in the dim light, we can make out a staircase hewn in the rock. Wooden steps doubtless continued this to the floor of the cave in ancient times. It was the staircase of the maidens who, at the yearly festival, carried a mysterious chest down from the Erechtheum

<sup>1</sup> Plutarch: Alcib., 15.

<sup>2</sup> Temple of the Dioscuri a little below the grotto.

through the cavern to the precinct of Eileithyia in the city below. To the westward of the grotto, another stairway climbs the steep rocks — the Makrae,<sup>1</sup> as they were called, — and leads to the Pandroseum, the open platform lying to the westward of the Erechtheum and named for the good sister Pandrosos. It is a difficult climb. This is the way<sup>2</sup> by which Herodotus tells us<sup>3</sup> the Persians, after many fruitless efforts to capture the Acropolis, at last succeeded in effecting an entrance. They quickly massacred the remnant who stayed behind when the rest of the Athenians had fled to Salamis, and they burned and destroyed everything in the Citadel. Yet though they burned the sacred olive planted by Athene herself, lo, within two days, the immortal tree shot up higher than before.

We follow a difficult path to the westward along a slightly lower level. In a few minutes we come to a second grotto — that of Pan — bestowed on the god in gratitude for his assistance at the battle of Marathon. Euripides, who is not sensitive about chronology, tells us how Pan was wont to sit in his cave and pipe for the maidens to dance in the Pandroseum overhead:

<sup>1</sup> Long Rocks.

<sup>2</sup> Or possibly the above mentioned staircase inside the grotto.

<sup>3</sup> Herodotus, viii. 53 and 55.

“ Oh <sup>1</sup> thou haunt of the mighty Pan,  
Rock by the Long Cliff cavernous,  
Where with their feet the sisters three,  
    Aglauros' <sup>2</sup> daughters fair,  
Oft tread their dances beside the fane  
Of Pallas, over the verdant lawn,  
In time to the varied sound of Hymn  
    When thou art piping there;

“ Oh Pan, within thy cavern grot,  
    Where once of old a maid,  
A mother too, ah hapless one!  
    Her tender infant laid —  
Offspring of Phoebus — as a feast  
    To winged creatures wild,  
And bloody banquet to the beast  
    She left her helpless child.

“ Ah dreadful deed! — the fruit  
Of union bitter — never have I learned  
    In tapestry embroidered,  
    Nor yet in story told,  
    That happiness to mortal's lot  
Hath been vouchsafed through offspring god-  
    begot,  
    Now or in days of old.”

<sup>1</sup> Eurip.: *Ion*, 492-508.

<sup>2</sup> The mother of the maidens was also called Aglauros.

The Western Grotto — that of Apollo — is less interesting in itself, though lately it has figured in Dr. Dörpfeld's able exposition of controverted topographical problems.<sup>1</sup> According to Pausanias, it was here and not in Pan's cave that Apollo begat Ion. The walls are covered with shallow niches for votive offerings similar to those in Aphrodite's sanctuary in the pass of Daphne.

We climb a rough staircase only to find our upward way blocked by modern masonry. We stoop, however, and enter at the left a low chamber, used at one time as a Christian chapel — "Of the Apostles" — and adorned with rude Christian paintings. In the centre is the mouth of the cistern called Clepsydra, which supplied the water-clock in the Tower of the Winds in the city below. When, during the war of Independence, the Turks were besieged in the Acropolis, they were in sore straits for want of water. After the citadel was won by the Greeks, Odysseus Andritsos built a wall enclosing the Clepsydra, and the supply was secure.<sup>2</sup> The name "Water-Stealer" refers to the frequent fluctuations in the depth of the well.

Traces of masonry below the shrine of Apollo mark the beginning of the Pelasgicon. This was an ancient precinct, extending from this point round

<sup>1</sup> See chapter ix, line 1, note.

<sup>2</sup> Long before this, in the early days of Athens, Cylon and his conspirators suffered from thirst in the same manner.

the western end of the Acropolis, and along the southern slope nearly to the sanctuary of Asclepios. It was against the law to erect buildings in the enclosure. Just after the Persian War, however, when the Athenians returned from Salamis, they were permitted to live here temporarily.

A little to the northwest there rises a rough rock with a gloomy cavern in its eastern side. To most people it is a disappointment to learn that this barren, uninteresting place is the famous Areopagus, believed by many to be the Hill of Mars,<sup>1</sup> where St. Paul stood, and, with the great temples of the Periclean Age full in view, declared to the Athenians that "The Lord who made Heaven and Earth dwelleth not in temples made with hands." A few rough steps lead to the top of the rock, and there are some traces here of the spot where the great Life and Death Tribunal sat. We are told of two stones on which plaintiff and defendant used to stand. The one was called the Stone of Outrage, the other the Stone of Shamelessness. The court was sanctified by the goddess Athene herself, when Orestes was tried here for the murder of his mother. The vote was a tie, and the goddess decreed that forever after a tie should mean acquittal. The Plaintiff Furies in their rage and disappointment threatened dire consequences to the

<sup>1</sup> The name Areopagus may not refer to the God Ares. The meaning is perhaps The Hill of the 'Apai, i. e. Curses.

land, until at last they were appeased by Athene, and induced to take up their abode in a cavern beneath the rock, where they were henceforth to be honoured as Eumenides — Reverend Well-Wishers. The end of the great Trilogy of Aeschylus represents the solemn procession which conducts the Eumenides to their new abode. Blessings unbounded are now invoked upon the land, reversing the former imprecations.

*Chorus of Eumenides:* “ Oh <sup>1</sup> hail, all hail in the  
blessings of wealth —

Hail ye people of the town, ye whose dwelling is near  
Zeus.

Loved of the beloved Maid, blest with wisdom now  
at last

High in the esteem of Zeus, since 'neath Pallas'  
wing ye rest.

*Athene:* “ All hail ye as well, but first I must  
go

To show you the place of your future abode,

By the sacred torches of these your guides,

With sacrifice solemn, your path we attend.

Go, haste 'neath the Earth, every evil henceforth

To keep from our land, but all blessings to send

To our city victorious ever.

<sup>1</sup> Aeschylus: Eum., 949.



And ye lead the way for these our new guests,  
Oh Kranaos' sons, ye guards of the State,  
And be good their intent  
Of every good thing to the people.

*Chorus:* "Oh hail, all hail again in portion  
double!

All ye dwellers in the land, deities and mortal  
men —

Ye who Pallas' city sway, — and if ye my dwell-  
ing place

Shall with piety revere, no disaster need ye dread."

. . . . .

*Marshals of the Procession:* "Go to your homes,  
ye Mighty Ones, high honoured;

Children of Night, by joyful throng attended —

Keep holy silence, people of the land!

'Neath ancient darkness of the lurking-places

Of Earth, with honourable off'rings splendid, —

Keep holy silence, all ye citizens!

"Propitious and kind to our land

Come hither, oh reverend train,

With torch brightly burning your glad path dis-  
cerning;

Ye people respond to our strain,

With shout of rejoicing again.

“ Libation and torchlight attend.

For Zeus hath vouchsafed to descend  
As champion all-seeing, and Fate too, agreeing; —  
Ye people respond to our strain,  
With shout of rejoicing again.”

We mount the long flight of steps leading to the citadel, and stop to rest on the platform of the Niké Apteros Temple. In the early part of the nineteenth century, there was left of the beautiful little temple not one stone upon another, when Ross discovered its fragments built into a Turkish bastion. Wonderful to relate, little of importance was missing, except a piece of the frieze taken by Lord Elgin to London. The temple was rebuilt in 1835 in almost unimpaired beauty.

“ Most holy Victory, my life attend  
Nor weary, crowns bestowing!”<sup>1</sup>

“ From<sup>2</sup> this place there is a wide view over the sea, and here Aegeus having thrown himself down, as they say, perished. For the ship which carried the youths and maidens to Crete, put to sea with black sails. Now Theseus — for he sailed forth with some confidence against the so-called Bull of Minos — agreed with his father that he would use

<sup>1</sup> Eurip.: Iph. Aul. end.

<sup>2</sup> Pausanias, i. 22. 5.

white sails, if he should sail homeward victorious over the Bull. But he forgot all this, when he carried off Ariadne. Accordingly Aegeus, when he saw the ship approaching with black sails, supposing his son to have perished, hurled himself from the height and was destroyed." The "wide view over the sea" well deserves its fame.

In Plato's *Phaedo* we learn how the expedition of Theseus influenced the circumstances of the death of Socrates.<sup>1</sup>

*Phaedo*. "It chanced that on the day before the trial the wreath had been hung on the stern of the ship which the Athenians are wont to despatch to Delos."

*Echecrates*. "What ship is that?"

*Phaedo*. "That refers to the vessel — as the Athenians say — in which once upon a time Theseus carried the 'twice seven' to Crete, and wrought them deliverance and was delivered himself. Now they vowed then to Apollo, as it is said, that if they should be delivered, they would conduct a sacred embassy to Delos each year. And they despatch this embassy yearly in honour of the god from that day even until now. Therefore, when they begin the mission, it is their custom to keep the city pure from defilement during that space and to put no

<sup>1</sup> Plato: *Phaedo*, 58a and b.

man to death publicly, until the ship come to Delos and return hither again. And this is sometimes a long interval of time, when it happens that winds detain them. And the beginning of the mission is the moment when the priest of Apollo places a wreath on the stern of the ship. And this took place, as I say, the day before the trial. So then a long time elapsed for Socrates in the prison, the time between his trial and his death."

Upon the Niké platform once stood the group of the Three Graces by Socrates. The imagination finds it difficult to connect the good old sage with such work, and the archæologists are inclined to doubt the authorship. It must be remembered, however, that Socrates was the son of a sculptor, and we can find in his sayings hints of a special devotion to the Graces as well as of his practical knowledge of the art of sculpture.

" For <sup>1</sup> what without the Graces is by man  
To be desired? Ever be my lot  
Beside the Graces cast."

" Of <sup>2</sup> waters of Cephisus sharing,  
Ye who dwell in the land of goodly steeds.

<sup>1</sup> Theoc.: 16. 108.

<sup>2</sup> Pindar : Ol., xiv. 1-17.

---

Oh theme of poet's song, oh Queens  
Of bright Orchomenus,  
Ye Graces, guardians of the ancient Minyae,  
Hear when I pray.

"For with you all that is delightsome,  
All that is sweet,  
On mortals is bestowed,  
If one be wise or fair or splendid.

"For not without the Graces holy,  
Even the gods rule dance or festival;  
But ministers of all in heaven,  
Their throne they set beside Apollo Pythian,  
And reverence the glory everlasting  
Of their Olympian Sire.

"Aglaia queenly and Euphrosyne,  
Lover of songs, oh hearken!  
Ye daughters of the mightiest of gods.  
And thou Thalia who in hymns delightest,  
This joyful troop beholding  
Beneath the smile of Fortune  
As with light step it treadeth."

The Propylaea seems, next after the Parthenon, to have been the building in which the Athenians took the greatest pride. It is indeed a glorious entrance to the glorious sanctuary. The great

buildings of the Acropolis have, however, been often described. Let us rather note minor details of our stroll about the citadel, which recall some tale or excite some reflection of interest.

We enter the mighty gate, passing the north-west wing which was once adorned with the paintings of Polygnotus,<sup>1</sup> and the southwest wing, altered and cramped from the original design. The ancient precinct of Artemis Brauronia near by might not be entrenched upon. Just inside the entrance is the base of a monument which recalls the care and affection bestowed by Pericles on the works undertaken, during his administration, for the adornment of his City. One of the workmen employed on the roof of the Propylaea, fell and was seriously injured. In gratitude for a miraculous recovery, the head of the State himself caused a votive offering in honour of Hygeia, the goddess of healing, to be erected on this base.

In spring the rock is carpeted with wild flowers, which peep out between the innumerable fragments of masonry and sculpture lying about the whole inclosure. Anemones of all colours, daisies, asphodels, and certain beautiful pink and yellow

<sup>1</sup> One of the pictures represented Polyxena. A Greek epigram tells us that "The whole story of Troy might be read in her eyes." Protogenes painted for the Propylaea a picture of the Paralos, one of the two State ships of Athens.

flowers unfamiliar to foreign eyes, spring up wherever there is enough soil, and supply in some measure the brightness of colouring which must have pervaded the scene in ancient times. To understand why the undoubted custom of using colour on the sculptural and architectural details did not strike as vulgar and gaudy this most sensitive of peoples, we must try to recall the brilliant surroundings, in the days when the gaily dressed throng advanced in the Panathenaic procession along a road lined on both sides with innumerable votive offerings. All the bright bronze and gilded chariots and shrines are gone, and there remains only the hard rock of the road bed, deeply rutted by the ancient wheels. Naturally then it is not easy for us to realize that a statue or building of unrelieved whiteness might have seemed cold and cheerless to the eyes of the festal throngs.

As we advance towards the Erechtheum, we pause with interest at the remains of the pedestal on which stood one of the three colossal statues designed by Phidias. This was the Athene Promachos, champion warrior goddess, less serene and calmly beautiful than the gold and ivory maiden of the Parthenon hard by; but dear to the sailor and to the traveller returning from abroad.

For “ of <sup>1</sup> this Athene the point of the spear and

<sup>1</sup> Paus., i. 28. 2.

the crest of the helmet become visible to those approaching by sea from Sunium."

The statue was of bronze from the spoils " of the Medes who landed at Marathon."

In the *Odyssey* (viii, 80 and 81) the Goddess Athene " came to Marathon and entered the stoutly-built house of Erechtheus."

This building—

" Where <sup>1</sup> first Athene brought to light  
The shoot of the gray olive  
— A heavenly crown —  
And ornament to brilliant Athens," —

has lately undergone a good deal of restoration. The work has been well done, and has doubtless preserved from ruin the famous North Porch which has served as a model for so many doorways. The Porch of the " Caryatides " is more beautiful than photographs might lead us to expect, and we recall the pretty modern saying that " These maidens in their mournful dignity are thinking of their sister in distant London."

It was in or near the Pandroseum, on the western side of the Erechtheum, that the great discovery was made in 1886 of the charming statues of archaic maidens. These are now in the Acropolis Museum.

<sup>1</sup> Eurip.: *Tro.*, 799.



One grows more and more to admire — even love — these dear ladies. One has somewhat the feeling about them that one has about the maidens of Botticelli, while to the historian of art they are of inestimable value.

South of the Erechtheum may be seen many traces of the Old Temple which stood here before the Persian War. These ruins are of great interest to the archæologist, but are not easy for a layman to comprehend. We pass gigantic drums of prostrate columns and at last enter the Parthenon. Even in its wrecked condition the wonderful temple overwhelms the senses, the head, and above all the heart. What it must have been in the days of its glory we cannot attempt to conceive; but though shorn of almost all ornament, and with most of its columns overthrown, it is still the Parthenon. Stand where the great statue stood and look East to Lycabettus,<sup>1</sup> over which the morning sun still climbs; or mount the little stairway that leads to the southwestern corner of the roof, and gaze down over the valley of the Ilissus or across the bay to Aegina; or sit on the western steps with the back resting in one of the flutings of a mighty column, looking forth to the far mountains of the Peloponnesus, as the sun sinks behind Salamis, and darkness steals across Piræus and the Attic plain; — it is

<sup>1</sup> *Light-trodden*, according to a now abandoned etymology.

still overwhelmingly the Parthenon, though London claims the greater part of the frieze and pediment and metopes, and though much of what remains is battered beyond recognition or has perished utterly. The western frieze is beautiful still, and several of the best slabs of the eastern frieze are preserved in the little Acropolis Museum whither we next bend our steps, to spend a happy hour among the queer monsters from the archaic temple, and the fine work of Pisistratid and early Phidian times.

As we emerge and stroll along the south wall of the Acropolis, we pass the site of the famous votive offering of Attalus, replicas of the chief figures of which are to be found in many of the museums of Europe. To one of these figures is undoubtedly owed the inspiration which produced the "Dying Gaul." We are told that part of this offering was once blown over the wall by a mighty wind, and was found in the theatre of Dionysus below.

We descend from the Acropolis and take the path leading to the left along the southern slope. Skirting the top row of seats of the well-preserved Odeum of Herodes Atticus, — a public-spirited benefactor of the Roman epoch, who built this monument to the memory of his wife Regilla, — one passes a succession of fragmentary remains of old Pelasgic work, and finally reaches the much ruined precinct

of Asclepios,<sup>1</sup> where it is still possible to drink a cup of the healing water of Hygeia's fountain.

One is glad to rest in the theatre of Dionysus, and dream of the scenes enacted here. Though nearly all the present building dates from a period far later than the days of the Mighty Four, yet here is the very spot where the most intelligent audience in the world met at the festival of the God to witness the great dramatic contests. Here were enacted the woes of the cursed line of Pelops, and the horrors of the house of Oedipus; here Prometheus made his immortal appeal against the tyranny of the gods; here Alcestis taught the depths of woman's self-immolating love; and here too, in joyful hours, the holiday crowd took its delight in the merry squibs flung at their wiseacres and demagogues.<sup>2</sup>

Above our heads just under the Acropolis walls near the cave of Hagia Speliotissa stand two columns. They are relics of a Choragic victory, and as we turn our steps homeward to the modern city, we pass close to another such memorial, the beautiful little Corinthian monument of Lysicrates.

<sup>1</sup> The precinct of Asclepios is familiar to us in the amusing account in the *Plutus* of Aristophanes, of the cure performed in this place upon the blind god of wealth. It is a ludicrous medley of charlatan priest, sham patient, gluttonous old woman, thievish servant, and medical hocus-pocus.

<sup>2</sup> In the days when good-natured Socrates stood up during a performance of the *Clouds*, to give the spectators a good chance to compare him with his namesake on the stage.

## CHAPTER II

### COLONUS AND THE ACADEMY

PERHAPS most excursions in foreign lands should be made in the company of one or more friends. So much is gained by exchange of ideas, and so much of the beauty of nature is doubly enjoyable, when one feels that another is sympathetically affected, even if no word be spoken. The walk here described, however, should be a solitary one, at least for the first time. Afterwards the scenes may well be revisited and the memory refreshed by expression to a companion of that which at first was all impression.

Down the long hill from the northeast corner of the Acropolis slope to the Dipylon, we take our way through crooked streets and past somewhat bewildering ruins chiefly of Roman date. We receive a confusion of impressions of Athens Modern, Roman, and Hellenic; Athens Ecclesiastical, Commercial, Christian, and Pagan. First we pass the ugly Metropolitan: then a better Byzantine church; then a busy street of shops; an old monastery, a Roman Market Gate, and a portico of distorted

giants; then the calm Theseum high on the left, the railway station; and at last we reach the ruined City Gate, and the peaceful cemetery of the Outer Ceramicus.

We wander slowly among these tombs where sleep the ancient dead, the poor and the rich, the lowly and the great alike. Here we are particularly struck with the incredible productivity of Greek Art. Hundreds of the grave monuments of the Ceramicus are without special renown, and yet nearly every one is of great beauty. Most of the masterpieces have been taken to the Museum for shelter from the weather, but enough remain in place to give joy and wonder to the beholder, and send him on his way with high and holy thoughts. Here is the brave young knight who fell at Corinth, for ever striking down the foe beneath his rearing charger; beyond is the great lady, taking her necklace from the jewel-case held by her comely maid; near by is the splendid charging bull; the great hound with the upward glance of despair; the grave elder with his wife and sons; and at last the pathetic empty tombs consisting of four simple gray slabs and lid. This scene of solemnity and beauty is surely a fitting place in which to bid farewell to the city and the works of man, before turning our steps onward to nature and the Attic spring time.

It was in the first year of the Peloponnesian War

that Pericles uttered on this spot the famous funeral-oration preserved for us by Thucydides:

“ I<sup>1</sup> will begin first with our forefathers. For it is right and seemly on such an occasion, to lay at their feet this tribute of remembrance. For the same stock, ever dwelling in this land, have handed it down free through their virtue by succession of descendants to this day. They are worthy of all praise, and of greater praise still our own sires are deserving. For, after winning in addition to their inheritance, the great dominion we now rule, they transmitted it intact to us not without toil on their part.

. . . . .  
“ But I pass on to the encomium of these men. For I deem it were not idly spoken, and that this mighty throng of citizens and strangers would hear the same with profit.”

“ For we enjoy a polity which needs not emulate the laws of our neighbours, but which rather serves them as model. . . .”

So began the proud oration. Athens, the true democracy of Moderation, the home of Piety, and of all that adorns civilized life — this was the theme of Pericles, and we can picture to ourselves the great crowd as it departed from the cemetery filled with undying devotion to such a fatherland, and with

<sup>1</sup> Thuc., ii. 36.

high resolution to face for her sake all that the oncoming days of war and pestilence might have in store.

“ And <sup>1</sup> more — we have provided for the spirit resting places after toil, religious games and services throughout the year, adorned with the grace and beauty our own liberality provides, the joy of which day by day makes us forget our sorrows. Through the greatness of our state, all things flow hither from all the world, and it falls to our lot to reap with no more familiar enjoyment the blessings our own land provides than those which come to us from alien peoples. . . . In our education, our sons by toilsome effort from their earliest youth pursue the path of manliness. . . . We love the Beautiful with chastened taste, and pursue Philosophy without effeminate weakness. Wealth we enjoy more as furnishing opportunity for deeds, than as occasion for empty boast; and it is no shame to confess poverty. . . .

“ Wherefore also I have dwelt at length on our polity, in order to teach the lesson that for us the struggle is for a far nobler stake than it is for those who share in no such blessings; and also in order to manifest by illustration the praise of those concerning whom I now speak. And the chief part of the eulogy has been spoken. For the brave deeds

<sup>1</sup> Thuc., ii. 38.

of these and such as these have adorned the tale of our city which I have told, and not in the case of many Greeks could words and deeds balance thus equally in the scale. . . . And these our dead were such in their lives in wise beseeeming such a city. But it behoves the survivors to pray that they may maintain a spirit more fortunate in the event, perhaps, but not a whit less daring towards the foe. . . . For of famous men the whole world is sepulchre; and not only the inscriptions written on their steles at home proclaim their story, but even in alien lands, the unwritten remembrance of their spirit even more than of their deeds abides in every man. Do you then emulate these men to-day and, holding that Happiness consists in Liberty, and Liberty in Stoutness of Soul, shrink not from the dangers of war. For it is not the wretched who have no hope of good, who should more justly be unsparing of their lives; but those in whose case the opposite lot in life is still in the balance, and in whose fortunes the change will be most tremendous, if in aught they stumble.”

The road <sup>1</sup> leads northward for about a mile, until it passes the foot of a bare hill which rises on the right. It is a dreary little hill. Scant grass, gray pebbles, red, muddy soil, no trees. A forlorn and

<sup>1</sup> Near this road was the house of Timon, the hater of his kind. This was also the course of the torch race held in honour of Prometheus.



ugly place. But the view is the recompense. The hill commands a beautiful prospect of the Acropolis-crowned city, the Attic mountains, the olive groves of the Cephisian Plain, the road winding up the pass of Daphne, Salamis, Aegina, and the glorious sea. To the north the Plain of Attica is defended by the range of Mount Parnes. The clouds float over our heads from the mountain towards the city as they did in days of old to alight on the stage of the theatre of Dionysus.

“ Let <sup>1</sup> us rise to view  
Clouds ever floating,  
Of nature unstable,  
Shining with dew.

From our Father Ocean groaning deep  
To tree-clad mountain-summits steep,  
Where our far-gazing watch  
O'er the sacred soil,  
Moist with its fruitage,  
We still maintain.  
And we hear the murmurs  
Of holy rivers,  
And the roar of the heavy-thundering main.

“ For the eye of Ether unwearied gleams,  
Bright with its marble-dazzling beams.

<sup>1</sup> Aristoph.: Clouds, 275 ff.

“ But cast we aside our wrapping of storms,  
    And gaze over Earth  
    With eye far-seeing,  
Clad in our native immortal forms.

. . . . .

“ Virgins Rain-bearing,  
Let us go to the radiant  
    Country of Pallas,  
    Of Heroes daring.  
Of Cecrops the lovely land to behold,  
Of the awful sacred rites untold,  
    Where the mystic shrine  
    With service pious  
        Is opened wide;  
And gifts most rare,  
And high-roofed fanes  
    With images holy,  
And the pomp of the blessed ones are there.

“ And service and festival fair-crowned  
In every season still abound.

“ And the Bacchic mirth as the Spring ad-  
vances,  
    And the heavy murmuring  
    Music of flutes,  
And the joy of the sweet-resounding dances.”

Colonus itself is incredible. For this desolate hill is the one of which Sophocles sang. In his old age the poet was accused of imbecility, and, instead of making a defence, he read before his judges the famous ode in praise of his birthplace, thereby giving proof that his fires were burning undimmed.

“ To <sup>1</sup> the fairest spot in the land, oh guest,  
Of steeds of goodly training,  
Thou art come, to Colonus the gleaming-  
white,  
Where the nightingale, loud complaining,

“ With wail incessant doth fill the grove,  
In the verdant coppice hidden,  
Where the ivy dark is her haunting-place,  
And the shrine of the god, forbidden

“ To mortal footstep — the leafy shrine  
With myriad fruitage teeming,  
Unshaken by breath of wildest storm,  
Unscorched by the sunlight gleaming.

“ There the reveller-god, Dionysus, oft  
In the midst of his nymphs attendant —  
His nurses divine — doth lead the dance,  
And with heavenly dew resplendent,

<sup>1</sup> Soph.: Oed., Col., 668 ff.

“Narcissus, of mightiest Goddess-Pair  
The chaplet in ancient story,  
Its lovely clusters each passing day  
Unfoldeth in constant glory.

“And golden gleameth the crocus bright,  
Nor ever the Springs unsleeping  
Which feed the streams of Cephisus fail,  
In their task through the meadows creeping.

“But still unstinted from day to day  
O’er the land’s broad bosom streaming,  
The river poureth its stainless flood  
With swiftest foison teeming.

“Nor the holy band of the Muses nine,  
As they ply their mystic dancing,  
Nor Aphrodite the golden-reined  
Avoid the spot entrancing.”

It was at this blessed place that weary Oedipus  
heard the voice which bade him rest at last from his  
long sorrow, and here the exile found peace.

*Messenger:* “But <sup>1</sup> when he came to where the path  
descends,  
With brazen pavement rooted in the earth  
He stayed at one of many parted ways,

<sup>1</sup> Soph.: Oed., Col., 1590 ff.

Near to a hollow, where Pirithoüs  
And Theseus made their ever-faithful league.  
Halting 'twixt this and the Thorician Rock,  
Beside the Hollow Sloe and stony vault,  
He sat him down, and loosed his squalid robes,  
And, calling to his daughters, bade them fetch  
Baths and libations from some running stream.  
But they their sire's behest fulfilling, climbed  
Verdant Demeter's hill of prospect wide,  
And in brief time the water fetched, and washed,  
And with fresh garments clothed him, as is wont.  
And when the task was done to his content,  
And naught remained undone that he desired,  
Zeus of the nether world loud thundered — they,  
The maidens, shuddered when they heard, and wept,  
And, falling at their father's knees, they spared  
Nor rendings of the breast, nor wailings long.  
But straightway he, hearing the bitter cry,  
Folding his arms about them, spake to them:  
'Children, ye have this day no father more.  
For lo, my time hath all run out, and ye  
No more shall ply your toilsome ministry.  
Hard task I know, my children, but one word  
Alone redeems the whole of this your toil.  
For dearer love from no man have ye had  
Than from your father, and, of this bereft,  
Ye now must pass the remnant of your lives.'  
With words like these, and mutual embrace  
Sobbing, they wept together till they reached

An end of wailing, and their crying ceased.  
A silence fell, when suddenly a Voice  
Of one who summoned him, — the hair of all  
Erect with terror stood, for sudden fright.  
The god had called him, called and called again:  
‘Oedipus, Oedipus, wherefore lingerest  
In thy departure? Long hast thou delayed.’  
Then he, well knowing ’twas the god who called,  
Bade summon Theseus, ruler of the land.  
And when he came, ‘Oh dearest life,’ he said,  
‘Give me thy hand in pledge of lasting faith  
To these my daughters — ye to him — and vow  
Ne’er to forsake them willingly, but aye  
Vouchsafe such boon as thy kind purpose will.’  
But he, as gentle knight, without delay  
Promised by oath to do his guest’s command.  
And when he promised, straightway Oedipus  
Stroking with feeble hand his daughters, spake:  
‘Oh children, it beseems the noble heart  
To bear this grief, depart then from this place,  
Nor seek to hear or see what heaven forbids.  
But go with speed, let only Theseus bide,  
The Sovereign, to behold what comes to pass.’  
These words he uttered, as we all could hear,  
And, with a copious flow of tears, the maids  
With loud lament were led away, but when,  
Brief time elapsing, we returned, we saw  
The man no longer present, but the king  
Shading his eyes, with hand before his face,

As if some dreadful vision had appeared,  
And one no man could bear to look upon.  
After a little then — in no long time —  
We see him do obeisance to the Earth,  
And to Divine Olympus, in one prayer.  
But by what fate the stranger perished, none  
Of men, save Theseus only, could reveal.  
For 'twas no fire-bearing bolt from God  
That ended him, no blast from Ocean driven,  
But either Heaven-sent guide conducted him,  
Or Earth's foundation gaped with kind intent,  
And took him to the world below unharmed.  
For, not with groaning, nor disease, nor pain,  
The man departed; but of human kind  
The most to be revered, — and if my words  
To some seem madness I shall make no plea  
To be believed of those who deem me mad."

The distance is not great from Colonus to the bridge which crosses the Cephisus at the pretty village of Colocythu, whence one can return to Athens by tram. It is far preferable, however, to turn aside and wander along the river-bank, beneath the famous olives, till the Sacred Way is reached, and the cypresses guide one cityward. This is the precinct of Academus, and here we hold communion with Plato and his band of intelligent, high-souled Athenian Youth.

When Plato was sojourning at the court of

Dionysius, Tyrant of Syracuse, the liberality of his views once enraged the despot to such an extent that he caused the philosopher to be seized and sold into slavery. He was ransomed by a friend at an unusually high price, and on his return to Athens, the city offered to reimburse the friend. The offer was refused, and the city then voted to use the money in purchasing the plot of ground destined to be immortalized under the name of the Academy.

The plot of ground was already famous. When the Dioscuri came to Attica to rescue their sister Helen — whom Theseus had carried off — an old man, named Academus, revealed to them her place of concealment. Whenever, therefore, in later times the Spartans invaded Attica, they spared his farm — the later Academy — in gratitude for the information. The Tyrant Hipparchus founded here the famous open air gymnasium wherein the youth of Athens might <sup>1</sup> descend to the Academy and run races beneath the Moriae <sup>2</sup> “crowned with white reed, amid temperate companions, smelling of smilax and of leisure and of the leaf-shedding poplar, rejoicing in the season of spring, when the plane tree whispers to the elm.”

As one walks beside the Cephisus in the shade of

<sup>1</sup> Aristoph.: Clouds, 1005 ff.

<sup>2</sup> These were sacred olive trees, offshoots of the tree planted on the Acropolis by Athene. They belonged to the nation, and were under the care of the court of the Areopagus.



the olives, one seems to hear the words of Plato, as he reasoned with his youthful friends, concerning Justice, Courage, Temperance, and Immortality.

“ And <sup>1</sup> thus, oh Glaucon, was the mystic tale preserved and perished not; and it will save us too if we obey it, and we shall safely pass the stream of Lethe and keep our souls unstained. But if we follow that which I counsel, and believe the soul immortal and able to bear all woe and all weal, we shall ever cleave to the upward road <sup>2</sup> and practise Justice with understanding.”

The air was sweet with the early spring flowers. Far in front rose the Acropolis fortress sharp cut in the transparent air against the dark background of Hymettus.

“ Happy <sup>3</sup> in days of old Erechtheus' sons;  
Children of blessed gods were they.  
Glorious wisdom's fruit they ever reaped  
From fatherland inviolate.

“ Ever they proudly trod through clearest ether,  
Where once Harmonia, golden-haired,  
Brought forth the Holy Nine,  
The Muses of Pieria.

<sup>1</sup> Plato: Republic, end.

<sup>2</sup> Described in the vision.

<sup>3</sup> Eurip.: Medea, 824 ff.

“They sing the Cyprian Goddess how she drew  
Streams from Cephisus flowing-fair,  
And sent to breathe forth o’er the land  
Swift-blowing, moderate breezes of the winds.

“And as she casts upon her locks  
Garlands of roses odorous,  
On Mortals she bestows  
Loves that abide with Wisdom, furthering  
All deeds of goodness ever.”

## CHAPTER III

### ELEUSIS

WE made the journey to Eleusis by train. The line runs by a circuitous way to the northward of Aegaleos which separates the Thriasian Plain from the rest of Attica. It was a bright morning of early spring and the fruit trees were in full bloom. The finest orchards were in the township of Acharnae, the sufferings of whose inhabitants in the Peloponnesian War are immortalized by Aristophanes.

Phyle, with its memories of Thrasybulus, the Liberator, was not far to our right, and we could see near the top of the mountain pass the remains of a rough stone wall running north and south. This was built by the Athenians as a defence against the Spartans in the beginning of the Peloponnesian War.

The train began to go faster and faster, and rushed down through a region of barren rocks and dwarf pines into the pleasant Thriasian Plain.

The Plain was covered with olive groves, and carpeted with anemones of every colour. This

region must have been indeed tempting to the ravages of King Archidamus in the first years of the war, when the Spartan military operations began each spring with the destruction of the crops of this the most fertile plain of Attica; and naturally it is fertile; for the Rarian fields near the town of Eleusis were sown with corn under the direction of the Great Earth Mother herself.

We sped through the plain and approached the shore. The Bay of Salamis was like a mirror. It is here practically a lake, with narrow passages east and west past the spur of Aegaleos on one side and the cape from which rises the hill of the Kerata <sup>1</sup> on the other. Salamis appeared to be of entirely different shape from that with which we had become familiar looking from the Athenian Acropolis or from Aegina. The island really stretches nearly as far from east to west as from north to south, and is much larger than one would suppose. From Athens, one mentally pictures it as terminating opposite Piraeus, and the view of it as one emerges into the Thriasian Plain is a beautiful surprise. The sharp mountain tops were reflected in the glassy waters of the Bay, and the picturesque fishing boats from the island with their lateen sails added a touch of life to the somewhat lonely scene. At the western end of the plain, where it is

<sup>1</sup> The name of "The Horns" is well chosen.

limited by the bay and the Kerata, was our goal Eleusis.

Eleusis received its name from the Advent of the mighty Goddesses. It was the birthplace of Aeschylus and the home of the Sacred Mysteries which played such a wonderful part in the spiritual life of the Athenians from the earliest times down to the sad epoch when all the glory had departed from Greece. Cicero,<sup>1</sup> himself an Initiate, could still say of them that: "In the Mysteries, we perceive the real principles of life, and learn not only to live happily, but to die with a fairer hope." Long after Christianity began to make its way, the rites of Eleusis survived; and it was not till 395 A. D. that the splendid buildings were thrown down, at the prompting, it is said, of the fanatical monks in the army of Alaric. The orator Aristides bewails the fury which destroyed the shrines. "They alone still stood as a memorial of the old glory and dignity, for Athens and for all Greece."

Pindar<sup>2</sup> says of them:

"Blessed is he who, after beholding them,  
Beneath the Earth departeth.  
For he knoweth the end of Life;  
Knoweth too its God-given beginning."

<sup>1</sup> Cicero: De Leg., ii. 14. 36.

<sup>2</sup> Pindar: Thren., 8.

Sophocles: <sup>1</sup>

“ Would I might be —  
By the gleaming shore, —  
Where the Queenly Ones do cherish  
The holy mysteries for men;  
Concerning which a golden key  
Is laid on lips of ministering Eumolpidae.”

Aristophanes: <sup>2</sup>

“ Advance ye now  
Through the Goddesses' sacred circle,  
Through the flowery grove in mirthful sport,  
Ye who have share in the heaven-loved feast;  
And I with these maids and matrons go,  
Where they vigil keep in the Goddesses' honour,  
To carry my holy torch.”

“ Let <sup>3</sup> us go to the flowery meads  
O'ergrown with roses fair,  
Keeping our mirthful fashion  
Of dances beauteous;  
By the blessed Fates ordained.  
For to us alone is the light of the sun propitious,  
To us who the Mysteries have learned,  
And a righteous life have led,  
Toward citizen and stranger.

<sup>1</sup> Soph.: Oed. Col. 1049.

<sup>2</sup> Aristoph.: Frogs, 440.

<sup>3</sup> Aristoph.: Frogs, 324.

"Iacchus, oh thou most honoured, here dwelling  
on thy throne.

Iacchus, oh Iacchus!

Come join the dance, o'er this meadow, join

The holy revelling band.

Shaking on thy head the fruitful crown of myrtle;

Treading with valiant step

The unbridled sportive measure,

Which hath full portion of the Graces, —

The pure, the sacred dance of the holy Mystae.

. . . . .

Awake, for he cometh bearing in his hand the  
blazing torches!

Iacchus, oh Iacchus!

Fire-bringing star of our rite nocturnal.

The old men's limbs begin to dance,

And off they cast the cares and weary days

Of lengthy years;

By influence of the holy service;

But thou with blazing torch lead forth

Over the soft-flowering field,

The blessed band of dancing youth."

The Propylaea and the great hall of the Mysteries are sadly ruined, but of much interest to the archaeologist. The great hall was partly the work of Ictinus, the architect of the Parthenon, and the blue limestone known as the Eleusinian was used largely in its construction. We climbed the hill on

which stood the citadel used as a refuge in the Revolution of 403 B. C., and on the way down we visited the little museum of local antiquities. The collection is small but good. The same is true of the museums of many small towns in Greece, and perhaps one enjoys a visit to such a museum more than to one of the fatiguing and bewildering treasures of the great cities of the world. We lunched in the grotto of Pluto, where it is thought that a representation used to be given of the Resurrection of Proserpine from the world below. Here we rested for an hour and read the beautiful Homeric hymn: —<sup>1</sup>

“ Fair-haired Demeter to sing I begin — most  
    reverend goddess;  
Her and her daughter fair-ankled, whom once the  
    dread ruler of Hades  
Rapt — and deep-thundering Zeus, far-seeing, had  
    granted permission —  
Far from gold-sworded Demeter, the goddess of  
    harvests resplendent,  
While with her comrades she played, the deep-  
    bosomed daughters of Ocean,  
Gathering flowers, the rose, and the crocus, and  
    violets lovely  
Over the meadows soft, the hyacinths too and the  
    iris,

<sup>1</sup> Homeric Hymn, Dem., 1. ff.



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With the narcissus which Gaea, as snare for the  
flower-faced maiden,  
Planted by counsel of Zeus, the Many-receiver to  
favour.  
Wondrously radiant it bloomed, a miracle to the  
beholders;  
Both unto mortal men and unto the blessed im-  
mortals.  
Out from its root there grew a hundred blossoming  
faces.  
Sweetest odour it breathed, and all the wide heaven  
above it,  
All the Earth laughed with delight, and the billows  
salt of the Ocean..  
She in delighted amaze her arms stretched forth  
for the plaything —  
Lo, before her the Earth yawned wide, and opened  
a chasm,  
Straight through the Nysian Plain, and forth from it  
Lord Polydegmon  
Dashed with his coursers immortal, the many-  
named scion of Cronos,  
Seizing the maid unwilling, away in his chariot  
golden  
Bore her — In piercing shriek of terror her voice she  
uplifted,  
Calling on Father Cronides, most high of the gods,  
most holy.

But of immortals none to the cry of Persephone  
hearkened;

Nay, nor of mortal men, nor even the rich-fruited  
olives.

Only Persaeus' daughter in light-hearted idleness  
playing,

Hecate radiant-stoled, the wild cry heard from her  
grotto.

Helios heard it as well, Hyperion's glorious off-  
spring,

Heard the girl calling her father Cronides, but he  
far-abiding,

Far from the concourse of men in his prayer-  
thronged temple was sitting,

Offerings holy and fair from mankind mortal re-  
ceiving.

Sore then against her will, by permission of Zeus  
he conveyed her,

He her own father's brother, Dictator, Receiver  
of many,

Far with his coursers immortal, the many-named  
scion of Cronos.

While then the maiden divine the earth and the  
firmament starry

Still could discern, and still the fish-teeming current  
of Ocean,

Still see the rays of the Sun, and hope her reverend  
mother

Once more to greet, and the troops of the deities  
ever existing, —

So long her heart was beguiled with hope, though  
broken with anguish,

So long the peaks of the hills, and the depths of  
ocean reëchoed

Loud her immortal cry — and her reverend mother  
heard her.

Then sharp anguish clutched her heart and with  
quivering fingers

Wildly she tore the veil which covered her tresses  
ambrosial.

Quickly o'er both her shoulders she flung a mantle  
of sable;

Then like a bird sped forth in her search over earth  
and ocean.

Yet to reveal the truth no god and no mortal con-  
sented,

Nor from the omens of birds true messenger came  
with the tidings.

Nine days then over Earth, with blazing torches to  
guide her

Held in her hands, in her quest the queenly Deo  
had wandered.

Ne'er in her grief she consented to taste the im-  
mortal ambrosia,

Ne'er the sweet draught of the nectar; nor suffered  
the waters to bathe her.

Now when the tenth bright dawn at last came to  
visit the goddess,

Hecate, holding her torch, came to meet her and  
thus spake tidings:

‘ Queenly Demeter, who bringest the seasons with  
splendid abundance,

Who of the heavenly gods, or who of mankind can  
have wronged thee,

Stealing Persephone fair, and grieving thy spirit  
beloved?

Lo, I have heard her cry, although with mine eyes  
I beheld not

Who it might be; so I come to tell the story un-  
erring.’

Thus did Hecate speak, but the daughter of fair-  
haired Rhea

Answered her not a word, but swiftly, with her as  
companion,

Darted in search — and high in her hand the torches  
uplifted.

Helios first they sought, the watchman of gods and  
of mortals,:

And, by his chariot standing, the goddess divine  
made question:

‘ Helios, show me compassion, a goddess divine, if  
I ever

Either by word or deed thy heart and thy mind  
may have gladdened.

---

Lo the sweet blossom I bore, the maiden of beauty  
    enchanting,

Hers was the voice of lament I heard through the  
    waste of the Ether,

As of one ravished away, although with mine eyes  
    I beheld not.

But, for that thou with thy rays from aloft in the  
    heavenly Ether,

All upon Earth and Sea beneath thee ever be-  
    holdest,

Tell me the truth of my child, if anywhere thou  
    hast perceived her.

Who by compulsion hath snatched her unwilling  
    away from her mother?

Who of the gods immortal, or who of mankind hath  
    essayed it?

Thus spake Demeter — and he, Hyperion's son  
    made answer;

‘ Daughter of fair-haired Rhea, Demeter, oh Sov-  
    ereign Lady,

This shalt thou know, for greatly I reverence thee  
    and I pity,

When I behold thee grieving for loss of thy daughter  
    fair-ankled.

None of gods else, 'tis Zeus Cloud-Gatherer only  
    is guilty.

To his own brother, to Hades, he granted the  
    maiden, to call her

Fair-blooming bride henceforth; but he, to the  
regions of darkness,  
Far to his misty realm, bore the maid in his chariot,  
shrieking.' "

The sun god strives to comfort Demeter by dwelling on the glory of a marriage with the great god of the world below; but Demeter refuses to listen, and, departing from the haunts of the gods, she roams in disguise throughout the cities and haunts of men. At last she reaches Eleusis, the home of King Celeos.

" Then by the wayside sat, her heart nigh breaking  
with anguish,  
Near to the well of the Maids, where the townsfolk  
came for their water,  
Sat in the shade, — and above her there grew a fair  
bower of olive —  
Like to an ancient dame who has passed the season  
of bearing,  
Henceforth far from the gifts of Lover-of-wreaths  
Aphrodite.  
Such are the nurses of sons of kings, who administer  
justice,  
Such, through the echoing halls of their palaces,  
house-keepers stately.  
Her then beheld the daughters of Celeos, son of  
Eleusis,

Coming to fetch the water fair-streaming, that so  
they might bear it,  
Bear it in buckets of bronze to the house of their  
father beloved.  
Goddesses four as it were, fair maidenhood's flower  
possessing,  
Callidicé and Cleisidicé and Demo the lovely,  
Callithoé as well, the eldest of all the sisters."

The ladies fail to recognize the goddess, but address her with courtesy, bidding her welcome to the palace. She answers with a fictitious tale to the effect that she has wandered hither in flight from a band of pirates who carried her from Crete. Her name is Dos, and she would gladly take service in the palace as nurse or sempstress. Callidicé answers with a brief account of the royal house, and proposes to run home and suggest to her mother, Metaneira, that the stranger be employed as nurse for their baby brother.

"Thus spake the maid. The goddess assented, —  
so quickly their vessels  
Filled with the sparkling water, they bare to the  
palace, exulting.  
Quickly the house of their father they reached, and  
straight to the mother  
All they had heard and beheld they related. She,  
without pausing,

Bade them return and summon the stranger at  
wages unstinted.  
They, as the youthful deer and heifers in season  
of Spring-time  
Over the meadows leap, with pasture their hunger  
contenting,  
So did the girls, upholding the skirts of their dresses  
enchanting,  
Dart down the hollow path and round them the  
hair on their shoulders  
Tossed as they ran, resembling the golden bloom  
of the crocus."

The goddess follows them to the palace, where she is courteously received. She sits silent and sorrowful, till at last the jests of the maid Iambé provoke a smile. The child Demophoön is given into her charge, and thrives "like a divinity," though it receives no mortal food. Demeter anoints it with ambrosia, and at night buries it in the ashes of the hearth. One night she is surprised by Metaneira, who shrieks and protests. The goddess in disgust declares that the process of rendering the child immortal has been interrupted; but she consents to promise him all earthly blessings, because he has slept in the arms of the mighty goddess whom she now confesses herself to be. Meanwhile the poor child is lying neglected on the floor.



“ Then <sup>1</sup> was the pitiful cry of the infant heard by the sisters.

Down from their well-spread couches they leaped,  
and one of the maidens,

Taking the babe in her arms, did soothe it to rest  
in her bosom.

Kindled a fire a second, and, forth from the sweet-scented chamber,

Hastened on delicate feet a third in quest of her mother.

Gathered about him they bathed him, and coaxed him all helplessly gasping.

Ah, but the heart of the child refused to be won by their petting,

Far less skilful the nurses who tended him now and caressed him! ”

In the morning the king gave instructions to build a temple as commanded by the goddess. Therein she dwelled a whole year far from the blessed gods, “ pining with longing for her slim-waisted daughter.” A dreadful famine visited the earth, until Zeus, in apprehension lest the race of men perish utterly, sent Iris to Eleusis to entreat the goddess to come forth from her seclusion. Demeter remained obdurate, and at last Hermes was despatched to Hades. Permission was granted Proserpine to return to her mother; but Pluto

<sup>1</sup> Line 284.

craftily induced her to eat a few seeds of pomegranate, "that she might not remain all her days beside the reverend dark-robed Demeter."

"Then<sup>1</sup> she mounted the car, and beside her the  
Slayer of Argus,

Seizing the reins and the goad, sped forth from the  
palace of Hades.

On dashed the coursers eager, and quickly the  
journey accomplished.

Nor could the sea, nor waters of rivers, nor grass-  
covered valley,

Stay the rush of the horses immortal, nor rocks of  
the mountains.

Over them all in their flight they cut the deep air  
as they hastened,

Halting at last where she, Demeter, their coming  
awaited,

Seated in front of her temple all sweet with the  
odour of incense.

When she beheld her daughter, she dashed like a  
Maenad to meet her,

As it had been a Maenad o'er mountain dark with  
the forest.

But when Persephone saw the beauteous eyes of  
her mother,

Down from the chariot leaping, she ran, and with  
tender embraces

<sup>1</sup> Line 377.

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Fell on her neck; — but the goddess, while yet her  
arms were about her,

Boded some crafty deceit, and terribly fell she to  
trembling —

All the endearments were checked, and quickly  
her daughter she questioned:

‘ Child, hast thou tasted of food in the region below  
abiding?

Speak, nor the truth conceal, that we both may  
know it together.

So mayest thou forsake the loathed kingdom of  
Hades

Dwelling with me and thy father the cloud-wrapped  
offspring of Cronos,

Henceforth held in esteem of all the blessed Im-  
mortals.

But if it prove thou hast eaten, to earth’s dread  
caverns returning,

All the third part of the year henceforth thou art  
doomed to abide there,

Dwelling by me for the rest, and among the other  
Immortals.

Then, when the Earth shall bloom with sweet-  
smelling flowers of Spring-time,

Forth from the misty gloom of the regions of dark-  
ness infernal,

Once more a marvel mighty, thou risest to men and  
Immortals.’ ”

Proserpine confesses that her husband has constrained her to eat of the pomegranate, and describes the event of her carrying off. Mother and daughter converse a long time with mutual satisfaction, and Zeus requests Rhea to descend to the Rarian Plain, and to ratify in his name the compact by which Demeter is to return to the converse of the gods, and to enjoy the society of her daughter for eight months in the year. Rhea carries the message, and Demeter consents.

“ Quickly <sup>1</sup> she caused to spring the fruits of the  
deep-soiled pastures,  
All the broad Earth was covered with leaves and  
blossoming flowers.  
Then to Triptolemus King, and Diocles smiter of  
horses,  
Mighty Eumolpus as well, and to Celeos, Lord of the  
people,  
Showed she the doing of rites, and the mystical  
orgies’ performance.  
Mysteries holy no mortal may violate, mysteries  
secret  
None may divulge — the awe of the gods the speaker  
constraineth. —  
Blessed is he who hath seen, oh blessed of Earth-  
dwelling mortals!

<sup>1</sup> Line 471.

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He who the rites knoweth not, who hath missed  
them, shall destiny never  
Bless with his fellows — but lost he abides in the  
gloom and the darkness."

We saw the well of Callichorus — Fair Dances —  
whence the daughters of King Celeos were wont  
to draw water, and where they met the Awful  
Dame as she sat wearied and comfortless. Here,  
before temples and halls existed for the formal  
celebration of the rites, they danced and sang in  
honour of the goddess:

“ He <sup>1</sup> shall see,  
Beside the fountain of Callichorus,  
The torch that witnesseth the holy eikad <sup>2</sup>  
By night his vigil keeping.  
When too the star-eyed ether of Zeus  
Joineth in the sacred dance,  
Danceth too the moon,  
And Nereus' fifty daughters,  
Who weaving their steps through Ocean's halls  
And eddyings of rivers ever-flowing,  
With their dances celebrate  
The gold-crowned maid  
And the holy mother dread.”

<sup>1</sup> Eurip.: Ion, 1075.

<sup>2</sup> The 20th Boedromion, the night of the march from Athens.

It was now time to return to Athens, so we mounted our wheels and proceeded along the Sacred Way. Clouds had gathered, and the placid waters of the bay on our right had become ruffled by a rising wind, which made progress slow as we swept round the curve where the road bends at the Rheitoi to enter the pass of Daphne.

The Rheitoi are large pools of salt water, the fish of which were reserved exclusively for the Priests of the Goddesses. The ancients fancied that these lakes derived their waters from the Euboean straits, through a channel flowing under Attica. The Rheitoi formerly marked the boundary between the domains of Athens and those of Eleusis when the latter was an independent state; and near by was the monument of Eumolpus, ancestor of the priestly family of Eleusis.

Eumolpus came from Thrace. He was the son of Poseidon and Chione — the snow — and grandson of Boreas, the North Wind, and of Oreithyia — her who rushes madly over the mountains. After the fight between Eumolpus and Erechtheus, King of Athens, Eleusis became subject to the greater city, while Eumolpus obtained the office of high priest of the Mysteries. Such is the story told by Pausanias. Apollodorus says Eumolpus was slain; for the oracle revealed to Erechtheus that he would be victorious if he would sacrifice his daughter. He slew the youngest, Chthonia, whereupon her

sisters slew themselves. A fragment from the lost Erechtheus of Euripides gives the words in which Praxithea, wife of Erechtheus, devotes her child to death. "In stout-hearted wise, not unworthy of her city and of being daughter of Cephisus."

"But<sup>1</sup> I will give my daughter dear to death.  
And many things I ponder — first the State.  
A better one than this no man can find.  
Where, first, the people come not from abroad,  
But from the soil we spring, while other states,  
Founded as if by random fall of dice,  
Are filled with immigrants from divers lands.  
Now he who goes from one State to another  
Like some ill-fitting joint in carpentry  
In name's a citizen, but in deed not so.  
And then 'tis for this end we children bear,  
That we may guard our land and altars safe. . . .  
Now if at home instead of sheaf of girls,  
A male crop flourished, and the blaze of war  
Assailed the State, should I not send them forth  
To war, because forsooth I feared for them? . . .  
But when a mother's tears speed forth her sons,  
They oft make soft the hearts attuned for fight.  
I hate those women who prefer mere life  
For their own children, rather than the Right;  
So counsel ill — and more, when men in war  
Fall amid many, they a *common* tomb

<sup>1</sup> Eurip.: Frag., 362.

And glory *shared* attain, while her, my child,  
Dying alone, alone the State shall crown,  
And me and her two sisters she shall save.  
What of all this is not a precious boon?  
Her who is no wise mine, save by mere birth,  
I sacrifice for fatherland; for if  
The city fall, what portion will remain  
To me of offspring? Thus my duty done,  
Others may rule, but I shall save the State.  
And this — whereof the greatest share to all  
In common is — no man, with my consent,  
Our ancient laws ancestral shall o'erthrow,  
Nor, for the Olive and the Gorgon gold,  
The Trident stand upon our fortress, crowned  
By King Eumolpus and the Thracian horde,  
And Pallas nowhere held in reverence . . .  
Oh Country, would that all who in thee live,  
Might love thee e'en as I; then should we dwell  
In safety, and no harm should'st thou endure! "

Swinburne's *Erechtheus*<sup>1</sup> contains a paraphrase of this fragment of Euripides. His beautiful poem is one of the most essentially Euripidean plays in existence. Through the whole speech of Praxithea, we hear an echo of the conflict for the land of Attica between Athene and Poseidon, as it is depicted on the western pediment of the Parthenon.

<sup>1</sup> 495 ff.



As the road began to rise at the entrance of the pass of Daphne, we dismounted and turned to look westward for a parting view of the bay and plain. Far in the distance we could see the long ridge of legend-haunted Cithaeron, and south of it, the rounded mass of Geraneia. Our thoughts turned to the solemn hour when, after the Athenians took refuge in Salamis, and the Attic land was ravaged, Dicaeus and Demaratus, Athenian and Spartan exiles high in honour at the Persian court, found themselves "In<sup>1</sup> the Thriasian Plain, when they beheld a cloud of dust moving from Eleusis, as it were of three myriads of men. And they wondered at the dust-cloud, from what men it rose; when straightway they heard a voice, and the voice seemed to them to be that of the mystic Iacchus. Now Demaratus was unskilled in the rites which are celebrated at Eleusis and asked Dicaeus what this sound might be. Dicaeus replied: ' Oh Demaratus, it is not possible but that some mischief is in store for the army of the king. For this is clear that, now that Attica is deserted, this which makes the sound is something divine advancing from Eleusis, to take vengeance in behalf of the Athenians and their allies. And if the cloud light on the Peloponnesus, there is danger at hand for the king and his army on the land; but if it turn to the ships in Salamis, the king will be in danger of losing his naval

<sup>1</sup> Herod, viii. 5.

host. And the Athenians keep this festival yearly in honour of the Mother and the Maid, and he who wills, of the Athenians or of other Greeks, is initiated. And the sound thou hearest is the Iacchic cry they raise at the festival.' To this Demaratus answered: 'Be silent, and tell this tale to no man else. For if these words be carried to the king, thou shalt surely lose thy head, and I shall not be able to save thee, nor any other of mankind. But keep silence, and the gods will provide for the army.' Such was his advice, and from the dust and the voice arose a cloud which floated toward Salamis to the host of the Greeks. So they learned that the army of Xerxes was destined to perish."

As we climbed the pass, we noticed the deep ruts worn in the rocky Sacred Way by the wheels of centuries. On the left is the ancient sanctuary of Aphrodite with its innumerable niches for votive offerings. We could fancy the processions pouring through the pass, the light of their torches "all night long" reflected from the rocks on either side. At last we reached the monastery and church at the top of the pass, and remounted for the long descent to the olive-planted plain of the Cephissus. Athens burst upon our view illuminated by a western sun, and after a descent of more than a mile, we reached level ground and the famous crossing of the Cephissus. This was the scene of the "Gephyrismoi" or Bridge-jokes which formed a feature

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of the sacred processions, recalling the jests of the maid Iambé which first evoked smiles from the broken-hearted mother.

From the bridge to Athens, the way led us past the Botanical Gardens, and we entered the city near the Dipylon.

## CHAPTER IV

### AEGINA

ON a bright morning in early March, we embarked at the Piraeus on the small steamer *Argo* for her first trip of the season. A stiff Norther was blowing, and the snow-white clouds, sailing across the blue of the sky, were repeated in the white caps of the still bluer sea. The little steamer sailed out of the quiet harbour, past the headland of Munychia, and soon was in the tumbling sea of the Saronic Gulf. As she "ran over the billows accomplishing her course," the three mountains which curtain the Attic Plain receded, and the Peloponnesian shore grew more and more distinct. Across our bow passed a tossing brig bound seaward with all her sails set and filled by the blasts which swept down from Parnes. Here and there tiny fishing boats could be seen with gunwales awash, their crews often consisting only of an old man and a boy. Salamis lay to our right, its central mountain rising sharply in the background, while its coast stretched low, hard, and utterly barren.

As the Island dropped astern, we read the account

of the battle of Salamis from the Persians of Aeschylus:

*Messenger:*<sup>1</sup> " The Gods preserve the goddess Pallas' town."

*Atossa:* " Then is the Athenians' city still unspoiled? "

*Messenger:* " For so her men live, safe her walls abide."

*Atossa:* " But how began the conflict of the ships? Who first adventured, was it Greeks, the fray, Or, boasting of his myriad ships, my son? "

*Messenger:* " Mistress, the spring of all this misery Was some Avenger or some angry God.

For, from the Athenian host a Greek arrived,  
And to thy son, King Xerxes, tidings spake:

To wit, that if night's blackness should arrive,  
The Greeks would stay not, but upon their decks  
Leaping in panic, seek their lives to save  
By secret flight, one here, one there afar.

Now Xerxes heard, yet, marking not the trick  
Of Greek informer, nor ill-will of Heaven,

To all his captains proclamation makes:

When Helios lighting with his rays the Earth  
Shall cease, and gloom the Ether's temple hold,

To range the throng of ships in triple lines  
To guard all exits and the seaward paths;

<sup>1</sup> Aeschylus: Pers., 349 ff.

Others he bade round Ajax' Isle to wheel;  
For if the Grecians should escape their doom  
By finding hidden loophole for their ships,  
Beheading was to all the stern decree.  
So much he spake with heart too much at ease,  
For naught of Heaven's decree he understood.  
But they, in order due and discipline,  
Made ready supper, and each sailor skilled  
Looked to his oars, his tholes, and all his gear.  
But when the light of sun had passed away  
And night approached, each master of the oar,  
Each warder of the tackle took his post,  
And rank to rank of warships cried the word.  
And as to each the post had been assigned,  
They sailed, and all night long the captains kept  
Manoeuvring the entire naval host,  
And night advanced, nor yet a Grecian ship  
Had anywhere attempted secret flight.  
But when Aurora, with her coursers white,  
Held all the Earth, fair-shining to behold,  
An echoing shout first sounded from the Greeks  
Like song of joy, and, at the instant, loud  
The answer echoed from the Island Cliff,  
And dread on all the host barbaric fell,  
Their hopes frustrated, — Not as if for flight  
The Grecians hymned their holy paeon then,  
But as to battle roused with courage stout;  
And all the coast blazed with the cry of trump.  
Then straightway with the clash of dashing oar,

They smote the watery brine at order given,  
And swiftly all were plainly in our view.  
The right at first led on in line of war  
In goodly order, then the fleet entire  
Followed, and at the moment one might hear  
A mighty cry: — ‘ Oh sons of Greeks, advance!  
Deliver your ancestral soil, your sons  
And wives set free, and shrines of tribal gods,  
And tombs of forefathers! The Stake your All! ’  
From our side too, the roar of Persian tongue  
Leaped in response; and now delay was past.  
And straightway ship ’gainst ship her brazen beak  
Dashed — and a Hellene prow the shock began,  
And from a Punic ship the figurehead  
Broke off entire, and then, one here, one there  
Her stem directed — Now the Persian host  
At first withstood, but soon the throng was pressed  
In narrow strait, and mutual aid was naught.  
But, by their own bronze-armoured beaks assailed,  
The line complete of oarage swift was crushed.  
In circle round, the Grecian ships their blows  
Not heedlessly inflicted, till the hulls  
O’erturned, concealed the reddened sea beneath,  
Covered with wreck of ships and blood of men,  
The shores around and reefs with corpses piled.  
Then, in disordered flight each ship was rowed,  
So many as were left of Persian host.  
But they, as ’twere some tunny shoal, the foe  
With splintered oars and wreckage fragments smote,

And tore to shreds the wretches, while their groans  
And shriekings covered all the briny sea,  
Till night's dark eye concealed the horrid scene.  
But, to recount to thee the sum of woe  
I could not, if I spake for ten full days.  
For know this well, that on a single day,  
Never so vast a host of mortals died."

The Argo was by this time approaching the cliffs of Aegina, and she soon rounded the black spire of rock which rises from a ledge running out into the sea at the northeastern corner of the island. This is doubtless one of the many reefs planted by King Aeacus as a protection against pirates, as we are told by Pausanias. The black spire is all that is left of the mound built at his father's bidding by Telamon, that he might stand thereon and plead defence for his part in the murder of Phocus.<sup>1</sup>

We dropped anchor in the little bay of Hagia Marina, and landed by rowboat. The clearness of the blue-green water and the purity of the white sandy bottom are remarkable even for the Aegean.

The island was named of old Oenone, the Island of the Vine, and the gnarled bushes, with no signs as yet of their verdure, covered every field and slope. The later name of Aegina points to Theban invasion. Aegina was the daughter of Asopus, god of the Boeotian river, and witness of the mighty battle of

<sup>1</sup> See below.



Plataea, which finished on land the work begun on sea by Salamis. The River God married Metope — her of the fair forehead — and begat two sons and twenty daughters. Zeus loved and carried off the fairest of these, Aegina,<sup>1</sup> and when the father sought her sorrowing, the mighty god drove him back by the thunderbolt to his native banks,<sup>2</sup> and bore Aegina across the Saronic Gulf to Oenone. The island has borne since that time the name of the nymph, for she became the mother of Aeacus the Just, and ancestress of the mighty line from which Achilles sprang.

The goddess Hera took vengeance for the loves of Zeus and Aegina upon the inhabitants of the place. Ovid describes the pestilence which depopulated the island in language which reminds us of Thucydides, Boccaccio and Defoe. Aeacus in despair prayed to Panhellenian Zeus of the great temple on the mountain:

“‘Oh <sup>3</sup> Jupiter,’ I prayed, ‘if fables be not false which say thou didst embrace Aegina, daughter of Asopus, and if thou takest not shame, mighty father, to be called my parent; then give me

<sup>1</sup> Pausanias (ii. 5) tells us that it was the wicked Sisyphus of Corinth who revealed to Asopus his daughter's fate, in return for the gift of the fountain of Pirene on Acrocorinthus, supplied by the waters of the river. He pays in Tartarus the heavy penalty for the revelation.

<sup>2</sup> Where coal abounds to this day.

<sup>3</sup> Ov.: *Metam.*, vii. 253 ff.

back my people, or hide me too in the grave.' Zeus gave a token by lightning-flash with thunder following — 'I accept,' I cried, 'and be this a happy sign of thy intentions! I take as pledge the omen thou givest me.' Hard by there chanced to stand an oak, with far-spreading branches. Sacred to Jove it was, and sprung from Dodonaean seed. On this I beheld corn-gathering ants in long array carrying in tiny mouths enormous burdens and keeping their straight path upon the wrinkled bark. I noted the vast number and exclaimed: 'So many citizens give me, oh mighty father, and fill my empty walls.' The tall oak quivered, and uttered a sound from its branches which were shaken though by no breeze. My limbs stiffened with quaking fear, and my hair stood ereet. Yet gave I kisses to the Earth and to the tree trunk. I dared not say I hoped; but hope I did, and cherished in my heart my longings. Night fell, and sleep possessed my limbs with sorrow worn. Lo, before mine eyes that same oak seemed to stand, those branches, and it carried creatures on the branches in number as before, and in like manner it seemed to shake and scatter upon the field beneath the grain-laden throng. When suddenly, lo, they grew, and became ever taller and taller to look upon, and lifted themselves from the ground and stood with form erect. They cast off their tiny size and many feet and dark hue, and clothed their limbs in shape of men. My slumber left me, and my

waking thoughts rejected the vision I had seen. I cried in anguish that there was no help in heaven. When lo, a great sound arose in the halls. I seemed to hear men's voices long unwonted. But while I fancied this too must be dreaming, lo Telamon rushed in and cried, 'Oh father, thou shalt see things too great for hope or credence. Come forth!' I came, and just such men as I had seemed to see in my dream, just such in rank I saw and recognized."

The new population were called Myrmidons<sup>1</sup> and retained in subsequent days the habits of gallant industry of their ancestors. Aeacus became so famous for the efficacy of his prayers that once when Greece was afflicted by famine, the oracle at Delphi declared that deliverance might be obtained if Aeacus would offer prayer in behalf of the land: "And<sup>2</sup> when Aeacus prayed, Greece was freed from her fruitlessness, and after his death he was honoured in the realm of Pluto and he guards the keys of Hades."

Donkeys met us at the landing rock, and for half an hour, the rugged path wound under the pines up the hillside spangled with anemones — flowers of the wind indeed. At the top of the hill stands the old Doric temple of Aphaea.<sup>3</sup> Aphaea was a nymph of

<sup>1</sup> Μύρμηξ, ant.

<sup>2</sup> Apollod., iii. 12. 6. 10.

<sup>3</sup> Athene has of late been dethroned by the archæologists.

Artemis-Dictynna, and used to dwell in Crete. Shunning the love of Minos, she fled for nine long months through mountain, forest, and morass, and at last in despair, leaped from a crag into the sea. A fisherman named Andromedes rescued her in his net,<sup>1</sup> and carried her in his skiff to Aegina. He too offered the cold nymph his love, and once more the flight began from this new pursuer. At last she vanished in the sacred grove which crowns the temple hill, and from her disappearance<sup>2</sup> comes her name Aphaea.

We lunched among the ruins of the temple. Noon was upon the Aegean, and the "brilliant wind" blew from the shore with the vigour of a New England Norther. The air was so clear that far Belbina could be plainly seen. Landward lay the smiling fields and olive groves, the scattered farmhouses, and the pine-clothed hills of Aeacus' ancient kingdom.

Aeacus left his throne to judge the spirits in the world below, assessor of Minos and Rhadamanthus, so righteous had been his peaceful sway in this happy island. But righteousness and peace soon fled from the hills and valleys. The strife of brethren brought about the first migration. Peleus and Telamon, sons of Aeacus, were worsted in the sports by their brother, Phocus; and plotting his death

<sup>1</sup> δίκτυον.

<sup>2</sup> ἀφανῆς ἐγένετο.

together, they cast lots to see who should be the fratricide. Telamon, at the discus-throwing, hurled his quoit at Phocus with fatal aim, and with his guilty brother hid the body in the forest. But the deed became known, and the just king banished his unworthy sons. Telamon fled to Salamis where the childless king, Kychreus, was ruling a desolate island. For a dreadful serpent was ravaging the fields and destroying the folk. Telamon slew the monster, and received the throne as his inheritance. He prayed to Zeus for a male child, and lo, an eagle appeared to him as a sign from heaven. When the boy was born he was named Aias. For Aietos signifies Eagle, and Aias is none other than the mighty Ajax of the Trojan story. But Aegina remained without a king for ever, for the sons of the murdered Phocus fled to Parnassus, and bestowed their father's name upon the land of Phocis.<sup>1</sup>

The centuries witnessed the incessant strife against the great city across the Gulf, until this "eyesore," as the proud Athenians named it, fell at last and its inhabitants were altogether driven out. Yet these early Aeginetans had been men of no mean stock. The pottery they fashioned was used in Italy and Egypt, and in the Euxine towns. Their coins passed current in the markets of the world, the talent of Aegina long continuing to be known more widely than even the Solonic talent

<sup>1</sup> Pausanias, ii. 29.

of Athens,<sup>1</sup> and it was Aegina's fleet that earned the prize for valour in the fight at Salamis. When evil days came to the conquering state, and the power of Athens fell at Aegospotami, some scanty remnant of the Aeginetan race returned to the ancestral island; but the old glory never returned, and through the ages which history leaves hidden in darkness from our eyes, the mingled stock seems gradually to have been reduced to the handful who inhabit the island to-day.

Aegina was a favourite theme with Pindar:

“ Land <sup>2</sup> of the long oars, fatherland, Aegina  
Judgment throne where sitting Themis, the Pre-  
server

By the side of Zeus the guardian of Strangers,  
More than all mankind is honoured with observance.  
For a matter weighty, many ways inclining  
Rightly to adjudge, and not with false proportion,  
Is a problem hard to overthrow by wrestling.

“ But of immortals some ordinance  
Hath stablished this sea-fenced land,  
Pillar divine to support  
Strangers of every clime.

Nor may the years in their flight  
Weary maintaining this law.”

<sup>1</sup> Ephorus, quoted by Strabo, says the Aeginetans were the first who used stamped coinage.

<sup>2</sup> Pindar: *Olymp.*, viii. 20.

“ Not <sup>1</sup> from the Graces far  
Hath fallen the lot of the Isle,  
City of Justice and Right,  
Sharing the glorious fame  
Of the deeds of Aeacus' line.

“ Perfect her glory from olden time —  
Oft is she sung victorious  
In struggles of heroes she nursed.  
Highest in contests swift,  
In mortal men no less  
Shineth her fame.”

“ Broad <sup>2</sup> are from every side the ways  
For chroniclers, the glorious Isle to praise.  
For by the mighty deeds they showed,  
On her the Aeacids bestowed  
Surpassing other lands, a fame  
And over Earth and far beyond the Sea is spread  
their name.”

“ No <sup>3</sup> maker of images I  
To build enduring forms  
On bases immovable standing —  
But oh my song, on every bark,  
In every ship, sweet song,

<sup>1</sup> Pindar: Pyth., viii. 21.

<sup>2</sup> Pindar: Nem., vi. 51.

<sup>3</sup> Pindar: Nem., i. ff.

Go from Aegina, tidings spreading,  
How Lampon's son,  
Pytheas of broad strength,  
The crown of the Pancration won  
In games Nemean.

“ While yet his cheek showed not  
The tender summer, of the wine-bud mother.  
With glory hath he crowned  
The warrior heroes, sprung  
From Cronos and from Zeus,  
And from the golden Nereids —  
The line of Aeacus.

“ His mother city he hath glorified,  
Dear soil of guests,  
Which once they prayed might be  
Renowned for men and ships;  
As standing near the shrine of Hellene Zeus,  
They spread their hands aloft,  
Endais' <sup>1</sup> sons right famous, and the might  
Of Phocus princely.”

The temple has been shorn of its chief glory — the Pediment sculptures — which are the pride of the Munich Glyptothek. We used to like to be told to note the proud smile on the lips of the Greeks as they met death, the stern joy in their eyes as

<sup>1</sup> Wife of Aeacus.



they faced the foe. This was before the world had learnt so much about archaic sculpture and the work of the predecessors of Phidias. Yet perhaps the fancy was not wholly untrue. However that may be, we cherished the old thought as we looked up at the gray architraves now robbed of their crowns. The columns stand high and clear in the brilliant sunshine, and we strolled among them, placing ourselves to get vistas now of Argolis, now of Geraneia, Cithaeron, Parnes, and at last of Athens with the golden Acropolis, and Pentelicus rising behind, with Hymettus and its foothills east and south to Sunium.

These lesser ruined temples of Greece offer little perhaps of grandeur or of architectural splendour to the eye. It is to the heart they speak, and that most surely they do — every one of them. They are so truthful, so sincere. The effect is produced with so little effort of elaboration. The Colonnade, the Fore-house, the Cella, the Rear-house, that is all. Every trace of ornament has disappeared, and all colour save the glow of pink and gold and gray which time has bestowed instead of man's devices. And the temples are nobly placed. They look forth from headland or from hill-top, over island-studded gulf or fertile inland plain, simple and serene.

We filled our lungs with the wholesome cold March air, and descended with clean hearts and minds to the landing place once more. The Argo

got up steam, and round the headland met the waves which by this time had become boisterous. She plunged valiantly into them, but we saw that it was going to be slow work to reach a point where the influence of the windward shore would give relief. “*Ἐὖθ' ὤφελ' Ἄργους μὴ διαπτάσθαι σκάφος!*” Far to the left rose Acrocorinthus and the Arcadian mountains. The Argo struggled on past the little islands which stud the Saronic, till at last Salamis offered a lee, and we ran past Psittaleia and Cynosura<sup>1</sup> — on into the quiet waters of the Bay of Salamis.

We turned before reaching the narrows, and saw in the distance the navy-yard where the modern Greek fleet lay at anchor. It consisted of but a handful of gunboats, but it was sufficient doubtless to have scattered all the hosts of Persia by a few broadsides. To the north rose the “Rocky brow that looks o’er seaborne Salamis.” To the south, the Island in its immortal glory, lit by the last ray of the setting sun.

“Paths<sup>2</sup> of the dashing sea surge, caves by the ocean’s edge, grove on the promontory’s brow,” mourned Ajax of his “long-time exile round the walls of Troy,” his dying thoughts turning to the beloved island home.

“The<sup>3</sup> son of Telamon, in prosperity swaying

<sup>1</sup> The Dog’s Tail, behind which the Greek fleet lurked.

<sup>2</sup> Soph.: Ajax, 412.

<sup>3</sup> Soph.: Ajax, 134.

Salamis, founded where the sea floweth round." But Ajax, the mighty, Ajax, the heir of Salamis fell, as strength so often falls overcome by wit, and as in after days, the rugged Salaminians fell under the sway of clever Athens and Solon the Wise. Yet Athens in her glory never forgot the shelter which the Island gave in her hour of need. Always in her navy was a "Salaminia" used for highest and holiest purposes. And The Sea Fight needed no special name, when it was used to point the exhortations of the great orators in the days when Grecian liberty was once more threatened, and sinking to its end on the fatal plain of Chaeronea.

Psittaleia, the island of massacre, where Persia's noblest were slaughtered like cattle in a pen, was lighting its beacon as we rounded the northern end, and headed across for Piraeus.

"There<sup>1</sup> is an island fronting Salamis,  
Small — a mean roadstead offering for ships.  
Dance-loving Pan oft treads its ocean verge.  
Thither the king his noblest sends, that when  
The routed foe for refuge seek the isle,  
They smite the Grecian host, an easy prey,  
And friends may rescue from the ocean paths.  
The future ill discerning, — for when Heaven  
To Greeks the glory gave in fight of ships,  
Their bodies clad in armour of good bronze,

<sup>1</sup> Aeschylus: Persians, 449 ff.

At once they leaped to shore from off the decks,  
And circled the whole island, nor our chiefs  
Knew where to turn for safety, for in showers  
They pelted them with rocks, and, from the bow,  
The arrows pouring wrought destruction swift.  
At last, in one fierce rush the Greeks dashed on,  
They smote, they hacked their wretched victims'  
    limbs,  
Until they reft the life from all the band.  
When Xerxes saw the depth of ill, he groaned,  
For on a throne conspicuous to the host,  
He sat, on mountain brow near ocean's brine.  
Rending his robes, he cried in loud lament,  
And, leaving to his host on land the fight,  
In flight unseemly thence he rushed. — Such woe  
Is thine to weep for, added to the first."

## CHAPTER V

### MARATHON

WE made an early start from Athens, and after leaving the city, we quickly came to true pastoral country of a kind very characteristic of Greece. Attica for the most part is barren, but here we found meadows of soft grass as green as those in the fertile lands of the Peloponnesus. We passed flocks of sheep tended by handsome young bearded shepherds in cloaks of rough wool and carrying real crooks. They represented precisely one's idea of Meliboeus or Tityrus. The pastures were fields of grass of the type of good golf turf, dotted with clumps of furze bush or thistle, and covered with anemones of every colour. Here and there a gnarled olive tree offered a tempting spot, should Tityrus feel inclined to try his pipe.

We passed an occasional ruined church, or a new one situated in a group of three or four cottages with a modest inn, where the driver stopped to give water to his horses. Soon we crossed a low spur of Hymettus and began a long gentle descent through olives and pines. This part of the road is

lonely but very beautiful. At one point we crossed a bridge and drove through a perfect tunnel of foliage. Pines, olives and vines, planted thick on either side, afforded shade, rare indeed in this land.

One of the favourite haunts of the great god Pan was near this spot. The stalactites in his cave bear, to this day, the forms of his goats, and he must have loved the Marathon region well. As Phidippides traversed the Arcadian mountains in quest of help for Athens, the god suddenly appeared before him. There is no panic terror now in his mild countenance, but good cheer, as he tells Phidippides that all will be well. For he himself — the resistless power of Nature — will be present at Marathon on the great day. And the Athenians, who had hitherto neglected his worship,<sup>1</sup> gave him in gratitude a shrine in the grotto on the northern slope of their own Acropolis.

We reached a wayside inn, where we changed horses, and rested half an hour. This spot is the scene of the last instance of kidnapping by brigands.<sup>2</sup> We had passed the Diacria, the high ground between Hymettus and Pentelicus, and from now on our road, for the most part, was a long slow descent, until we suddenly caught sight of the sea. Far to the northeast we saw the snow-clad Euboean mountains across the Euripus. To the southeast a

<sup>1</sup> Pausanias, i. 28. Pace Eurip.: *Ion*, 492.

<sup>2</sup> In 1870.

low gray island was Ceos, the birthplace of Simonides, the poet whose name is associated with the war of which our minds were full, as we approached the scene of the first battle. Simonides wrote many epitaphs in honour of those slain in the Persian War.<sup>1</sup> In competition with Aeschylus—who had himself fought at Marathon—he composed an inscription for the famous picture by Mikon, Panae-nus, and Polygnotus in the Painted Stoa of Athens.<sup>2</sup>

“ Fighting as champions for Greece on Marathon’s  
plain, the Athenians  
Low on the ground the might dashed of the gold  
bearing Medes.”

Here is the inscription offered by Aeschylus, but rejected as inferior to that of Simonides:

“ Men<sup>3</sup> of Plataea and Athens, on Marathon’s  
meadow embattled,  
Low on the ground the might dashed of the gold-  
bearing Medes.”

We wound up a hill scarred by the marks of a recent great conflagration, and at last far away, we could descry a broad plain shut in on three sides by hills, and washed on the fourth by the Euboean

<sup>1</sup> The most famous ones refer to Thermopylae.

<sup>2</sup> Simonides, 90 Bergk.

<sup>3</sup> Aeschylus: *Elegy*, i. Bergk.

Strait. This was Marathon; but, for the half hour of approach, our attention was held by the view of the mountains across the Strait which is here very narrow. Northeast, the promontory of Cynosura runs out from the mainland. It is curious that there should have been points of land with identical names at both Marathon and Salamis. Here the name "Dog's Tail" may recall Aelian's statement<sup>1</sup> that in the above-mentioned picture of the Painted Stoa, there appears a dog, taken as "fellow soldier" to the battle by one of the Athenians. "Both<sup>1</sup> are painted in the picture, the dog not being left unhonoured; for he obtained this meed for the danger he faced that he is to be seen together with Cynaegiros, Epizelos, and Callimachus."

Conspicuous in Euboea rises snow-crowned Dirphys. Simonides<sup>2</sup> wrote an epitaph on the peasant lads who fell for their country:

" Under the slope of Dirphys we fell. This mound  
in our honour  
Hard by Euripus stands, raised by our countrymen  
here.  
Just was the tribute. We lost the early prime of  
our manhood,  
We who holding our ground, met the rude cloud of  
the war."

<sup>1</sup> Harrison: *Myth. and Mon. of Ancient Athens*, page 139.

<sup>2</sup> Simonides, 89 Bergk.



The road to Rhamnus runs north from the plain. Here stood the famous statue of Nemesis. For the Persians brought with them to Marathon a huge block of Persian marble, whereof to make a trophy in celebration of the expected victory. From this very bit of stone Phidias wrought the statue of the goddess, whose wrath had been stirred by their presumptuous confidence.<sup>1</sup>

Upon reaching the edge of the plain of Marathon the carriage stopped at a group of farm buildings, and we alighted and proceeded to the mound which rises from the centre of the plain. This is the famous "Soros" heaped over the bodies of the Grecian dead, and while its genuineness has at times been disputed, archæologists have at last pronounced in its favour. In the fight, the Athenians were marshalled tribe by tribe, that friend might be encouraged by the proximity of friend; and so, tribe by tribe, the bodies of one hundred and ninety-two heroes were laid in this mound. Beside it, "Each night and all night long, one may hear the sound of champing horses and of fighting men."<sup>2</sup>

The Soros is the only elevation in the perfectly level plain, and we lunched under the shade of the clump of trees on its northern side.

Modern military critics have proved that Marathon was not much of a battle after all. It was

<sup>1</sup> Pausanias, i. 33.

<sup>2</sup> Pausanias, i. 32.

merely a rear-end engagement with Persians who were already embarking. In the Greek imagination, however, it holds high place after Thermopylae, Salamis, and Plataea. For it was the first conflict, and as it turned out it led to a ten years' respite. We can hear throughout Greek oratory and poetry the echo of the exultant consciousness that from this first conflict between Slave and Free, Liberty came forth triumphant.

In the Persians of Aeschylus, Queen Atossa asks the chorus for information concerning these strange Athenians:

*Atossa:*<sup>1</sup> " Tell me, who is their commander, who is despot o'er the folk? "

*Chorus:* " Of no mortal man the servants, nor the subjects are they called."

*Atossa:* " How then could they bide the onset of the foeman pressing hard? "

*Chorus:* " In such fashion that Darius saw his mighty host destroyed."

" The <sup>2</sup> greatest orator of the ancient world swore ' by those who lay buried at Marathon,' as if they were gods, and no appeal was more inspiring to Athenian ears than that to the memory of those who fought at Marathon."

<sup>1</sup> Line 243.

<sup>2</sup> Wordsworth: Greece, page 114.

“ Our <sup>1</sup> ancestors conquered the barbarians who first trod Attic soil, and made plain that Manhood is stronger than Wealth, Valour than Numbers.”

Pausanias <sup>2</sup> tells us how the fight was depicted on the walls of the Painted Porch.

“ Of the Boeotians, those who dwelt at Plataea, and the whole of the Attic force, are advancing to close quarters with the barbarians. And in this part of the picture the fight is equal. But further on, the barbarians are fleeing and pushing one another into the swamp. And at the end of the picture are the Phoenician ships, and the Greeks killing the barbarians, who are rushing towards these. There is also painted the hero Marathon — from whom the plain has been named — and Theseus <sup>3</sup> is depicted like one rising from the Earth, and Athene and Heracles. For Heracles was regarded as a god by the Marathonians first, as they themselves say. And of the fighters, those most conspicuous in the picture are Callimachus, <sup>4</sup> who had been elected Polemarch by the Athenians, and Miltiades of the generals, and the hero called Echetlos.” <sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lycurg., 163.      <sup>2</sup> Pausanias, i. 15. 3.

<sup>3</sup> Theseus in earlier times had brought deliverance to the dwellers in Attica by slaying the Marathonian Bull. We see him in the quaint group in the Acropolis Museum with the bull over his shoulders.

<sup>4</sup> Callimachus was pierced by so many spears that his body was unable to fall to earth.

<sup>5</sup> Echetlos was the mysterious figure who appeared on the

We picked our way shoreward over the firmer parts of the marsh, and found a comfortable heap of dry seaweed on the beach, where we spent an hour enjoying the bright sunshine and the glorious view of the Euboean Strait. Herodotus was our guide. Off this very beach, Hippias, longing to recover the throne whence he had been expelled, "Guided<sup>1</sup> the ships of the barbarians, . . . and anchored them, and marshalled the Pèrsian troops after they had disembarked on the shore. And as he was thus employed, it befell him to sneeze and cough more violently than was his wont, and as he was elderly, his teeth for the most part were shaken. So then he lost one of his teeth by the violence of his coughing, and as it had fallen upon the sand he used great diligence to find it. But as his tooth appeared not, he groaned and said to the bystanders: 'This land is not for us, nor shall we prove able to make it subject; for so much of it as was to have been my share, my tooth already has obtained. . . .'"

The famous narrative runs on in the historian's delightful style of sober narrative, quaint anecdote, and historical digression. The unexpected arrival

field during the fight and dealt mighty blows with his ploughshare. The oracle afterwards bade the Athenians "honour Echetlos," and they built him a monument of marble. Cf. Browning.

<sup>1</sup> Herod., vi. 107.

on the scene of the heroic Plataeans *en masse* must have cheered the hearts of the anxious Athenians. There is something quite touching in the almost romantic affection of the Athenians for their humble, oppressed Boeotian *protégés*; and the devotion of the Plataeans to the city that alone had helped them in their need, appears again and again in Grecian history. Herodotus, after telling of the arrival of the Plataeans, and after commenting on this ancient tie of friendship, describes the anxiety of the Athenian generals, and their patriotic self-abnegation and resolution at the last. We could follow, without difficulty, his description of the positions of the contestants, and the details of the fight.

“When<sup>1</sup> their dispositions were made, and the omens were propitious, . . . they rushed at full speed against the barbarians. . . . But the Persians, when they saw them approaching at a run, prepared as if to receive their onslaught. And they imputed madness to the Greeks, and a right fatal madness, when they saw them so few, and these pressing on at a run aided by neither cavalry nor archery. . . . And the Athenians, when they had joined in close conflict with the barbarians, then they fought in wise worthy of description. For they were the first of all the Greeks whom we know, who went at running speed against enemies, and the first who endured the sight of the garb of

<sup>1</sup> Herod., vi. 112.

the Medes and the men clad therein. For before this, even the name of the Medes was a terror for the Greeks to hear."

We could picture to ourselves the temporary success of the Persians at the centre of the line, where they drove their opponents well towards the hills. Then our imagination recalled the Grecian wings victorious, the flight through the marshes, and the wild rush for the ships; the effort to set these on fire; Cynaegiros grasping the prow of a vessel, and falling, his arms severed by a battle axe; then the final retreat of the fleet round Sunium; the flashing shield signal given by traitors from mount Pentelicus; the hasty return of the Athenians to their city to thwart the treachery; — and finally, the arrival of help from Sparta when all was over.

The historian gives a dry account of the conduct of the Lacedaemonians. When Phidippides came with his agonized appeal, "It<sup>1</sup> pleased the Spartans to send help to the Athenians. It was impossible, however, to do this at once, for they did not wish to transgress their custom. For it was the ninth day of the waxing moon, and they said that they would not go forth on the ninth day for that the disc of the moon was not full. So they awaited the full moon. . . . But after the full moon,<sup>2</sup> two thousand of the Lacedaemonians came to Athens, in hot haste to be in time, so that they reached Attica

<sup>1</sup> Herod., vi. 106.      <sup>2</sup> Herod., vi. 120.

on the third day from Sparta. But though they had arrived after the collision, they desired nevertheless to gaze upon the Medes. So going to Marathon, they gazed. Then, commending the Athenians and their work, they departed homeward."

The fountain of Macaria mentioned by Pausanias is no longer to be found. Marathon had been the scene in mythical times of the brave deed of a woman who here offered her life that victory might be assured to Athens and that the race of Heracles might not perish. The Heraclidae of Euripides tells the story. The persecuted children of Heracles, fleeing from Eurystheus of Tiryns, reach Marathon, and beg protection of King Demophon, who now rules Attica as successor of his father Theseus. The king promises succour, and Eurystheus, seeing the prey about to escape, makes preparation for battle. An oracle declares that, as a condition of victory, a maiden, sprung of noblest stock, must be sacrificed to Demeter. Macaria, the eldest daughter of Heracles, surrenders herself to voluntary death. "Worthy of her father, worthy of her noble birth this deed hath been done. And if the death of the brave thou dost revere, I join with thee." <sup>1</sup>

It was time to return to Athens. The day had been warm and bright, but in March there is always

<sup>1</sup> Eurip.: Heracl., 626.

a sharp chill in the air when the sun begins to approach the horizon. As we drew near Athens, the Acropolis rose clear against the glory of the western sky, and the lights of the city shone forth one by one as we entered the suburbs.



## CHAPTER VI

### CORINTH

FROM Eleusis to Corinth the scenery is very beautiful. The railroad skirts the sea during nearly the whole of its course, often creeping along the edge of cliffs or crossing deep clefts in the rocks with the waves actually roaring beneath the train. Usually, however, this part of the Saronic Gulf is calm, and from the windows of the railway carriage one looks down through limpid blue-green to the clean sandy bottom far below.

After leaving Eleusis the line runs round the spur of the Kerata, through a very extensive olive plantation which reaches more than half the way to Megara. On the left is still the Bay of Salamis, now widening, now narrowing so much that a good swimmer might easily cross to the Island. Over the southwestern point of Salamis one begins to see Aegina and the far off Argolic mountains, and presently the train reaches Megara.

Megara was a Dorian town, and her enmity to Ionian Athens lasted almost unbroken through historic times. The final acquisition of Salamis

by Athens was something which Megara could not forgive; and the famous Megarian Decree of commercial non-intercourse was one of the inflaming events which led to the Peloponnesian War. Aristophanes in the *Acharnians* gives a horrible picture of the sufferings caused by the Decree to the inhabitants of Megara, and repeats the unpleasant tale of the personal affair which led to the promulgation of the ordinance. Apologists of Pericles deny utterly the culpability of the great statesman, and prefer to follow the account of Plutarch,<sup>1</sup> according to whom the decree was issued because the Megarians had appropriated to profane uses a part of the sacred Eleusinian territory. The situation was exasperated by the treatment of the ambassador Anthemocritus, who was put to death by the Megarians. In consequence of this outrage, Charinus brought in a "decree against them, that there should exist enmity without truce and without parley, and that whatever Megarian should set foot on Attic soil, should be punished with death; and that the generals, on swearing the ancestral oath, should vow in addition that twice each year they would invade the Megarid." The Megarians in Plutarch's time denied the execution of Anthemocritus, and claimed that the version of Aristophanes was the true one.

Modern Megara is proud of its pure Hellenic blood in the midst of neighbours of Albanian stock. The

<sup>1</sup> Plut.: *Vit. Per.*, 30.

Easter Monday dances are famous, and the beauty of the maidens justifies the claim of pure descent. From Megara the land slopes towards the ancient seaport of Nisaea over against Salamis. Here is the Rock Aithyia where Pandion lies buried, and opposite is the Rock Minoa. The names call to mind many sad legends of these early kings of Attica and the Megarid.

Pandion, driven from his home in Attica, took refuge here and married the daughter of King Pylas whom he succeeded. His sons recovered their paternal inheritance, and made division of the territory. The sad fate of his daughters belongs more properly to Daulia.<sup>1</sup> The third son, Nisus, became King of Megara, and when Minos, King of Crete, made his famous invasion, Nisus was besieged in his citadel on the Rock since called Minoa. The king's beautiful daughter, Scylla, became enamoured of Minos, and, induced by love or perhaps by gold, betrayed her father to the invader. Now Nisus bore a charmed life. On his head there grew a lock of purple hair, and while that was safe, no harm could befall him. Scylla entered the chamber where he slept, and, after cutting off the purple lock, she presented it to Minos, who in scorn and loathing rejected her appeals and sailed away in his ships. Scylla in despair leaped into the sea, and strove to cling to the ship of the departing Minos. But her

<sup>1</sup> See Chapter x.

murdered father, changed into a sea eagle, appeared in pursuit, and Scylla was transformed into a strange new sea bird called Ciris.<sup>1</sup> Some say it was Minos who flung her into the sea, and that her body, which was washed ashore on the Argolic coast, gave the name to the Scyllaeon Promontory.<sup>2</sup>

The first hundred and fifty lines of the eighth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* give a beautiful version of the tale. Here is the brief account in the *Choephoroe* of Aeschylus, where the chorus of slave maidens in expressing detestation of the crime of Clytemnestra, recall similar instances of the dreadful deeds of passion done by women.

“ Another <sup>3</sup> woman we in legend needs must loathe,  
Scylla the murderous,  
Who, by foes seduced, a dear one slew,  
By Cretan gold-wrought necklace tempted, —  
The Gift of Minos — and she severed  
The lock immortal from the head of Nisus,  
As in sleep he breathed unwitting —  
Dog hearted woman!  
But Hermes overtook her.”

After leaving Megara, the train begins to creep along the edge of the cliffs of Mount Geraneia.

<sup>1</sup> Ciris from *Κελρῶμαι*, to cut the hair.

<sup>2</sup> This Scylla is sometimes wrongly confused with the monster of the Straits of Messina.

<sup>3</sup> Aesc.: Cheoph., 603.

This mountain is said to have received its name from the Cranes.<sup>1</sup>

Megaros<sup>2</sup> was the son of Zeus and one of the Sithnid nymphs, whose stream supplied the fountain of Megara, adorned with buildings by the famous tyrant Theagenes — “ a fountain worth seeing for its adornment and the number of its columns.”

Now once upon a time it befell Megaros “ to escape from the flood of Deucalion to the height of Geraneia — the mountain not yet having this name. But forasmuch as he swam, directing his course by the cry of flying Cranes; on this account the mountain was named Geraneia.”

We crossed a bridge over a chasm of the sea, and began to descend faster towards the low land of the Isthmus. This bridge is at the Κακὴ Σκαλά, the Evil Staircase, which the ancients called the Scironian Cliff. We were pursuing in reverse direction the famous course of Theseus, whose twelve labours vie with those of Heracles. While the Megarians state that Sciron was the first to build the road along the Saronic Gulf, the accepted myth represents him as a cruel robber, who lived on the rocks of Megaris. He would compel<sup>3</sup> travellers to wash his feet, and while they were stooping to perform the task, he would kick them over the cliff in sheer

<sup>1</sup> Cranes, Γέρανοι.

<sup>2</sup> Paus., i. 40. 1.

<sup>3</sup> Paus., i. 44. 8.

glee. A monstrous tortoise, lurking at the foot of the rock, devoured the bodies. Theseus visited him with the same treatment he had so often bestowed on others.

The Molurian Rocks are near those of Sciron. From them Ino leaped with her son Melicertes in her arms, and became the sea goddess Leucothea. Ino was daughter of Cadmus, and the second wife of Athamas. She<sup>1</sup> incurred the wrath of Hera for having nursed the infant Dionysus, her nephew. The goddess afflicted Athamas with homicidal madness directed against his own children. After seeing Learchus, her eldest boy, slain by his father, the frantic mother fled with Melicertes, and leaped with him into the sea, where they became divinities propitious to mariners. The<sup>2</sup> handmaidens of Ino traced her steps as far as the edge of the Cliff. Guessing the fate of their mistress, they made loud complaint of the cruelty of Hera. The goddess heard their outcry, and resolved to make one more example of her savage power. The maiden who had loved her mistress best tried to leap into the sea, when lo, she found herself powerless to move. Others, essaying to beat their breasts or tear their hair, found their arms grown rigid in the act. Others again were changed into birds, who, to this day, may be seen dipping their wings as they skim along

<sup>1</sup> Apollod., iii. 4. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Ovid: *Met.*, iv. 542 ff.

the sea among the scattered rocks which once were living maidens.

Another account, given by Apollodorus,<sup>1</sup> represents Ino as having plotted the death of Phrixos and Helle, children of Athamas by his first wife, Nephele. Pausanias tells us that Melicertes was conveyed to Corinth by a dolphin. Others say that his body was washed ashore there. At all events, the famous Isthmian games were instituted in his honour. The Scholiast on Pindar<sup>2</sup> says that "The Nereids once upon a time in their dance appeared before Sisyphus,<sup>3</sup> and bade him conduct the Isthmian festival in honour of Melicertes."

" Sisyphus,<sup>4</sup> son of Aeolus, they bade,  
In honour of the boy to institute  
The prize of far renown for Melicertes perished."

We meet the new sea-goddess in a well-known passage of the *Odyssey*:

" Then<sup>5</sup> the daughter of Cadmus spied him, Ino of the neat ankle, Leucothea, who of yore had been a mortal of human speech, but now, in depths of Ocean, the gods have bestowed honour upon her. She beheld with compassion the storm-driven *Odysseus* in his anguish, and in likeness of a flying

<sup>1</sup> Apollod., i. 9. 1.      <sup>2</sup> Isth.: Arg., i.

<sup>3</sup> King of Corinth, and uncle of Melicertes.

<sup>4</sup> Pindar: Frag., i.

<sup>5</sup> Homer: *Odyssey*, v. 333 ff.

gull she rose up from the sea. Then she seated herself on the raft, and spake words to him: ' Ill-fated one, wherefore hath Poseidon, Shaker-of-Earth, so sore afflicted thee with his wrath, in that he causeth for thee so many evils? Surely he shall not destroy thee, though he is greatly enangered against thee. But verily do thou act thus — for thou seemest to me not without wisdom — cast off thy garments, and leave thy raft to be carried by the winds, and, swimming with thy hands, strive to attain a haven on Phaeacian soil, where it is thy destiny to escape. Take then this veil, and spread it beneath thy breast. It is immortal, nor is there fear that evil or destruction befall it. When, therefore, thou shalt touch the land with thine arms, unbind the veil, and cast it again into the wine-faced sea, far from the land, and turn thyself backward.' When she had thus spoken, the goddess gave him the veil. Then she dove into the billowy sea, in likeness of a gull. And the dark waves covered her."

The Chorus in the *Medea* of Euripides compares the cruel mother to the maddened Ino.

*Chorus:*<sup>1</sup> " Unhappy one, of rock art thou or steel  
Thou that by murderous hand wilt slay  
The crop of children thou thyself didst bear?

<sup>1</sup> Eurip.: *Medea*, 1279.



“Of one, one only have I heard  
In ancient story.  
Ino by gods distraught,  
What time the spouse of Zeus  
Drove her in wandering from her home afar.

“For impious murder of her sons  
She falleth — hapless one — her foot extending  
O'er ocean cliff into the raging main.”

Simonides wrote an elegy on one wrecked on Geraneia and the Scironian Rocks.

“Ill-omened<sup>1</sup> cliff, mist-clad, Geraneia, would that  
on Ister  
Or on the Scythian Don far thou directedst thy  
gaze.  
Nor that at hand were found the Scironian billow  
of ocean,  
Bane of the maddened dame, near the Molurian  
Crag.”

As we journeyed westward, further legends of the prowess of Theseus came back to us. We were near the haunts of the Sow of Crommyon and of the robber Sinis, who hurled his enemies into the sea as from a catapult by fastening them to a bended pine. Theseus visited him with righteous retribution by fastening him to his own pine.

<sup>1</sup> Simonides, 114 Bergk.

The coast of Argolis drew near, and the calm sea was almost glassy in its smoothness. We could see the snow-topped mountains reflected on the surface which the wildest storms cannot reach. Then came the Isthmus, and beyond it the same untroubled waters till, far to the westward, the Gulf of Corinth expanded and the mirrored picture came to an end.

Strabo <sup>1</sup> tells us that the eastern end of the Corinthian Gulf was called the Halcyon Lake. No wonder the halcyon chose this spot for her nest on

“ The <sup>2</sup> mild ocean,  
Which now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed  
wave.”

We recall the words of Alcman:

“ Would,<sup>3</sup> ah, would I were a king fisher,  
Who, o’er the blossoming of the sea,  
With halcyons flitteth  
With heart enduring  
Sea-purple bird of the Spring! ”

<sup>1</sup> Strabo, viii. 336.

<sup>2</sup> Milton’s ode on the morning of Christ’s nativity.

<sup>3</sup> Alcman, 36 Bergk.

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Simonides sings of the halcyon:

“ As <sup>1</sup> when the fourteen days in winter month  
Zeus calmeth by his power;  
And men on earth have named the time  
The wind-forgotten hour —  
Her holy nursing season good  
Hath then the Halcyon many-hued.”

The Isthmus is now pierced by a canal, and the isle of Pelops is really an island at last. The undertaking was begun by Nero and abandoned after a considerable amount of work had been done. Near the western end, a quaint little relief of the emperor is cut in the cliff.

The canal was finished in 1893, but is too narrow for the large Mediterranean steamers.

A Delphic oracle runs as follows:

“ Wall <sup>2</sup> not the Isthmus nor dig;  
An Island had he wished it, Zeus had made.”

Our train crossed the canal on a bridge. To the westward, one of the most beautiful panoramas in the whole of Greece was unfolded. The towering Acrocorinthus rose full in view and behind it the loftier heights of the Peloponnesus. Beyond Chel-

<sup>1</sup> Simonides, 12 Bergk.

<sup>2</sup> Anthol., xiv. 81.

mos, glorious Cyllene lifted his crown of snow; and across the Gulf were the still more famous heights of Cithaeron, Helicon, and — mightiest of all — Parnassus. The Gulf slept in the sheltering arms of these guardian giants, and reflected the dazzling white of their summits, as it was gradually dulled to the mournful gray of their sides, and at last to the stern red of their sea-washed feet. The repose of the scene is seldom broken. Occasionally the tiny sail of a fishing boat can be seen, more rarely a coastwise steamer; but often there is no sign whatever of human life upon the whole expanse.

We left the train, and hastened through modern Corinth, which, save for the beauty of its situation, is in no wise noteworthy. The ancient city, too, until a few years ago, would have served only as a temporary resting place for those whose goal was the great fortress. Nothing was then visible except the venerable ruin of the Temple of Apollo, one of the oldest Doric temples in the world. Of late, however, the excavations conducted by the American School have brought to light much that is of interest. The once magnificent buildings of the fountain of Pirene have been discovered, and many other ancient sites have been excavated. Nearly everything, however, is in such ruin that a feeling of bewilderment is unavoidable. Perhaps also a slight disappointment is felt that a city so brilliant in all worldly aspects should have perished so utterly.

Dire indeed was the work of pillage to which the rich and wicked city became a victim when Grecian freedom fell with her at last.

The aged temple stands on high ground looking forth over the Corinthian Gulf. It is a very sad temple. When the rude soldiery of Mummius trampled underfoot all that was left of Hellenic independence and "The eye of Greece" was darkened, this venerable mother of temples had lived too long.

"Where<sup>1</sup> is thy beauty renowned through the world,  
Oh Dorian Corinth?

Where is thy battlement crown? Where thy processions of old?

Where are thy fanes of the blest, thy palaces, where  
are thy Matrons,

Sisyphus' daughters? Thy folk numbered by myriads once?

Ill-fated one! No trace, not one of thy glory is left  
thee.

All in one moment consumed, war hath devoured  
the whole.

Only the Nereid nymphs, the daughters immortal  
of ocean

Still unharmed we survive, Halcyon birds of thy  
griefs." <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Anth., ix. 151 Antipater.

<sup>2</sup> Symonds' "Sketches and Studies of Italy and Greece" has a beautiful paraphrase of this lament.

We toiled up the steep slope of the Acrocorinthus, and at last reached the top and rested for our reward. The view was glorious. Not only can one gaze northward over the prospect we already know, but eastward spreads the Saronic with its islands, and far off on a clear day even the hill of Athens can be made out. South and west rise tier after tier of mountains, and at one's feet spreads the fertile plain running along the shore of the Gulf to ancient Sicyon.

One of the finest stories in Plutarch is the account of the capture by Aratus of the Acrocorinthus. "The<sup>1</sup> Acrocorinthus, a lofty mountain, growing up from the midst of Greece, when it is garrisoned, . . . renders its master supreme . . . so that the younger Philip, not in joke but truly, called the citadel of the Corinthians 'the Chains of Greece.' . . . Now the place had always been an object of contention to princes and potentates; and the eagerness of Antigonus for it fell short in no respect of the maddest of passions." Plutarch tells how Antigonus obtained the fortress by fraud, and prefaces his account of the recapture by reflections concerning the glory of the deed of Aratus as having been done in behalf of all Greece against a Macedonian foe, whereas the exploits of Pelopidas and Thrasybulus — to which he compares it — were done against Greeks in behalf of other Greeks.

<sup>1</sup> Plutarch: *Vit. Aratus*, xiv. ff.

There follows an account of the scene at the Bankers' in Sicyon where the brothers who had stolen some of the king's gold came to deposit their booty. Aratus was a friend of the banker, who had learned from one of the brothers of the existence of a hidden weak spot in the fortifications of the citadel. An agreement was made by which for a large bribe one of the thieves was to lead Aratus to this spot. An accident nearly ruined the whole plan. Technon, the servant of Aratus, had been sent to make a preliminary examination of the place, and meeting one of the brothers who knew nothing of the plot, revealed to him his errand. This brother proved a traitor, and was about to deliver Technon to the authorities, when the right brother appeared, and instantly perceiving the situation, made a sign to Technon to flee. Technon leaped from the rock where he stood and escaped. Aratus, not daunted by this set-back to his plans, sent money to bribe the traitorous brother to silence, and having gained possession of his person, locked him in a dungeon for greater security. When all the preparations were complete, Aratus chose a band of four hundred followers who were ignorant of his purpose.

"It<sup>1</sup> was midsummer and the time of the full moon. The night was cloudless, and the flashing of the weapons, reflecting the rays of the moon, caused fear that they might not elude the garrison.

<sup>1</sup> Plutarch: Vit, Aratus, xxi.

When, however, the leaders drew near, clouds ran up from the sea and covered the citadel itself and the region outside which became overshadowed." Bare-footed they climbed the ladders and slew the watchers at the wall. Plutarch describes the wild scene within the fortress; the awakened citizens, the trumpets, the moving torches, and the hand-to-hand combat. In one place, Aratus found himself bewildered in the dark windings among the rocks which had caused him to lose the road. Then the moon is said "in wondrous wise" to have dispersed the clouds and pointed out to him the path. No sooner had he regained it, than clouds collected and the shadows covered all once more. Again the combat raged with varying fortunes, but at last the liberators held the height just as the "day was beginning to glow, and the sun shone upon the task accomplished." Then the main body of the troops of Aratus arrived from Sicyon and the royal garrison were made prisoners. Plutarch goes on to describe the scene in the theatre in the city below, where the people thronged to see the victor and to hear his words. "He<sup>1</sup> advanced from his tent into the midst, armed, and with his countenance altered by reason of weariness and sleeplessness, so that the joy and exultation of his soul seemed overcome by the languor which depressed his frame. But when the people at his approach poured themselves out in

<sup>1</sup> Plutarch: *Vit. Aratus*, xxiii.



congratulation, he took into his hand his spear, and leaning slightly upon it, he stood for a long time listening to their applause and shouts in praise of his valour and envy of his good fortune. And when they ceased, he collected himself, and delivered a speech in behalf of the Achaeans appropriate to his exploit, and bade the Corinthians adopt the Achaean cause as their own. Then he gave them the key of the gates now for the first time in their control since the times of Philip.”

The walls of the Acrocorinthus were built and rebuilt, captured and recaptured, many and many a time during the dark ages of Grecian thralldom, and in the war which brought freedom at last. Churches and dwellings cover the enclosure, but of these there is little left but ruin. We descended into a cavern and drank the waters of Pirene, which supplied — so we are told — the great fountain building in the city below. Like Hippocrene on Mount Helicon, the fountain was created by the hoof of Pegasus who sprang hence to the sky. It was granted to Sisyphus for playing informer as is related in the annals of Aegina.<sup>1</sup>

As the sun declined we reluctantly descended and,

<sup>1</sup> The account of the origin of Pirene as given by Pausanias in his chapter on Corinth is more poetical. Pirene was once a woman, but was changed to a fountain through weeping for her son, Cenchrias, who had been unintentionally slain by Artemis.

pausing for farewell to the mournful temple in the ancient town, we mounted our carriage and drove to modern Corinth for the night.

## CHAPTER VII

### MYCENAE

THE road from Corinth to Nauplia took us quickly from the coast, winding round the Eastern end of the Acrocorinthus, and passing the little village of Hexamilia. This town was the scene of charitable labours on the part of Dr. S. G. Howe, who here established a colony for the refugees who fled from Turkish cruelty in 1828.

Far to the left we could see the Arachnaean heights, the last station of the famous beacon signal on its journey from Troy to proclaim to the watchers on the palace of Agamemnon that the city had fallen at last.

*Chorus:*<sup>1</sup> " And how could tidings with such speed  
have come? "

*Clytemnestra:* " Hephaestus sent from Ida his  
bright gleam;

And, torch succeeding torch, the courier fire  
Sped hither — Ida to the Lemnian Crag  
Of Hermes flashed the tidings. From the Isle,

<sup>1</sup> Aeschylus: Ag., 271-302.

Mount Athos caught the mighty beacon third.  
Then, rising high to overarch the sea,  
This joy-fraught strength of travelling torch sped  
on,

This pine knot, and like some gold-blazing sun  
To watch upon Macistus bore the gleam —  
Who loitered not o'ercome by heedless sleep,  
But passed his portion of the tidings on.  
The beacon's light to far Euripus came,  
And signalled to Messapium's guards the news.  
Answering the blaze, they urged the message on,  
Kindling with fire a heap of withered brush.  
In strength the glare with brightness still un-  
dimmed,

Leaping across Asopus' Plain, as 'twere  
A shining moon, attained Cithaeron's crag,  
And waked new relay of the envoy-fire.  
Nor did the watch deny a far-sent beam,  
But kindled one yet greater than before.  
And over Lake Gorgopis darts the light  
And hastening on to Aegiplanctus' Cliff,  
Urges that meed of fire be not delayed.  
Kindling with force ungrudged a mighty beard  
Of flame they light, and send to pass beyond  
The headland guarding the Saronic Strait  
With blaze unfailing — Then it came and lodged  
On Arachnaean steep, town-neighbouring heights.  
Then here on the Atridae's roof it rests,  
This light, true progeny of Ida's fire."

We traversed the domain of Cleonae, the rival of Corinth in early days, and wound through rugged passes among desolate towering cliffs, one of which contains a cave which we are told was the lair of the dreadful Nemean Lion. One of the twelve labours of Heracles imposed on him by his oppressor Eurystheus of Tiryns was to bring him the hide of the Lion of Nemea.

“ Now <sup>1</sup> this was an invulnerable monster begotten of Typhon. On his journey then in search of the lion, he came to Cleonae, and was entertained by the craftsman Molorchus. And when the latter would fain have offered a victim in sacrifice [Heracles] bade him wait till the thirtieth day; and if he should return safe from the hunt, to sacrifice to Zeus the Deliverer; but if he should perish, then to sanctify the victim to him as a hero. And having come to Nemea and sought out the lion, he first shot at it with arrows. But when he perceived that the beast was invulnerable, he lifted up his club and gave chase. And when the lion fled into a cave with two mouths, Heracles blocked up one entrance, and through the other he entered in pursuit of the beast, and throwing his arm around its throat, held squeezing fast until he choked it. Then he threw it across his shoulders, and fetched it to Cleonae. And finding Molorchus on the last of the days on the point of consecrating the sacrificial

<sup>1</sup> Apollod., ii. 5. 1 ff.

victim to him as dead, he offered sacrifice instead to Zeus the Deliverer, and carried the lion to Mycenae." Apollodorus tells us further that the famous club was cut in these very woods.

Pindar<sup>1</sup> speaks of " deep-soiled Nemea;" but the character of the country to-day is indeed changed, and the " deep soil " has been washed away by the storms of the ages. There is scarcely a human habitation to be seen. Here and there a patch of green offers scanty pasture to a herd of goats. It is a lonely land, not however without a certain harsh beauty, and the wild flowers and the laughing river whose course we follow lend cheerfulness to the scene. The Nemean Games took place at a spot some twelve miles to the westward of our road, but we had not time to turn aside for a visit to the remains of the ancient temple, stadium and theatre.

From Nemea the road descended and of a sudden a glórious prospect unfolded itself. Far across the plain of " thirsty Argos," sparkled the Gulf of Nauplia. On the right we could see the snowy tops of the Laconian Mountains, and on the left the Argolid peaks, their foot hills running out in a peninsula whereon we could just discern the fortified promontory which was Nauplia. The white houses of Argos were visible opposite Nauplia, in the south western corner of the plain. Near at hand upon our

<sup>1</sup> Pindar: Nem., iii. 18.

left two mountains formed a sharp angle in which rose the citadel of Mycenae.

"Mycenae rich in gold . . . in the inner heart of horse-nurturing Argos," Homer calls it; and a visit to the national museum at Athens, where its treasures are preserved, convinces the traveller that the epithet is well deserved. We were in the land of the awful tragedies of the house of Pelops. Argos and Mycenae and Tiryns have become so blended in the stories told by the great poets, that it is not easy to assign each legend to its proper scene.

We climbed the long hill leading from the plain to the gate of the ancient city, and paused for a while to visit the wonderful "Bee Hive tomb" called the "Treasury of Atreus." The slope contains many such tombs, but this is far the finest. Yet we are not to believe that the royal family had their burial here, but rather that they may probably have been tenants of the graves assigned them by Schliemann in the acropolis itself.

Over the gate of the citadel which we approached after a turn in the road are the great lions. They stand in heraldic fashion on either side of a column in relief half facing the spectator. The heads have disappeared, but the splendid animals guard the citadel gate in lordly fashion still. We passed under the gigantic lintel, and found ourselves at the entrance of the strange enclosure where the unhappy royal family obtained rest at last.

We climbed some ancient steps and tried to decipher the puzzle of the palace ruins. These shattered walls have witnessed terrible scenes. We recalled the horrid banquet of the children of Thyestes, the unholy revels of the queen while her lord was far away in Troy, and she, after weary waiting and long angry grief for her sacrificed Iphigenia, had consoled herself in the unhallowed love of Aegisthus, her husband's deadliest foe. The women's apartments too reminded us of the sad neglected life of the princess Electra, after she had sent her little brother to be brought up far away from the dangers at home. In front of the palace we seemed to listen to the eager discussions of the elders of the town as they passed from mouth to mouth the news, which the torch from Ida had conveyed, that Troy had fallen. And we could hear their words of grief not unmingled with mutterings of resentment.

*Chorus:* " For <sup>1</sup> those who departed  
From the Grecian land together  
Grief in the heart enduring  
In the home of each is seen.  
Ay! There be many things that touch the heart!

" For those whom one sent forth  
He well remembereth —  
No living men but urns and ashes  
To the home of each return —

<sup>1</sup> Aeschylus: *Ag.*, 418-444. *Chorus.*



“Ares, Gold-Broker of men’s bodies,  
Scale-Holder in the conflict of the spear,  
Sendeth from Ilium to loved ones  
Fire-blackened dust and grievous —  
For bitter weeping.  
Packing the vessels close with dust  
Instead of living men.

“And thus they mourn: —  
Praising one hero, how in battle skilled;  
A second fallen glorious in fight,  
All for another’s wife.

“And silently they mutter other things,  
And grief, with ill-will mingled,  
Stealthily creepeth in their hearts against  
The champion Atridae.

“But ah, those others yonder lie  
In all their loveliness beneath the walls,  
In tombs on Ilian soil.  
The foeman’s earth hath covered them.”

We picture to ourselves the triumphant return of  
the king, and the proud crimson spread for him  
to tread as he alights from his chariot.

*Clytemnestra*:<sup>1</sup> “But now, beloved life, I pray  
descend

<sup>1</sup> Aesc.: Ag., 878 ff.

From this thy car, Oh King, nor set thy foot,  
Sacker of Ilium, on the common earth.  
Slaves! Wherefore loiter, unto whom to strew  
The path with tapestries hath been ordained?  
Straightway a road of purple be prepared  
That Justice lead him to unhopèd-for home."

. . . . .

*Agamemnon*: "Nay, do not pamper me in woman's  
wise,  
Nor, like barbarian, prone obeisance gape,  
Nor spread with garments envy-breeding way.  
For gods alone such worship be reserved!  
But for a mortal on embroidered gauds  
To tread, to me is no wise free from fear.  
As man I bid ye greet me, not as God.  
Apart from footmats and from needlework  
My fame proclaimeth me. A righteous mind  
Is Heaven's best gift; and him alone deem blest,  
His days who endeth in prosperity.  
If thus I ever fare, no dread is mine."

*Clytemnestra*: "Nay, say not thus, opposing will of  
mine."

*Agamemnon*: "Know, this opinion I will ne'er  
unsay."

*Clytemnestra*: "'Twas fear that made thee vow  
thou thus wouldst do."

*Agamemnon*: "Yea, if a vow with knowledge e'er  
was made."

*Clytemnestra*: " And how had Priam done if victor  
he? "

*Agamemnon*: " Indeed on broidered garments he  
had trod! "

*Clytemnestra*: " Then fear not blame from any  
human tongue."

. . . . .

*Agamemnon*: " Well, if thou'lt have it so, let some-  
one loose

With haste my sandals, servants of my feet,  
And as I tread these ocean-crimsoned dyes,  
May eye of Envy strike not from afar.  
For I am loath with garment-spoiling feet,  
This wealth of silver-purchased web to waste.

. . . . .

But since thou hast prevailed on me to hear,  
Treading on purple I approach these halls."

We seem to hear the shrieks of the shrinking  
Cassandra, who lifts her eyes and sees the horrid  
vision of the murdered infants.

*Cassandra*:<sup>1</sup> " Apollo, Apollo, God of Ways, De-  
stroyer!

Ah whither hast thou led me, to what halls?

. . . . .

<sup>1</sup> Aesc.: Ag., 1052 ff.

Hated of Heaven indeed, conscious of many a crime,  
Domestic murder and the deadly noose.  
Shambles of human blood, sprinkled upon the  
ground."

*Chorus:* "Keen-scented doth the stranger seem,  
like hound

She tracketh blood of those she too shall find."

*Cassandra:* "Alas! Alas!

Yonder my witnesses, thence my conviction drawn!

Yon infants, wailing loud their massacre;

Wailing the roasted flesh by their own sire de-  
vour'd!"

*Chorus:* "In truth thy fame prophetic we had  
heard,

But at this hour we seek no prophets here."

*Cassandra:* "Alas! ah me! what can be planning now?

What this fresh deed of woe?

A mighty crime is plotting in these halls,

Unbearable to friends, incurable,

And help is far away."

*Chorus:* "Of these thy warnings, I am all unskilled

But those I knew. The town doth speak of them."

*Cassandra:* "Ah! wretched woman, wilt thou do  
this deed?

The husband of thy bed

Washed in the bath —

How shall I speak the end?

With speed this deed shall be; and after hand

The hand outstretcheth."

*Chorus:* " I understand not; after riddles now  
I am bewildered by thy warnings dark."

*Cassandra:* " Woe! Woe! Alas! Alas! What is  
yon sight I see?

Surely some net of Hell!

Ah! but the snare is She, wife of his wedded couch,  
Sharing the guilt of his death. — Now let the Fury  
band

Shriek o'er the hated race for a victim by stoning  
slain! "

*Chorus:* " What Fury this thou biddest o'er this  
house

To raise the shout? Thy words no joy portend.

But to my heart hath fled

The blood-drop, crocus-dyed,

Blood, that in death distilled its course doth end  
With the rays of sinking life."

*Cassandra:* " Woe! Woe! Behold! Behold!

Keep from the cow the bull!

Lo, in a robe she hath caught

And with black horn smiteth him,

Yea, and he falleth down

In the bath with water filled.

I tell thee the vessel's tale, the vessel of treason and  
death."

*Chorus:* " Of oracles I boast not to be skilled

But to some horror I must liken this —

Ah! but from Oracles

Tidings of good to men,

When they are sent? For lo,  
Only through woes these arts,  
Uttered with many words, god-spoken terror bring.”  
*Cassandra*: “ Woe’s me! Ill fated lot of me, the  
wretched!

Of my own doom thou speakest further now —  
Ah! whither hast thou led me, the unhappy?  
For naught but that I die with him. How else? ”  
*Chorus*: “ Thou art some frenzied one, possessed of  
Heaven,

And of thyself thou singest  
A strain that is no strain,  
As the brown-bright nightingale,  
Insatiate of lament,  
In her heart unhappy ever,  
Her Itys, Itys, wailing —  
Her life so rich in sorrow.”

*Cassandra*: “ Alas! Alas! — Fate of the clear-voiced  
nightingale!

For lo, to her the gods  
A winged form have given,  
And life of sweetness, free from true lamenting;  
But ah! for me awaiteth  
Cleaving with sword two-edged.”

*Chorus*: “ Whence these vain heaven sent pangs  
Upon thee hastening?  
And with cry ill omened,  
Thou fashionest a note of fear,  
Mingled with shrill-pitched strains.

Whence hast thou learned these limits of the path  
Of heavenly speech ill-uttered? "

*Cassandra:* " Woe for the bridal, the bridal  
Of Paris, the bale of dear ones.  
Alas Scamander's stream ancestral!  
There was I nurtured, luckless one,  
Beside thy banks.  
But now beside Cocytus  
And shores of Acheron,  
I soon methinks shall utter prophecy."

*Chorus:* " What is this word thou speakest all too  
plain?

Even a child might understand.

And 'neath my heart a bleeding bite hath  
smitten,

As thou bemoanest plaintively  
Thy grievous destiny —  
Marvels for me to hear! "

*Cassandra:* " Woe for the sorrows, the sorrows  
Of my city all undone!

Ah, sacrifices offered by my sire  
To save our walls, and slaughterings of sheep!

But remedy they brought not  
But that my country fall as e'en she fell.

But I with frenzied heart will soon  
Fling me upon the ground! "

*Chorus:* " Consistent with thy former words  
These thou hast uttered now.

And some ill-willing demon from above

Heavily falling on thee, causeth thee  
To sing these lamentable death-fraught strains.

But for the end I am perplexed."

*Cassandra*: "The word no longer then shall from a  
veil

Peep forth, in fashion of a bride new wed,  
But blowing clear against the rising sun  
Shall come, and like a billow it shall dash  
Against his beams, far greater than the woes  
It told before. No more in riddles now!  
And bear me witness, as I run along  
Scenting the track of ill wrought long ago.  
For never shall the troop desert these halls,  
Of horrors, chanting harmony unblest;  
And having drunken, and become more bold,  
Of human blood, within the house shall bide  
The band of Furies, home-bred, unexpelled. —  
And, seated in the house, shall hymn their strain  
Of primal horror, and in turn they loathe  
The brother's couch defiled and him who sinned. —  
Hath my shaft missed? Or hath the archer sped?  
Or am I prophet false and beggar vain?  
Bear witness swearing, by no mere report  
I know the ancient horrors of the house.

. . . . .  
*Cassandra*: "Woe! Woe! Alas! the horrors!  
Once more the labour of true prophecy  
Stingeth with dread disturbing prelude-chant.  
Behold yon infants seated in the halls



Like in their shapes to forms beheld in dreams!  
Those children, as it were by dear ones slain,  
Their hands with kindred food of their own flesh  
Filled, and the entrails — burden pitiful! —  
Which their own sire did taste — behold them there!  
Vengeance for this I say one plotteth now,  
Cowardly lion, dallying in the couch,  
Home keeping — woe is me, — against my lord  
Returning, mine, for yoke of slave I bear.  
The lord of ships, the conqueror of Troy  
Naught knoweth what the tongue of the foul dog  
Speaking in flattering words, with joyous mien,  
Like lurking hell, shall cause in dark event.  
Such is her daring. Of the man the woman  
Is slayer foul — then calling her what name  
Of hateful beast, might I attain the mark?  
Some basilisk or Scylla, 'mid the rocks  
Lurking, destruction to the seafarer?  
Hell's raging mother, breathing truceless curse  
Upon the house? And how she raised the cry  
Of joy, — audacious — as at turn of fight!  
Feigning delight her lord was safe returned.  
These things I care not if thou dost believe.  
The future cometh. Soon lamenting thou  
Too true a prophet shalt pronounce me then.”  
*Chorus:* “Thyestes' feast of flesh of children slain  
I recognize with horror, and I fear  
Things heard in truth nor by similitude.  
But for the rest I wander from the track.”

*Cassandra:* " King Agamemnon murdered thou shalt see! "

*Chorus:* " Unhappy woman! Hush ill-omened tongue! "

*Cassandra:* " No Healing-god presideth o'er this word. "

*Chorus:* " If ill befall — but may it ne'er betide! "

*Cassandra:* " Thou prayest. They the deed of death prepare. "

*Chorus:* " What man committeth such a deed of woe? "

*Cassandra:* " Surely my imprecations thou hast missed. "

*Chorus:* " The doer's scheme I fail to comprehend. "

*Cassandra:* " Yet I too well have learned the Hellene tongue. "

*Chorus:* " Yea, and the Pythian oracles obscure. "

*Cassandra:* " Alas the fire! It cometh on again!

Apollo, King Lycaean, woe is me!

Yonder two footed lioness, with wolf

Paired, in the absence of the lion kingly,

Will slay me wretched one, and as a drug

Mingling, she boasted in the cup of wrath

To fling for me the quittance, while the sword

She sharpeneth for her husband, paying thus

Murder for me whom he hath carried off.

Why then these trappings keep of mockery

Staff and prophetic garlands on my neck?

You first, ere my own death, I will destroy.

Go to perdition flung — I follow soon.  
Enrich some other Fury in my place.  
Behold Apollo stripping me himself  
Of robe prophetic, looking on in scorn  
On me in these adornments greatly mocked,  
By friends, by foes, too plainly without cause.

. . . . .

Yet not dishonoured of the gods I die.  
Another champion of my cause shall come,  
By mother's death a father to avenge —  
Though now a wandering exile from this land,  
Stranger afar, he cometh, for his friends  
To place the cap-stone on these deeds of woe.  
For mighty is the oath the gods have sworn,  
His murdered father's fall shall bring him home.  
Why then do I make piteous lament  
When once I have beheld my Ilium  
Faring as she hath fared — and those who took  
Requited thus by judgment of the gods?  
I go to meet my fate, will dare to die.  
But yonder gates of Hades I address,  
And pray I may receive a fatal blow,  
That free from struggle, life-blood ebbing fast,  
In death at last I close mine eyes to rest."

*Chorus:* "Woman of many sorrows, wise in much,  
Long hast thou stretched the tale, but if in truth  
Thy doom thou knowest, why like god-spiced ox  
Dost thou so bravely to the altar tread?"

*Cassandra:* "Escape, oh strangers, can no longer be."

*Chorus:* "Yet is the last in time the gainer held."

*Cassandra:* "My day is come. I little gain by flight."

*Chorus:* "Know thou art brave and of enduring soul."

*Cassandra:* "The happy never hear such words of praise."

*Chorus:* "Yet to die nobly is esteemed a boon."

*Cassandra:* "Alas my father and thy noble race!"

*Chorus:* "Nay what is this? What dread doth turn thee back?"

*Cassandra:* "Woe! Woe!"

*Chorus:* "Why criest thus? Some hateful phantasy?"

*Cassandra:* "Blood-dripping massacre these halls breathe forth."

*Chorus:* "Nay, of domestic sacrifice it smelleth."

*Cassandra:* "Behold a vapour, like as from the tomb."

*Chorus:* "No Syrian decking of the house thou namest."

*Cassandra:* "I go, and in the halls will shriek my doom

And Agamemnon's — Now enough of life!

Alas! oh strangers!

Not idly as a bird doth dread the bush,

I shrink — Bear witness after I am gone,

When woman shall for me a woman fall,  
And man, in recompense for man ill-wed.

I claim this boon as one about to die."

*Chorus:* " Unhappy one, I pity this thy doom."

*Cassandra:* " One word I fain would add, not mine  
own dirge;

But this last ray of sunlight I invoke,  
That my avengers in full measure pay  
Requital on my slaughterers abhorred,  
For murdered slave — an easy victory!  
Ah mortal fortunes! If they happy be,  
Like to a shadow they! But be they ill,  
A wetted sponge doth blot the picture out.  
And these I pity far more than the rest."

Here is the chamber where the fatal bath was prepared; there the palace doorway where the exultant queen boasted of her victory and showed her murdered lord to the angry people.

*Clytemnestra:* " I<sup>1</sup> stand where I did strike —  
The deed is done.

And so I wrought, this will I not deny.

That neither could he flee nor fend his doom.

A net with outlet none, as 'twere for fish,

I cast about him, fatal wealth of robe,

And struck him twice — and straightway with two  
groans

<sup>1</sup> Aeschylus: Ag., 1530.

His limbs relaxed, and prostrate as he lay,  
To fill the tale of blows, I struck a third,  
To Saviour Zeus below a votive boon.  
Falling, he panted thus his life away,  
And, gasping forth sharp jet of blood, he cast  
On me a torrent dark of sanguine dew.  
And I rejoiced no less than planted field  
At earing-time, in wealth from heaven poured —  
Thus matters stand, Oh Argive deputies.  
Ye may rejoice or not, but I exult.  
And if 'twere seemly on a corpse to pour  
Libation, I had more than justly poured —  
Such bowl of cursings in this house this man  
Filled, and himself on his return hath drunk.”

. . . . .

*Clytemnestra:* “ . . . At <sup>1</sup> my hand he fell,  
I too will bury him;  
But not with lamentations from the halls attending.  
Iphigenia his daughter, as is meet,  
With welcome shall her father greet,  
By the swift stream descending  
To world of woe;  
And round him in embrace  
Her arms shall throw.”

*Chorus:* “ Lo, chiding new for chiding in rebuttal:  
But hard the cause to judicate.

<sup>1</sup> Aeschylus: Ag., 1530.

Spoiled is the spoiler, and the slayer payeth.  
Abideth fixed, while Zeus is on his throne,  
The doer suffer — Such the law of Fate.”

Here too is the spot where in after time her own  
son Orestes plunged his sword into the breast she  
held toward him in despairing supplication.

*Clytemnestra*: “ Ah <sup>1</sup> me! Thy riddle I too well can  
read.

I fall by treason, as in truth I slew.  
Let some one quickly bring a murderous ax!  
I’ll know if victor or if vanquished I.  
For to this pitch of evil I am come.”

*Orestes*: “ Thee, thee, I seek. Thy partner hath  
enough.”

*Clytemnestra*: “ Alas! Aegisthus dearest, art thou  
dead? ”

*Orestes*: “ Thou lov’st the fellow? Therefore in one  
tomb

Thou’lt lie, and never him in death forsake.”

*Clytemnestra*: “ Hold! child of mine, and reverence  
this breast,

At which thou hast, in infant slumber, oft  
Sucked with thy gums the milk that nourished  
thee.”

*Orestes*: “ Oh Pylades! Dare I my mother slay? ”

*Pylades*: “ Where else the Oracles of Loxias

<sup>1</sup> Aesc.: Choeph., 873 ff.

Uttered at Pytho? And the pledges sure?  
Hold all men hostile rather than the gods."

*Orestes*: "I judge thee victor, and thy counsel best.  
Follow, I'd slay thee close to yonder wretch.  
In life thou deem'dst him dearer than my sire —  
Now sleep beside him dead, since thou dost love  
This fellow, and dost hate whom thou shouldst  
love."

*Clytemnestra*: "I nursed thee, and with thee would  
pass mine age."

*Orestes*: "My father's murderess! Thou to dwell  
with me?"

*Clytemnestra*: "'Twas fate, my son, that shared  
the guilt of this."

*Orestes*: "Thy death as well 'tis fate hath brought  
to pass."

*Clytemnestra*: "Dost thou not dread a mother's  
curse, my child?"

*Orestes*: "Nay, for my mother cast me off to griefs."

*Clytemnestra*: "Nay, not cast off; to friendly home  
it was."

*Orestes*: "Of free born father, I was doubly sold."

*Clytemnestra*: "Where then the price which I re-  
ceived for thee?"

*Orestes*: "I blush to speak thy shame thus openly."

*Clytemnestra*: "Nay, of thy father's guilty deeds  
speak too!"

*Orestes*: "Safe in the house, chide not the toiler  
thou."



*Clytemnestra*: "'Tis hard for wife when severed  
from her spouse."

*Orestes*: "The toil of spouse doth feed the wife at  
home."

*Clytemnestra*: "So thou, my child, wilt slay thy  
mother then?"

*Orestes*: "'Tis thou thyself, not I, thyself wilt  
slay."

*Clytemnestra*: "Look well! Beware a mother's  
angry hounds!"

*Orestes*: "How, if remiss, my father's can I  
'scape?"

*Clytemnestra*: "I, living, to a tomb<sup>1</sup> bewail in  
vain."

*Orestes*: "Yea, for my father's death hath sent this  
doom."

*Clytemnestra*: "Ah me! This serpent I have borne  
and nursed!"

*Orestes*: "True prophet was thy terror from the  
dream

Thou slewest whom thou should'st not! Bear thy  
fate!"

From these doors a mother's furies pursued the  
matricide, until in holy Athens they were appeased  
at last, and the curse of Tantalus was lifted from  
the fifth generation. Indeed the sins of the fathers  
have been visited on their children. For so it is

<sup>1</sup> Tomb. One deaf to entreaty is often called a tomb. *τύμβος*.

to-day as in days of old, that great prosperity uplifts the heart of man and of nation, till insolent wealth begets Satiety, parent of Deed of Outrage, which brings forth fresh crime, prolonging the curse to generations yet unborn.

“ An <sup>1</sup> ancient saw told long ago  
Is current among mortals,  
When man's prosperity is waxen great,  
It gendereth offspring, nor childless dieth,  
And from success upspringeth  
Sorrow insatiate for his race.

“ Single my mind apart from others, for the impious deed

Begetteth more in likeness of their stock;  
While if the house be righteous,  
Fate aye bestoweth goodly progeny.

“ But ancient Outrage, soon or late,  
Is wont to get young Outrage,  
Wantoning in men's woes, when time is ripe —  
She breedeth swollen Surfeit and that demon  
None can o'erthrow in fight, none war upon:  
Audacity Unholy —  
Black pair of horrors in the halls,  
Like to their ancestry.  
But Justice shineth in the smoky hovel

<sup>1</sup> Aeschylus: Ag., 727-754.

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And honoureth the righteous life  
While gilded halls where hands are foul  
Leaving with eyes averted,  
She visiteth the holy,  
Respecting not the power of wealth  
False stamped with vulgar praise.  
And all she swayeth to the end."

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE ARGOLID AND NAUPLIA

OUR imagination was sated with horrors, and it was a relief to descend to the bright plain, and follow the course of the Inachus beside which Io used to play, till it sweeps past Argos to the sea.

*Io:*<sup>1</sup> “ For nightly visions ever visiting  
My maiden chamber, wooed me with soft words:  
‘ Oh damsel greatly blest, why thus so long  
Unmated, while ’tis given thee to gain  
Bridal most high? For Zeus, with shaft of love  
For thee inflamed, would fain thy favours win.  
But thou, oh child, spurn not the couch of  
Zeus;

But hie thee forth to Lerna’s deep-soiled mead,  
To pastures of thy father’s flocks and herds.  
That so the eye of Zeus be soothed from longing.  
By dreams like these, each night was I beset,  
Unhappy maid, until I dared at last  
Confess the night-seen visions to my sire.”

<sup>1</sup> Aeschylus: *Prom.*, 663-675.

Time compelled us to leave the temple of Hera unvisited. It lies at some distance to the eastward of our road, and has in recent years been the scene of successful excavations made by American archæologists. The Heraeum was one of the oldest sanctuaries of Greece. A scarab of Thothmes III has been found among its ruins, and the temple registers furnished a system of dating older than the reckoning by Olympiads. Here the Greeks acknowledged Agamemnon as commander in chief of the expedition to Troy, and the great Goddess never failed in loyal zeal for the success of the Grecian arms.

The most interesting story connected with the Heraeum is the one told by Herodotus.

When Solon was at the court of the Lydian king, Croesus, the king, after showing him his possessions, asked him who was the happiest man whom he had ever seen. When Solon replied that it was Tellos the Athenian, who had died for his country, the disappointed king "asked<sup>1</sup> him further who was the second happiest whom he had seen, next after Tellos — expecting of course that he himself was surely to win second honours. Solon however answered 'Cleobis and Biton,' for these, being of Argive stock, possessed sufficient means of subsistence, and in addition to this, enjoyed strength of body, such as I shall relate. Both alike had been

<sup>1</sup> Herodotus., i. 31.

prize-winners in the games, and the following story is told of them: When the Argives were celebrating a festival of Hera, it became quite necessary that their mother<sup>1</sup> be conveyed to the temple on a wagon. Now their oxen had not returned from the fields in season. The youths, therefore, constrained by the shortness of the time, put on the yoke and drew the wagon themselves, while their mother rode thereon. And after they had drawn her forty-five stades,<sup>2</sup> they reached the temple. Now when they had done this, and had been seen by the assembly of worshippers, a most glorious ending of life came upon them; and the god showed thereby that it was a better thing for a man to die than to live. For the Argive men thronged about them, congratulating the young men for their strength; while the Argive women congratulated the mother who had been blest with such sons. And the mother, overjoyed at the deed and the praise of it, stood facing the image of the goddess, and prayed that the goddess would grant to Cleobis and Biton, her sons, who had so greatly honoured her, that boon which is most blessed for a man to obtain. And after this prayer, when they had feasted and made merry, the young men slept in the temple, and waked not again, but met with this end of life."

<sup>1</sup> Cydippe, priestess of the Heraeum.

<sup>2</sup> From the city of Argos.

“ Not <sup>1</sup> false this tale, but eminent for truth —  
The holy piety of Cydippe’s sons:  
For sweet and joyful was the mark attained —  
Death in life’s Springtime — by the hero pair.  
Since for their mother’s love they took on them  
The heavy burden of a task renowned.  
Hail ’mid the dead, famed for your piety!  
Through ages be this glory yours alone.”

The Heraeum was the scene of the well known tale of the philosopher Pythagoras and the shield of Euphorbus. Menelaus, after his return from Troy, dedicated in this temple the captured shield of Euphorbus, whom he had killed. In later years, Pythagoras entered the temple and selected this shield at once from the many votive shields hung on the walls. It proved to have the name of Euphorbus upon it. Now Pythagoras in teaching the doctrine of metempsychosis had always claimed to be a reincarnation of Euphorbus, and he announced that he had established the claim by his success in picking out the right shield.

Argos is familiar to us from childhood as the birth-place of Perseus. Hawthorne tells the story in his delightful Tanglewood Tales. The king Acrisius placed his daughter Danaë and her little son in a chest, and committed them to the waves of the

<sup>1</sup> Anth. Pal., iii. 18.

Nauplian Gulf. The beautiful poem of Simonides was in our mind:

“When <sup>1</sup> in the richly inlaid chest she lay  
Tossed by the blowing wind and sea upheaved,  
Then on her wetted cheeks pale terror stole;  
And round her Perseus her protecting arm  
She cast and spake: ‘Ah child, what sorrow I  
Must bear for thee, whilst thou the flower of sleep  
Dost cull, and in thy calm oblivion still,  
In joyless bronze-clamped chest thou liest nestling,  
Wrapped in a rayless night and darksome gloom.  
The deep brine sweeping o’er thy tender locks,  
The passing wave, thou heedest not, nor voice  
Of winds, but, in thy crimson blanket wrapped,  
Thou still dost press thy face against my face.  
But if the fear to thee were fear indeed,  
Thou to my words wouldst lend thy tiny ear.  
But nay, I bid thee still sleep on, my child,  
And sleep the sea, and sleep our cruel woe!  
And oh, from thee may some blest change appear,  
Oh Father Zeus! — And if apart from right,  
Or overbold my prayer, oh pardon me.”

A short fragment from the lost *Acrisius* of Sophocles gives us a glimpse of the proud princess when her fault has become known to her cruel father:

<sup>1</sup> Simonides, 37 Bergk.



“ Brief <sup>1</sup> speech beseemeth those whose thoughts are  
 pure,  
 In answer to a parent; more than all  
 When one is of the Argive stock, a maid,  
 Whose ornament is silence and few words.”

Another fragment from a lost drama — the Danaë of Euripides — depicts the intense maternal affection of the heroine:

“ My <sup>2</sup> women, dear is light of yonder sun,  
 And fair to see the windless ocean flood,  
 The vernal bloom of Earth, the wealth of streams —  
 Of many blessings I might sing the praise.  
 But naught so bright nor goodly to behold  
 Exists as when to childless ones, whose hearts  
 Are gnawed by longing, is vouchsafed at last  
 To see the light of infants in their homes.”

There was little to detain us in Argos except the fine ancient theatre, and we took our way through the streets of the typical modern Greek town, and hurried on to Tiryns.<sup>3</sup> Archæologists consider this the best spot in Greece for studying the arrangements of a fortified palace of Homeric times. The famous galleries served in the War of Independence

<sup>1</sup> Soph.: Frag., 61.

<sup>2</sup> Eurip.: Frag., 318.

<sup>3</sup> The ancient city fortified, we are told, by Perseus and the Lycian Cyclopes.

to give shelter to fugitives from the Turkish soldiery. Their exact purpose in ancient times is a matter of controversy to the learned. The guide of to-day tells the traveller that they are a favourite haunt for sheep and goats, and that it is by the innocent agency of these, that the grim gallery walls have been worn to a mirror-like smoothness. The cruel Eurystheus was king of Tiryns in days of old, and it was at his bidding and the divine behest of Hera that Heracles was compelled to go up and down Greece performing his twelve labours, and freeing the land from the monsters that were its plague. The slaying of the Lernaean Hydra is held by those who rationalize the myth to contain a tale of the draining of the marsh of Lerna which had rendered the town of Argos unhealthy.

At nightfall we reached Nauplia — Napoli di Romania, as it was often called in the early part of the nineteenth century. Certainly the Bay of Nauplia is in the opinion of many more beautiful than the great Bay of Naples itself. Many traces of Frankish and Venetian occupation remain in gates and fortifications, and even in a few palaces with coats of arms emblazoned on the walls.

The town was named for Nauplios, son of Poseidon, famous for the vengeance he took on the Greek fleet as it approached the Euboean Promontory on the return from Troy. The story is contained in Scholia on the Dramatists and in fragments of

lost plays. Palamedes and Oeax were sons of Nauplios. The former was a clever inventor. To him were ascribed, among other inventions, the games of draughts and dice, the building of the first light-houses, and the art of writing on tablets. Once, when during the siege of Troy the Greeks were disheartened by a famine and by the discomforts of their endless task, Palamedes cheered them by the introduction of his new games. At the beginning of the war, it was his cleverness that detected the feigned madness of Odysseus, and forced that wily hero to a reluctant participation in the expedition. For this Odysseus cherished deep resentment, and in conjunction with the Atridae, who were jealous of the popularity of Palamedes, he contrived by a trick to make it appear that their enemy was in traitorous correspondence with King Priam. Palamedes was stoned to death, and his brother wrote the tale on wooden tablets which he committed to the sea in hopes that some might float home to Nauplia and inform King Nauplios of the murder of his son. The plan was successful, and Nauplios set a deceitful beacon on a dangerous cape of Euboea, which lured many of the returning Greeks to death by shipwreck.

“Oblivion’s<sup>1</sup> cure I only did provide  
Silent and sounding syllables combined

<sup>1</sup> Eur.: Palam. Frag., 582 (Dindorf).

Inventing, so mankind might letters know.  
Thus, though far absent over ocean's tract  
A man might learn the fortunes of his home.  
And, at a death, to children might be told  
In writing plain, the measure of their wealth.  
And that which might to evil strife have led,  
The tablet judgeth and forbiddeth lies."

In another fragment the Chorus reproaches Odysseus and the Greeks:

" Ye <sup>1</sup> have slain, ye have slain  
The all-wise one, ye Danai!  
The Muses' nightingale,  
Who ne'er caused grief to any."

The fortified height above Nauplia retains the name of Palamidi to this day. The town has played an important part in the military history of Greece in post-classic times. Its capture from the Turks in 1822 gave great encouragement to the revolutionists, and it became for a time the capital of the newly liberated nation when the war was over. Here the first President, Capodistrias, was assassinated, and it was at Nauplia that King Otho first made his entry into his dominions.

<sup>1</sup> Eur.: Palam. Frag., 591 (Dindorf).

## CHAPTER IX

### DELPHI

“ WHEN the lightning flashed through Harma,”<sup>1</sup> the mission to Delphi was wont to proceed thither by the Sacred Way, passing through Eleusis and the defiles of Cithaeron; then across Boeotia and through the winding passes of Parnassus. The road was built by Theseus to conduct Apollo on his triumphal journey from Athens, whither he had come from his birthplace in Delos.

The traveller to-day, however, usually goes to the port of Itea by steamer from Piraeus through the new canal, or else by rail to Corinth and thence across the Gulf by one of the very irregular steamers. The journey by sea from Piraeus is the most comfortable, and it is interesting too. We skirted closely the outer coast of Salamis, and sailed through

<sup>1</sup> Harma (Strabo, ix. chap. i) was a mountain on the Boeotian border, whence signal fires could be seen by watchers in the Pythion at Athens. Dörpfeld claims that this Pythion is identical with the Grotto of Apollo on the northern slope of the Acropolis (Chapter I) and thus he elucidates the puzzling passage in Philostratus concerning the Panathenaic ship.

the calm Saronic as it narrowed towards the Isthmus, and after passing through the canal we issued forth into the Corinthian Gulf for a sail of three or four hours on one of the most beautiful stretches of water in the world. We passed the rock of Hera Acraia, the "Gibraltar of the Corinthian Gulf." Like its namesake, it resembles a crouching lion with head erect and mighty paws extending seaward. This is the spot where Medea buried her children, carrying them from Corinth in her winged chariot.<sup>1</sup> Her parting words to them when she has resolved upon their death are among the most heart-breaking to be found in the "most pathetic" of poets.

*Medea:*<sup>2</sup> " Oh children, children, ye a city have  
And home, wherein, forsaking wretched me,  
Ye aye shall dwell, bereft of mothers' love:  
While I to other lands an exile go  
Ere any joy I win of you, and see  
Your happiness, ere wife and nuptial couch  
I deck, and hold aloft the marriage torch.  
Ah me, unhappy for my daring deed!  
In vain, then, children, did I nurture you,  
In vain I laboured, and was worn with toil,  
In vain I bore the grievous travail-pangs.  
Unhappy! Many hopes I had in you,  
That some day surely ye would tend mine age,

<sup>1</sup> Eurip.: *Medea*, 1379.

<sup>2</sup> Eurip.: *Medea*, 1022 ff.

And with your hands my body deck in death,  
Of mortals envied. But the sweet hope now  
Is perished. For henceforth bereft of you,  
A mournful life and grievous I must pass.  
And ye no more with loving eyes shall look  
Upon your mother in your altered life.  
Woe, woe, why gaze ye at me, children mine?  
Why laugh unto me this last laugh of all?  
Ah me, what can I do? My heart is faint,  
Oh women, at the bright face of my babes.  
I cannot do it, farewell former plans!  
I take my children with me from the land.

. . . . .

Yet how is it with me? Shall I endure  
To be a jest of unrequited foes?  
This must be dared. But ah, unhappy me,  
That I should have let fall such weakling words!  
Go, children, to the house. Let him who hath  
No part in this my service, look to it!  
I will not spoil the deed of my right hand.

. . . . .

But lo, I needs must tread a woful road,  
And these must send on one more woful still.  
My boys I'd fain address, give, children mine,  
Give to your mother your right hand to kiss.  
Oh, dearest hand and dearest face to me!  
My children's form and noble countenance!  
Blessed be ye — but yonder — for your sire

Hath robbed you of your sojourn here. Oh sweet  
Embrace, soft skin, and dearest breath of babes!  
Away! Away! no longer can I bear  
To look upon you, conquered by my woe."

Beyond the promontory the Gulf widens, and as we passed out the clouds began to gather over the white tops of the distant mountains of Arcadia and soon shut out the Peloponnesian shore. Once for a moment the clouds suddenly parted, and framed a picture of solemn splendour. Behind the dark masses of the nearer mountains, the snowy top of Cyllene was flooded with golden sunlight. The diamond-shaped rent in the clouds was as it were fringed with an edging of silver fur. In another moment all was dark again, and a torrent of rain succeeded, shutting out the view entirely, and continuing till we landed at the little port of Itea — the ancient Cirrha — where we passed the night.

When morning came the storm was over and we enjoyed the sunlit view from the balcony of the inn until the mules were saddled and our procession ready to start.

At first our course lay through the great olive groves of the famous Crissaeen Plain. This sacred land played a fatal part in Grecian history. The inhabitants of Crisa had been wont to plunder pilgrims on their way to visit the shrine of Delphi, until — at the instigation of the Pythia — Solon



and the Athenians, in alliance with Clisthenes of Sicyon, destroyed the guilty town in 591 B. C. and dedicated the Plain as the inviolable possession of the god. In honour of this event the famous Pythian Games were founded. In late times, however, the inhabitants of Amphissa cast covetous eyes upon the fair fields which spread themselves below their mountain fastness, and dared to seize and cultivate the holy soil. To punish them for this outrage, the Amphictyonic Council, the national guardians of the rights of Delphi, declared a Sacred War. Then it was that Philip of Macedon knew that his time had come. His intervention in the Sacred War was the beginning of the end, and only a year later the independence of Greece perished on the fatal field of Chaeronea.

Our road through the olives led us to the foot of Parnassus. Northwestward climbed the road to Amphissa. We left this on our left and after an hour reached the flourishing town of Cryso, which preserves in its name the memory of the town destroyed twenty-five centuries ago. Below us on our right the Pleistos emerged from the gorge which narrows fast. An hour more and we dismounted at Kastri, the new village to which the inhabitants whose houses were destroyed by the excavations were removed.

From the balcony of our little lodging, a marvellous prospect was unfolded. Far below us

stretching towards the sea was the Sacred Plain dark with its olives. To our right were the lower spurs of Kiona, whose summit overtops Parnassus itself. To the left, the solemn gorge of the Pleistos, and in the cliff which forms its southern wall we could see the dark opening of the cave of Lamia, the horrid goblin whose name was used to terrify rebellious children into submission.

Before visiting the excavations, we walked along the road past them, that first we might purify ourselves in the waters of the Castalian spring which flows forth from the angle of the Phaedriades. These are two cliffs which form natural walls to north-east and southeast of the holy precinct. From one of these, Hyampeia, good old Aesop was hurled to his death. He was accused by his enemies of having robbed the shrine. They had concealed in his baggage some of the sacred vessels, and in spite of his protestations and the warnings he uttered in his quaint form of fables, he was dragged to the edge of the cliff and hurled over. But the gods made his innocence manifest, and his death was avenged by a destructive earthquake which soon after visited the spot.

The spring of Castalia has been famed in song and story above all other fountains. He who drinks of its waters is blessed with the gift of poetry for ever. Here those who would visit the shrine must first pause for purification:

“ Pure<sup>1</sup> to the temple approach of the undefiled  
deity, stranger,  
Pure in thy soul, and bathe in the sacred stream of  
the nymphs.  
Since for the good sufficeth the smallest drop — but  
the wicked  
Even the Ocean vast never could cleanse with his  
streams.”

The band of maidens sent from Tyre to serve in  
the temple thus greet the holy scene:

“ Leaving<sup>2</sup> the swell of the Tyrian Sea,  
Lo I am come for Loxias,  
Far from the Isle Phoenician,  
Slave to the halls of Phoebus,  
Where, 'neath the snow-swept mountain ridge  
Of Parnassus, his seat was chosen.

. . . . .

Still it awaiteth me to lave  
In Castalia's flowing waters  
My hair, the pride of my maidenhood,  
In service divine of Phoebus.  
Hail, thou Rock that dost light the gleam  
O'er the twin peaked Bacchic mountains.  
Hail, Vine that distillest the daily wine,  
Forth putting thy fruitful cluster.

<sup>1</sup> Anth.: Pal., xiv. 71.

<sup>2</sup> Eur.: Phoen., 202 ff.

Hail, holy cave of the dragon, hail,  
Ye hill-top watch-towers of the gods,  
And sacred snow-smitten mountain, hail!  
Ah! would I in praise of the deathless One  
Might weave the dance on fearless feet  
By the mid-earth Hollow of Phoebus! ”

We rested beneath the ancient plane tree, planted they say by Agamemnon; and refreshed and purified we approached the shrine. On either hand are the ruins of the votive offerings — too often, alas! commemorating fratricidal victories — and of the treasuries which offered such rich loot for Nero and other plunderers, in spite of whom the site could still offer thousands of statues as late as the time of Pausanias. The Athenian treasure-house is being rebuilt of its original materials, which were lying almost intact. Its decorations have been taken to the museum, and their place supplied by admirable reproductions. Upon the walls are hymns to Apollo with musical notation — a rare archæological prize — and an inscription *in situ* speaks of the battle of Marathon, in honour of which the treasury was built.

We passed the rough rock from which, in earliest days of all, the Sibyl Herophile uttered prophecy, foretelling among other things the fatal story of Helen. We paused for a moment in the Athenian Stoa and then continued our gradual ascent. As the Sacred Way turned to the northward round the

end of the great temple, we saw before us the pedestal of one of the most interesting monuments in the world. Upon this pedestal stood the great tripod offered by redeemed Greece from the spoils of Plataea. The central support was of brazen serpents intertwined. On it were inscribed the names of the States that took part in this culminating victory of the Persian War, and many of these names may still be read upon the portion preserved at Constantinople, whither it was carried by Constantine to adorn the Hippodrome of his new capital. It is related that Mohammed II, who wrested Constantinople from the Christians in 1453 A. D., smote one of the brazen serpent heads with his sword, declaring that the conqueror of Europe thus avenged the ancient defeat of Asia.

But we were at last come to Earth's very centre, the Pythian shrine itself. We stood where young Ion stood, in the portal which he used to sweep each morning at sunrise with such devotion.

“ Lo,<sup>1</sup> yonder gleameth the four-horsed car  
And Helios now sheddeth day o'er the land.  
The stars are fleeing before his blaze  
    To the holy night.  
And the peaks untrod of Parnassus Mount  
With dawn illumined, receive for men  
    The chariot wheel diurnal.

<sup>1</sup> Eurip.: Ion, 82 ff.

“ Dry incense smoke to the lofty roof  
Of Phoebus flieth.  
On the tripod divine her seat doth take  
The Delphian, singing to Greeks the strains  
Whatever Apollo may utter.

“ But oh ye Delphian ministers  
Of Phoebus, hie to the silver whirls  
Of Castalia, where with unsullied dew  
Having washed you clean, the temple approach.  
And guard ye well from ill-speaking the lips,  
And words of blest import, to those who fain  
Would the shrine consult,  
From your own lips see that ye utter.

“ While I, at my task which from Childhood's hour  
I ever ply, with the laurel boughs  
And holy wreaths, the gate of the God  
Will adorn, and sprinkle the floor bedewed  
With moistened drops. And the flocks of birds  
Who the shrines defile  
Of the images holy, with bow of mine  
I will put to flight — For, sprung from none  
From father nor mother, my nursling home  
The Temple of Phoebus I cherish.

“ Oh minister fresh blooming, hail  
My broom of laurel fair,  
Who Phoebus' altar in his fane  
Hast ever in thy care!

---

“ In gardens never dying, whence  
The streams of holy dew  
Their ever-flowing springs send forth,  
Thy sacred myrtle grew.

“ With thee I sweep the floor divine  
Throughout the livelong day,  
With swift wing of the rising sun,  
My service glad I pay.

“ Oh Paeon, oh Paeon!  
Blessed, oh, blessed  
Be thou, Latona's son!

“ Fair is the task I ply  
Oh Phoebus, at thy shrine,  
Thy seat prophetic honouring,  
Glorious the task for aye.

“ To gods who live for ever  
My hand in thrall is held,  
And in glad labour thus to toil  
I can grow weary never.

“ Phoebus my sire divine!  
For him who nurtured me I praise  
To him is due a father's name  
The Phoebus of this shrine.

“ Oh Paeon, oh Paeon!  
Blessed, oh, blessed  
Be thou, Latona's son! ”

Of Apollo's lordly temple all is in ruins except the pavement, and we search in vain for the relics of its past glories. Gone is the great entrance porch over which were inscribed in golden letters the sayings of the Seven Sages. “ Know Thyself.” “ Nothing Overmuch.” Pediments, friezes and columns, all are gone. No vestige is left of the marvels which greeted the eyes of the visitors of old, who accompanied Creusa when she came to consult the God. The exclamations of these visitors remind one of the modern tourist.

*Chorus α.* “ Not <sup>1</sup> only then in Athens the Divine  
Are courts of gods fair-columned,  
And services before the fane.  
Lo, e'en for Loxias, Lato's son,  
The fair-eyed light of portals twain!

*Chorus β.* “ Look yonder and behold!  
The Hydra, lo, he slayeth,  
Of Lerna, he the son of Zeus,  
With sword of gold.  
Dear friend, behold!

<sup>1</sup> Eurip.: Ion, 184 ff.



*Chorus δ.*                "I see, and by his side  
Another standeth, lifting burning torch.  
Can it be he of whom is told the tale  
In my embroideries?  
Shield-holder Iolaus, he  
Who sharing labours on him laid,  
The son of Zeus doth aid.

*Chorus γ.*    "See yonder man as well!  
Seated on courier wingèd,  
He layeth low the Fire-breathing Might—  
Three-bodied monster fell.

*Chorus α.*    "I turn my glances everywhere —  
Lo, on the marble walls,  
Behold the combat of the giants there!

*Chorus δ.*    " Thither, dear friends, we look.

*Chorus ε.*    " Dost see the Fierce-Eyed One?  
Against Enceladus her shield is shook.

*Chorus σ.*    " Yea, my own goddess Pallas I discern.

*Chorus ζ.*    " How else? the heavy thunderbolt of  
fire  
In hands of Zeus far-hurling?

*Chorus η.*    " I see, dread Mimas he with flame doth  
burn.

*Chorus θ.* " Lo Bromios, with ivy rod  
Unwarlike, doth another slay  
Of sons of Earth — the Bacchic  
God! "

As we stood upon the ancient pavement, the solemnity of the spot was overpowering. We could feel amid the silence of these ruins, in this lonely sheltered niche of the mountain, with the solemn gorge far below us, that we were indeed at the very centre of the world. For of civilization as we conceive it, Greece was, in those old days, the only exponent on Earth; and had it not been for the victories of which these stones bear witness, the very light of life in the world would have been quenched. Instead of liberty, the soft luxury of Asia with its soul-deadening tyranny would have smothered Europe. Indeed humanity was on the "razor-edge" of the balance when the hope of Greece was contained in the "wooden walls," and later when the last great stand was made on the Plataean Plain.

The first temple of Apollo is said to have been built of the wood of laurel brought from the Vale of Tempe. This was succeeded by one built of wax and feathers by a swarm of bees. The third temple was of brass; the fourth, of stone, built by Trophonius and Agamedes as in the Homeric Hymn; and the final one, of stone and marble,

under the direction of the Amphictyons, who employed Spintharos as architect. The noble Athenian family of the Alcmaeonidae, wishing to secure the powerful voice of the Oracle in behalf of their restoration from banishment, undertook to carry out the plans, and instead of the ordinary stone of the neighbourhood called for by the contract, they employed Parian marble for the eastern front. Within the temple was the sacred quivering laurel of which the Pythian priestess was wont to chew the leaves before descending to the inmost shrine. Here too she drank of the water conducted from the spring Cassotis. Not only must the laurel quiver, but the sacrificial victim too must quake. Else there would be no oracular response. The priestess took her seat on the tripod which stood over the celebrated chasm whence arose the vapour of inspiration.<sup>1</sup> A learned archæologist has recently written an able essay to prove that this chasm was a pious fraud, or never existed at all. The myth relates that its existence was revealed by Coretas, a goat herd, who became intoxicated and fell in. In the temple could be seen, between two golden eagles, the sacred Omphalos, Earth's navel, whereon the eagles let fly by Zeus—one from the east and the other from the west—met and alighted. Near by was a golden statue of Homer, and the iron

<sup>1</sup> The vapour story is rejected by the new edition of Smith's Dict. of Antiq.

chair occupied by Pindar when he sang hymns in honour of the Pythian Apollo.

The founding of the oracle is described in the Homeric Hymn to the Pythian Apollo and in the prologue of the Eumenides of Aeschylus.

“Thence<sup>1</sup> thou didst come to Crisa, beneath snowy Parnassus to the gorge turned westward. Over it the cliff hangeth beetling, and the deep ravine runneth under. Rugged is the spot and there Lord Phoebus Apollo resolved to build him a lovely temple and thus he spake: ‘Here I bethink me to build an exceeding beauteous fane, that it may be a place of divination for all mankind. Hither they shall bring me their perfect hecatombs for ever, men who dwell in fertile Peloponnesus, in Europe, and amid the sea-flowed islands, coming to consult my oracle. And to them I fain would declare my unfailing counsel and utter prophecy in my rich shrine.’ Thus spake Phoebus Apollo, and laid the foundations. Wide they were and exceeding long, and on them Trophonius and Agamedes, sons of Erginus, dear to the immortal gods, placed a floor of marble. And the countless tribes of men reared the walls of the temple with wrought stones, to be a theme of song for ever.

“Hard by there flowed a stream of fair waters, and there Apollo slew with his stout bow a serpent of mighty bulk, a savage prodigy which wrought

<sup>1</sup> Homer. Hymn to Apollo, 282 ff.

many woes to the men in the land, to them and their hoof-stretching herds. For indeed it was a blood-bedabbled monster.

. . . . .

“He<sup>1</sup> who encountered her was led by fatal destiny, until the time when Lord Apollo Far-Worker aimed at her his powerful arrow. She then, tortured with grievous pangs, lay greatly gasping and writhing on the ground. Awful was the cry she uttered, unspeakable. Then she glided hither and thither through the wood till at last she panted forth her life in blood. Then Phoebus Apollo exulted.”

The she-dragon is left to rot<sup>2</sup> in the sun, and this circumstance gives to the place the name of Pytho. Apollo turns his attention to the establishment of the rites of his worship:

. . . . .

“Then<sup>3</sup> Phoebus Apollo considered in his heart what men he should introduce to his holy rites, men who should worship him in rocky Pytho. Now while he pondered, he marked a swift ship upon the wine-faced sea. And therein were many goodly men, Cretans from Minoan Cnossus, men who should offer service to the Lord and declare the divine

<sup>1</sup> Line 356.

<sup>2</sup> *πύθεται*, to rot.

<sup>3</sup> Line 388.

will of Phoebus Apollo of the golden sword, whatsoever he should utter in oracles from the laurel shrine, forth from the hollow breast of Parnassus. They were sailing in their black ship, in pursuit of traffic, bound for sandy Pylos and the people of Pylos. Then Phoebus Apollo went forth to meet them, and plunged into the sea in likeness of a dolphin, close to the black ship, and floated there, a monster great and dire; nor could any of the men devise the meaning. Tossing on every side, he lashed the ship's beams, while the mariners crouched in the vessel dumb with terror."

The dolphin guides the ship by a south wind past her destination, in spite of the wish of some of the sailors to land. The ship refuses to obey her helm. At last they reach the mouth of the Gulf, when a west wind springs up, and they are wafted into the Bay of Crisa.

"And<sup>1</sup> they came to far-seen vine-clad Crisa, to the harbour. And there Lord Apollo Far-Worker darted away from the ship, like unto the Sun at noon, and from his head flew sparks in showers, and the brightness thereof came to heaven. Then he sped to his shrine and passed on to the famous tripod. There he kindled a blaze, manifesting forth his weapons. And the gleam covered all Crisa. And the wives of the Crissaeans and their fair-girdled daughters raised the cry of holy joy beneath

<sup>1</sup> Line 438 ff.

inspiration of Phoebus. For he put mighty awe in the heart of each one.

“ Thence like a dream he leaped to fly again to the ship, in likeness of a stout warrior in the prime of youth, his broad shoulders covered with his flowing locks. Then having uttered winged words, he spake to the sailors: ‘ Strangers, who are ye, and whence sail ye the path of the waters? Is it in pursuit of traffic, or do ye roam at random, as the pirates do, who rove o’er the salt sea, setting their lives at stake, and carrying evil to foreigners? Wherefore do ye thus sit stricken in soul, nor disembark upon the land, and stow the cordage of your black vessel? ’ ”

The captain of the ship asks the god concerning the land to which they have thus been led, whereas with far different intention they had sailed forth “ upon the mighty Gulf of the ocean towards Pylos, from Crete whence we claim to have sprung.”

“ Answering<sup>1</sup> straightway Far-Worker Apollo spake to them: ‘ Strangers, who used to dwell near tree-clad Cnossus, but who now shall return thither no more, to your lovely city and fair homes and dear wives. Here must ye abide and maintain my rich shrine, revered of all men. For, lo, I am the son of Zeus and I claim to be Apollo. Over the great Gulf of the sea I have guided you hitherto. I have willed you no harm, nay, ye shall here main-

<sup>1</sup> Line 474.

tain my rich shrine, exceeding revered of all men.  
And ye shall know the counsels of the immortals,  
and by their decree ye shall be honoured all your  
days for ever and ever.' "

. . . . .  
" Thus <sup>1</sup> spake Apollo and verily they hearkened  
and obeyed him."

. . . . .  
" And <sup>2</sup> they started to go, and at their head went  
Lord Apollo, son of Zeus. In his hand he held his  
lyre and lovely was the music he played. His step  
was high and goodly, and the Cretans followed  
on to Pytho, dancing and singing glad paeans such  
as are the paeans of the Cretans, in whose hearts  
the Muse divine hath planted honey-voiced song.  
They climbed the mountain with unwearied feet,  
and soon they came to Parnassus and the lovely  
spot where Apollo was to dwell revered by all man-  
kind."

The Hymn ends with a word of warning:

" If <sup>3</sup> there be faithless word or deed, or outrage  
such as often mortal men commit, then shall others  
come to be dictators over you, and beneath their  
sway ye shall be ruled by compulsion all your days.  
All has been said — Guard well my words in your  
hearts."

Here follows the account in the Eumenides of  
Aeschylus:

<sup>1</sup> Line 503.

<sup>2</sup> Line 514.

<sup>3</sup> Line 540.



*Pythia*: ' First <sup>1</sup> in my prayer I reverence of gods  
First-Propheying Earth; and Themis next,  
Who from her mother in succession held  
This chair of divination, as they tell.  
And third by lot — of her consent — not force  
Titaness Phoebe, she too child of Earth,  
Held it, and gave it as a natal gift,  
To Phoebus — thus the name from Phoebe bides.  
When Phoebus left the Delian lake and reef,  
And beached his ship on Pallas' shores marine,  
He travelled thence to this Parnassus' seat.  
And they conduct him with high reverence —  
Hephaestus' sons, road builders — and make  
plain  
The hitherto rough places of the earth.  
Here greatly did the people honour him,  
And Delphos, sovereign ruler of this land.  
And Zeus his soul with skill divine inspired,  
And seated him fourth prophet on his throne.  
Thus Loxias is spokesman for his sire.  
These gods I worship in my opening prayer.  
Pallas Pronaia <sup>2</sup> likewise holds high place.  
And next the nymphs I honour of the cave

<sup>1</sup> Aeschylus: *Eum.*, 1 ff.

<sup>2</sup> The temple of Pallas Pronaia is the first noted by Pausanias as he arrived by the Sacred Way. It has been identified as one of the small ruined temples of the so-called Marmaria. Shortly after the writer's visit to Delphi in 1905, a boulder dislodged from Hyampeia caused serious damage to this group of buildings.

Corycian, dear to birds, resort of gods,  
Bromios' haunt, nor leave I unrecalled  
The time the god at head of Bacchant host  
Wrought doom to Pentheus, hunted like a hare.  
The springs of Pleistos and Poseidon's might  
And highest Zeus Consummate last I call —  
Then take my seat on the prophetic throne."

The prominence of the oracle all through Hellenic times is tremendous. And not only the Grecian world, even Asia and Rome held the Pythian utterances in deep reverence. From the first priestess Phemonoe, who issued her prophecies in hexameter verse, through the long centuries of greatness and decline and renascence and at last suppression at the hands of the Christian Emperor Theodosius, we meet at every turn testimony to the influence of the Delphic Oracle. Often the utterances were ambiguous — the very name *Loxias* was fancifully derived from the obliquity (*λοξότης*) of the prophecies, — often doubtless they were corrupted for political ends. In spite of all, the respect shown for them even by men like Socrates and Cicero is to us astounding. Of the innumerable episodes in the long history of the shrine, we best recall the responses made to Oedipus and Orestes in the tragic cycle, the tale of Croesus, the message concerning the "wooden walls," the vindication of the sanctity of the shrine when the impious Persian

pillagers were overwhelmed by thunder and lightning and the crushing cliffs; the inspiration which started Socrates upon his truth-seeking career, and finally the maxims of general or special conduct with which Hellenic story is filled. At last, when Julian the Apostate consulted the oracle with reference to his Persian campaign, came the last mournful answer from the prophetic tripod: "Say to the King that the dwelling place so rich in art is sunk to dust; Phoebus has no longer a roof, and no prophetic laurel, no speaking fountain. Dried is the fair water spring."

The hill slopes above the temple are covered with interesting buildings; but it is beyond the scope of these pages to describe in detail the Cnidian Lesche once adorned by Polygnotus, the Thessalian votive statues, the fountain of Cassotis: —

"Where <sup>1</sup> from the depths is drawn for the libations  
Of fair-haired Muses, water pure and holy."

We must not pause to describe the Theatre and, high above the sacred buildings, the splendid stadium of the Pythian Games. The fine Museum too, with the world-renowned charioteer of bronze, the Lysippic Agias, the Cnidian frieze, the Sphinx of Naxos, and the charming dancing Caryatidae of Siphnos — all these belong to the province of the

<sup>1</sup> Simonides, 44.

writer on Art or Archæology. This is true as well of the ruins of "The Marmaria," almost equalling in beauty those of the Sacred Enclosure itself.

We returned to our lodgings in time to witness a most glorious sunset over the lower heights of Kiona. A wild wind was blowing, and the scudding clouds were stained sanguine, while the mountain snows were lit with crimson glory fading into pure crystalline rose colour. The scene at first almost inspired terror; then, for a moment, triumphant exultation; then, as the fierce red light vanished in an instant from the flying clouds, there ensued a moment of awe, and at last the hurrying darkness brought hushed feelings of solemn peace.

## CHAPTER X

### PARNASSUS TO THEBES

THE Corycian Grotto is situated high above the town of Delphi about half way to the top of Parnassus. The first part of the ascent — the *Κακὴ Σκαλὰ* — is rough and steep. Anemones and other wild flowers of every colour cover the ground wherever the sun of March has melted the snow. Far above to the eastward we catch sight of the white crown of the holy mountain.

The way passes through pine groves and over stretches of bare rock, and, after a couple of hours, leads to the mouth of the famous cave. A rock near by bears an inscription which tells us that the grotto was sacred to Pan and the Corycian nymphs. The neighbourhood of the cave was a favourite haunt of Dionysus and his Maenads, and the mysterious lights beheld afar by awestruck peasants were believed to come from torches carried in the mystic revels:

“The <sup>1</sup> lurid gleam o’er the two-peaked Rock  
Where the Bacchic nymphs Corycian tread.”

<sup>1</sup> Soph.: *Antig.*, 1126.

The Corycian Grotto offered a refuge to the fleeing inhabitants of Delphi when the Persians came, and many centuries later it served as one of the most important strongholds of the chieftains of the War of Independence.

Our visit to the cave filled the morning of our last day at Delphi, and on the morrow we started early along the Sacred Way.

From Delphi the road gradually ascends to Arachova. The gorge of the Pleistos was far below us on our right, and over the cliffs of Kirphis, which form its southern wall, we could catch occasional glimpses of the snowy tops of far-off Arcadian mountains beyond the Gulf of Corinth. We could not see the Gulf itself, but its position was marked by the thick banks of clouds which seemed to rise from it, often shutting out the distant mountains. On our left rose the slope of Parnassus, dotted by scanty evergreens. Occasionally we passed a few fruit trees in blossom, and here and there an olive; but the region is mostly barren save for the vines which produce the Arachovan wine.

Just before reaching the town, a bend in the road gives a last opportunity to look back at Delphi.

Arachova is no mean town in spite of its isolated position. The inhabitants are of pure Greek stock, and the women are handsome, while the men and boys are splendid.

After passing through the town, the road winds down the long pass of Parnassus. We soon came to the end of the well-built modern highway, and from this point travel became increasingly difficult. Clouds had gathered too, and soon rain followed; and we floundered over slippery rocks and through sticky clay, scarcely caring whether there was a path or not. The wild scenery of Zemenó, as this part of the pass is called, was grander and more gloomy for the storm. The clouds came tumbling down the cliffs on either side till they dissolved in fine rain, while the prospect in front was completely cut off. We were glad enough at last to take refuge for an hour in an old Khan built in Turkish times at a point about half way through the pass.

We were nearing the famous Σχιστὴ ὁδός, the triple cross roads of which the mention in the Oedipus Tyrannus fills us with shivering awe as they are named again and again. While the guides were preparing lunch, the account of Sophocles was read aloud:

“ Now <sup>1</sup> Polybus of Corinth was my sire;  
My mother, Dorian Merope, and I  
Was held the noblest of the city, till  
This chance befel me, worthy wonderment, —  
Yet haply not so weighty as I deemed.  
A fellow at a banquet, flown with wine,

<sup>1</sup> Soph.: Oed., 774 ff.

Taunts me, as foisted spurious on my sire.  
And I my wrath that day could scarce restrain,  
And on the next, my parents I approached  
And questioned closely — they th' affront received  
With deep offence 'gainst him who spake the charge.  
And I on their concern was satisfied;  
But yet this stung me ever, sinking deep.  
Unknown to parents, then, I took my way  
To Pytho, and, unsatisfied in that  
I came for, Phoebus let me go, but dire  
And woful were his other prophecies:  
That I with my own mother should be joined  
And bring to light a stock unbearable,  
And of my father should be murderer.  
And when I heard it, the Corinthian land  
Henceforth I measured by the stars alone,  
And fled to where I never might behold  
The horrors of my oracles fulfilled.  
And, in my flight, I reached this spot whereat  
Thou sayest that this monarch met his doom.  
And thou, my wife, shalt have the truth, — for  
when  
Journeying I approached that triple road,  
There did a herald meet me and a man  
Mounted on horse-drawn car as thou hast said.  
And from the road the charioteer essayed  
By force to drive me, and the elder too.  
The man who sought to turn me from the path  
— The Charioteer — in rage I smote; but when



The elder saw me passing by the car,  
 Watching his chance, with double whip he struck  
 Full on my head — nor equal pay received.  
 For at a sharp blow from my staff he rolled  
 Upon his back from middle of the car.  
 I slew them all — but if of kin there be  
 Betwixt this stranger aught, and Laius' house,  
 What man more wretched in the world than I?  
 Whom none of strangers nor of citizens  
 May take into his house, nor e'en address.  
 But all must drive me forth, and none it was  
 But only I this curse upon me laid. . . .  
 Nay then, nay then, oh holy powers divine,  
 Ne'er may I see that day, but from mankind  
 May I depart unseen e'er I behold  
 Such stain of horror come upon my head! "

At the Triple Roads we turned northward, and  
 made our way slowly through rough and lonely  
 country. The only living creatures were the occa-  
 sional flocks of goats with herdsmen in rough cloaks  
 looking as wild and shaggy as their charges. After  
 an hour or more of difficult progress, the prospect  
 widened, and far to the northeast appeared the  
 Boeotian Plain. Beyond rose the mountains which  
 guard the ancient Orchomenos, and in the remote  
 distance were the Euboean Heights, visible when the  
 weather is clear. To us, even Helicon near by on our  
 right was veiled in low-lying clouds. Our goal for

the night was Daulia, a populous town commanding a wide view over the plain. It is ill built, and our quarters proved to be uncomfortable.

This is the ancient Daulis, the scene of the sad tale of Procne and Philomela. Ovid has told how the sisters were changed, the one into a swallow, the other into a nightingale, while the wicked Tereus became a hoopoe. The lament of the nightingale for the slain Itys or Itylus is famed in poetry ancient and modern.

A fragment of the Phaethon of Euripides refers to it thus:

“ And <sup>1</sup> on the trees, the nightingale  
Singeth her tender harmony,  
Crying in loud lament  
The woful Itys! Itys! ”

The chorus of Danaides <sup>2</sup> in the Suppliants of Aeschylus compare their hymn of lamentation to that of the nightingale:

“ But if there be at hand  
Some dweller in the land  
Bird-tending, he will fancy when he hears  
Our strain of tears  
That he is listening to the voice

<sup>1</sup> Eurip.: Frag. Phae., 21-24.

<sup>2</sup> Aeschylus: Suppl., 56-65.

Of her, the wife of Tereus, wise,  
The nightingale, by kite pursued,  
Who, from her native wood  
And streams compelled to roam,  
Mourns for her wonted home  
In strange lamenting wail,  
Mingling therewith of her own son the tale,  
How by her hand he perished — murderous deed!  
A wretched mother's fury was his meed."

"But <sup>1</sup> the bird of lamentation  
Suiteth well my soul;  
Who ever waileth Itys! Itys!  
Bird of mourning, messenger of Zeus."

Aristophanes in the *Birds* seems to ignore the most horrible features of the legend, and represents the hoopoe and the nightingale as reconciled and bound by tender conjugal affection:

"Come <sup>2</sup> partner of mine, oh cease from thy sleep  
And free thou the strains of thy holy hymns,  
Which from mouth divine thou dost pour in lament  
For thy Itys and mine, the often bewept.  
And aye as it trilleth in numbers divine  
From thy yellow throat,  
The echo pure, through the leafy hair

<sup>1</sup> Soph.: *Electra*, 146-149.

<sup>2</sup> Aristoph.: *Birds*, 209-222.

Of the smilax, floateth to throne of Zeus;  
Where golden-haired Phoebus the sound doth hear  
And tuning his lyre with ivory bound,  
To thy elegy answering, leadeth the dance  
Of gods, and together in concord divine,  
From voices immortal ariseth the cry  
Of the Blessed ones' heavenly singing."

The journey from Daulia to Chaeronea was accomplished in a down-pour of rain, and the beauty of the scenery was almost wholly missed. Our way lay past the site of the ancient Panopeus, the birth-place of Epeios who built the wooden horse. Quintus Smyrnaeus gives an account of the dream which inspired Epeios to the undertaking, and his lines have much of the beauty of genuine Homeric Poetry: —

"When <sup>1</sup> now the stars were turning their path  
through the glittering heaven,  
Gleaming on every hand, and man his work had  
forgotten,  
Then did Athene leave the lofty abode of the  
Blessed,  
And, to the tender form of a maid in every way  
likened,  
Came to the ships and the host, and over the head  
of Epeios,

<sup>1</sup> Q. Smyrn.: Bk. xii. Lines 104-121.

Ares-beloved, she stood in a dream, and quickly  
she bade him  
Build him a horse of wood, and said that herself in  
the labour  
With him would toil; to this end herself had sped to  
his bedside,  
Urging him on to the task. He, hearing the voice  
of the goddess,  
Laughed in his spirit, and leaped from his couch of  
slumber unheeding.  
Well he knew 'twas a goddess immortal, nor ever  
his spirit  
Pondered aught else, but aye he fixed his mind on  
the duty  
Heaven-enjoined, and skilful the craft invaded his  
spirit.  
When now Aurora came, to Erebus driving the  
shadows,  
When too the fierce-eyed gleam of the day pervaded  
the Ether,  
Then did Epeios the dream divine, as he saw it and  
heard it,  
Tell in the midst of the Argives, who greatly longed  
for the story  
They, when they heard the tale, rejoiced with a  
gladness unbounded."

The western part of Boeotia was once covered  
with the shallow waters of the Copaic Lake, famous

in the plays of Aristophanes for its delicious eels. Much of the lake has been drained within recent years, and a large and fertile tract has been reclaimed for agriculture. To the south stretches the chain of Helicon, the abode of the Muses, and as one advances, the great mass of Parnassus seems to rise higher and higher behind one and to brood over the whole plain.

Chaeronea was the birthplace of Plutarch, whose stone chair is still shown to the faithful in the village church. Hard by is the small ancient theatre with seats hewn out of the hill of the acropolis. Near the town, there is a common tomb of those Thebans who fell in the struggle against Philip. "Now<sup>1</sup> there is no inscription, but a lion is set hard by. And this refers chiefly to the brave spirit of the men. And an inscription is wanting, I think, because no destiny corresponding to their daring attended them." After lying for many years in sorrowful ruin, the great lion has lately been set on a high pedestal, and is visible from far across the plain. The crouching marble lion which used to crown the mound of Marathon commemorated the first triumph of independent Hellas against a foreign foe. The Lion of Chaeronea is a memorial of the final disaster, when independent Hellas fell beneath the Macedonian. Yet he is not crouching, but proudly sitting with head erect and an expression

<sup>1</sup> Pausanias, ix. 40. 5.

of mournful sternness. The spirit of Greece was not broken. The news indeed:

“ . . . of <sup>1</sup> that dishonest victory  
At Chaeronea fatal to liberty,  
Killed with report that old man eloquent.”

For Isocrates could look back over nearly a century of life to the days when Macedon was regarded as a semi-barbarous foreign kingdom. And yet the conquerors were not wholly foreigners, and it was but a few years later that Alexander the Great, who won his spurs on the fields of Chaeronea, was to carry the name and fame of Greece to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Demosthenes, who took part in the battle and shared in the general flight, was chosen to pronounce in the Ceramicus, at Athens, the funeral oration over the Athenians who fell on the field, and whose bodies were given up by Philip for burial in their native soil. The Funeral Oration which appears in the collection of the works of Demosthenes is of doubtful authenticity, though it contains many fine passages:

“ But <sup>2</sup> it results of necessity that when a battle takes place, one side is defeated, the other victorious. Now I should not hesitate to say that in my

<sup>1</sup> Milton. Sonnet to the Lady Margaret Lay.

<sup>2</sup> Demos.: Epitaph. 1394, 24, and 1398, 54.

opinion, those of either side who die in the ranks share not in the defeat, but that both alike are victorious. For victory is apportioned to the survivors according as Heaven grants; whereas that which each man could contribute to victory, every man who has stood his ground has fulfilled. But if as mortal he has met his allotted fate, it is by fortune he has received that which has befallen him, in spirit he has not been worsted by his adversary. . . .

“Now<sup>1</sup> the surviving kindred of these men indeed deserve pity, for they have been bereft of such heroes and disjoined from long and loving companionship; and they see the fortunes of their fatherland desolate, and full of tears and mourning. But, rightly considered, Heaven has granted these men to leave behind them, not for a brief space, but for long and unending time, a glorious memory that grows not old. In the light of this their sons shall grow up famous, and their parents shall be maintained in an honoured old age with the renown of these their sons for consolation to their grief.”

At Chaeronea we took the train for Athens. The gray lion at last faded from our sight far across the Boeotian Plain, and the afternoon sun dispersed the clouds on Helicon just before it was too late. Behind us, the great round brow of Parnassus looks forth over the whole valley, and is not lost to sight

<sup>1</sup> Line 1399, 44.



till one is nearly at Thebes. The Plain is full of memories both mythical and historical; but the history is of treason and civil strife, and the myths are tales of horror. We rounded the rugged hill where the Sphinx once dwelt and reached Thebes.

The smiling little town is different enough now from the stately city of the seven gates and the seven fountains, the scene of the birth and vengeance of the Bacchic god, of the horrors of the house of Oedipus, and of the treason of the people when the Persians came. The Spring of Dirce can still be seen, and the archæologists can guess approximately the positions of some of the Seven Gates. But the real Thebes is ours forever in the great dramas of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.

The Mighty Seven lead on their hosts against the beleaguered city:

“ I <sup>1</sup> cry dread woes and mighty!  
 An host is come upon me.  
 Leaving its camp, it poureth,  
 Yon throng of horse precursor!  
 The dust to heaven rising is my witness,  
 Bearer of tidings true though speechless.

“ And, ever nearer to mine ears,  
 My country's plains, hoof-smitten,  
 Bring the loud shouting.

<sup>1</sup> Aesch.: Seven against Thebes, 78 ff.

“ It flieth, it roareth  
Like resistless waters  
Cleaving the mountains.  
Oh gods, oh goddesses, avert the rushing doom!

“ White-shielded hosts in fair array,  
Their footsteps guiding in pursuit,  
Dash o’er the walls with shouting.  
Who shall deliver?  
Who of gods or goddesses defend?  
. . . . .  
Ares, thou guardian of our ancient land,  
Wilt thou forsake thine own?  
God of the golden helm, behold, behold thy city  
Which once thou heldest dear!  
Gods of our country, city-warding, come, oh, come!

“ Behold the band of virgins  
Praying deliverance from thralldom.  
For round our city,  
By breath of Ares driven,  
Roareth a wave of men with bending crest.  
But oh thou All-fulfilling Zeus,  
With all thy power succour  
That we fall not to our foes!

“ Now round the citadel of Cadmus  
The Argives circle  
In awful panoply of war.

The bridles, bound upon their horses' jaws  
Clang slaughter.

Seven mighty chiefs, conspicuous 'mid the host,  
With spears against our seven gates  
Press close, by lot appointed."

Before the palace gates stands Oedipus, the hero  
king, now blind and fallen while the people wonder:

"Citizens<sup>1</sup> of Thebes ancestral, yonder Oedipus  
behold!

Him who solved the famed enigma and was worthiest  
of men.

Who upon the City's fortunes with no eye of envy  
gazed,

Lo, in what a wave of sorrow awful he hath now  
been whelmed.

Therefore one who is a mortal, to behold yon final  
day

Looking, it indeed behoveth none to deem a happy  
man,

Ere the goal of life he passeth, having suffered  
naught of pain."

The city was the birthplace of Dionysus. Euripides in the *Bacchantes* tells of the awful vengeance of the God upon the infidel king Pentheus. The

<sup>1</sup> Soph.: *Oed. Tyr.*, 1523.

Choruses of the play are full of beauty. There is a wild, mystic, almost oriental frenzy in the songs of the maenad rout that followed the strange young god to the mad revels on Cithaeron:

“ Oh <sup>1</sup> Thebes, the nurse of Semele,  
Crown, crown thy head with ivy,  
Teem, teem, with verdant smilax fair and fruitful,  
Come join the Bacchic revel  
With boughs of oak and pine.  
Your dappled fawn-robcs crown  
With tufts of silvery fleeces.

“ The sportive fennel toss in holy mirth  
Soon the whole land shall join the dance,  
When Bromios leadeth forth his band,  
To the mountain, to the mountain,  
Where the female rout awaiteth,  
From loom and distaff far,  
By Dionysus frenzy goaded. . . .

“ Oh happy he who on the hills,  
After wild running dance,  
Fainteth to earth, who weareth  
The holy robe of fawn,  
And seeketh blood of goats, the joy of flesh raw  
eaten,  
As he dasheth to the mountains

<sup>1</sup> Eurip.: Bacchae.

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The Phrygian, the Lydian,  
And Bromios at the head — Evoe!

“ The ground with milk is flowing,  
With wine and nectar of the bees.  
Smoke riseth as of Lydian frankincense,  
The Bacchic god, with ruddy pine flame  
On thyrsus held aloft,  
Leapeth with running and with dance  
Urging his roving bands.  
Rousing with cry he tosseth  
To the wind his locks abundant,  
The while with joyous roar he shouteth  
Oh Bacchants Go!  
Oh Bacchants Go!  
Glory of Tmolus’ golden streams,  
Sing Dionysus  
With deep-thundering drums.  
With Evoe celebrate the Evian God!  
With shouts and Phrygian cries.

“ What time the pipe with joyful noise,  
The holy pipe, its holy mirth  
Resoundeth in accord with frantic wanderers  
To the Mountain, to the Mountain.  
And joyous as the colt  
Beside its grazing mother  
The Bacchant guideth nimble feet in leapings.”

The way led us past Tanagra almost to the Euripus. Far off the Euboean hills were lighted by the pink of sunset, and darkness overtook us before we pierced the tunnel of Parnes and reached the Attic Plain.

## CHAPTER XI

### OLYMPIA

THE visit to Olympia is apt to be the last of one's Grecian sojourn, for Patras, whence the Italian steamers sail, is a convenient place at which to spend the night en route.

After leaving Corinth, the railroad skirts the Gulf for hours through country of a markedly different appearance from that to which one has become accustomed in Northern Greece. Instead of a hard stony soil and exposed wind-swept hills, we were now in a land of smiling vineyards and currant plantations. Many pretty valleys run inland from the coast, winding their way between the green slopes of sharp-pointed hills of odd volcanic appearance. Villages are numerous and the landward view from the train offers an unending succession of pictures full of charm and interest. On the seaward side the contrast is complete. Across the peaceful Gulf, marches in lordly pomp the solemn procession of the mighty giants, Cithaeron, Helicon, Parnassus, Kiona, and Korax — on to the Golden Gate of Rhium and Antirrhium, which recalls not a little

the wonderful Western Portal of the American Continent.

After leaving Corinth, we had a fine view of the ancient temple, with Acrocorinthus rising in the background. We sped through a level tract almost wholly devoted to currant vines. The trade in currants is perhaps the chief source of wealth to Greece at the present day. Sicyon is the first station of importance, and at this point we took leave, for a time, of literary and historical associations, — at least such as are connected with the classic days of Grecian story. After Sicyon we entered Achaea, where associations belong chiefly to the days of the decline and the Roman Conquest. Phormio's naval victory in 429 B. C. took place not far from Naupactus, which was situated on the northern shore of the Gulf near its narrowest point; but to most minds the name — in its modern form of Lepanto — recalls the far more famous sea fight of A. D. 1570, when Don John of Austria shattered the Turkish fleet.<sup>1</sup> Farther on is Missolonghi. Nothing in the annals of ancient Greece is more glorious than the story of this modern town. The desperate defence against the Turks, and the resistance of the inhabitants in spite of the most awful sufferings,

<sup>1</sup> The scene of the battle was a long distance to the westward of Naupactus. In fact much of the fighting took place actually outside the mouth of the Gulf of Corinth. Cervantes lost an arm in the battle.



till the very last extremity, afford one of the most noble examples of heroism recorded in history. Those who criticize the conduct of the Greeks during the struggle for independence — and there is much to deplore — ought not to forget Missolonghi. Byron died here in 1824, and his heart is buried here.

The Gulf expands beyond Rhium, and Mount Panaetolium appears far to the north. Nearer rises Aracynthus, at the feet of which lay the ancient Calydon, dear to lovers of Atalanta swift of foot. Apollodorus tells the tale of the Calydonian hunt:

“ Of <sup>1</sup> Oeneus, <sup>2</sup> Althaea bore a son Meleager who they say was really sprung from Ares. But when he was seven days old, they say that the Fates came and declared that Meleager would die, so soon as the brand burning on the hearth should be burned out. On hearing this, Althaea plucked the brand from the fire, and laid it in a chest. But Meleager, having grown to be a man invulnerable and noble, died in the following wise. Of the year's crops which grew in the land, Oeneus, sacrificing first fruits to all the gods, forgot only Artemis. But the goddess in wrath sent a boar excelling in size and strength, who rendered the country sterile, and destroyed the herds and the men who crossed his path. Against this boar Oeneus summoned the noblest from all Greece, and to him who would slay

<sup>1</sup> Apollodorus, i. 8. 2 ff.

<sup>2</sup> King of Aetolia.

the beast, he promised to give the hide as reward of valour. Now those who gathered to the hunt of the boar were these: . . . and Atalanta, daughter of Schoeneus from Arcadia, and the sons of Thestios. And when they came together, Oeneus feasted them nine days. But on the tenth, when Cepheus and Ancaeus and certain others declined to go forth to the hunt in company with a woman, Meleager, . . . wishing to win the love of Atalanta, compelled them to go with her to the hunt. Now when they had surrounded the boar, Hyleus and Ancaeus were destroyed by the beast, and Peleus accidentally pierced Eurytion with his javelin. But Atalanta first shot the boar in the back, and Amphiaraus next, in the eye. But Meleager smote him in the flank and slew him, and having received the hide gave it to Atalanta. But the sons of Thestios, deeming it shameful that a woman should win the prize when men were present, took from her the hide, saying that it properly belonged to them on the score of relationship, if Meleager chose not to keep it. Then Meleager in anger slew the sons of Thestios, and gave back the hide to Atalanta. But Althaea, in grief at the death of her brothers, set the brand on fire, and Meleager suddenly perished."

A manuscript of Bacchylides was discovered in Egypt a few years ago, to which we are indebted for the fine poem from which the following description of the fate of Meleager is taken.

(Heracles in Hades encounters Meleager who tells the tale:)

“ Then <sup>1</sup> him with tears addressing, Meleager:

“ 'Tis hard for men on earth  
The will of gods aside to turn —  
For Oeneus, smiter of the steed,  
The wrath of holy white-armed Artemis  
Had else appeased,  
My sire, by offerings of many goats  
And dun-backed bulls.  
But unsubdued her fury  
The maiden goddess kept,  
And sped to Calydon's fair fields  
A boar of prowess wide, in battle shameless.  
Where he, with deluge-might,  
The vineyard with his tusks did shear,  
Slaughter the herds and whosoe'er  
Of mortals came to face him.  
Right valiantly we heroes of the Greeks  
In hateful strife withstood him,  
Six days together, till at last  
Heaven gave th' Aetolians victory, and we buried  
Those whom the boar wild-roaring slew,  
Leaping with violence.  
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Thestios' daughter of valiant spirit,  
Ill fated mother mine,

<sup>1</sup> Bacchylides, v. 93 ff.

Contrived my death, woman of dauntless heart,  
And from the carven chest,  
The brand with swift doom fraught,  
With lamentation loud she took and burned.  
But this when I was born,  
Destiny spun to be my bound of living.

. . . . .

And short to me sweet life  
With failing strength I knew. Alas!  
Breathing my latest breath I wept,  
Unhappy, splendid youth forsaking.

“ — They say Amphytryon’s son,  
Who ne’er the battle shout had feared,  
Then only dewed his eyelids  
In pity for the fate of him who suffered;  
And answering thus he spake:  
‘For mortals best unborn to be  
Nor e’er behold the splendour of the sun,  
But naught availeth us to mourn these  
things.’ ” <sup>1</sup>

Travellers to Olympia usually spend the night at Patras and take thence a morning train which reaches Olympia about noon. This journey round the corner of Peloponnesus is an interesting one. Landward we have fine views of Panachaicon and

<sup>1</sup> For the whole story see Swinburne’s beautiful poem, *Atalanta in Calydon*.

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Erymanthus — the haunt of the boar slain by Heracles — and seaward are the beautiful Ionian Islands.

“Dulichion, Same, and woody Zacynthus.”<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Dörpfeld is an able champion of the doctrine that Leucadia, the Promontory of the Lover's Leap, is in reality the Ithaca of Odysseus; although the island now called Ithaca has held the name ever since the period immediately succeeding the time of Homer. The Ithaca of to-day seems to nestle under the protection of its mighty neighbour Cephallenia,<sup>2</sup> which rears its snowy crown high out of a sapphire sea.

“Rough,<sup>3</sup> but a good nurse of heroes, I surely at least can discover  
No other land upon earth more sweet than the land  
of one's fathers.”

Olympia is at the confluence of the Cladeos and the Alpheios, the same Alpheios who wooed the unwilling Arethusa, pursuing her beneath the sea even to distant Sicily where now:

<sup>1</sup> Homer: *Odyssey*, ix. 24.

<sup>2</sup> Probably the ancient Dulichion.

<sup>3</sup> Homer: *Odyssey*, ix. 27.

“ Like<sup>1</sup> friends once parted  
Grown single-hearted  
They ply their watery tasks.”

Shelley is more musical than geographically exact when he places Arethusa's couch of snows on the Acroceraunian mountains which are in far off Epiros.

“ And<sup>2</sup> other such tales are related concerning the Alpheios, that he was a huntsman and that he loved Arethusa, and that she also was wont to hunt. And they say that Arethusa, unwilling to wed, passed over to the island near Syracuse, called Ortygia, and there from a woman became a fountain. And that from his passion the change to a river befel Alpheios also. These things belong to the tale of Alpheios with reference to Ortygia. But that he went through the sea and there (i. e. in Ortygia) mingled his waters with the fountain, it is not possible for me to disbelieve; for I know that the god at Delphi agrees with this, who when dispatching Archias the Corinthian, to the colonization of Syracuse, spoke these words:

“Ortygia lieth an isle in the misty waves of the  
ocean,  
Near the Trinacrian shore where gusheth the mouth  
of Alpheios,

<sup>1</sup> Shelley: Arethusa.

<sup>2</sup> Pausanias, v. 7. 2.

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Mingling his waters with those of the fair-flowing  
fount Arethusa."

The two rivers of Olympia held a prominent place in the Greek imagination. We find them mentioned frequently in poetry and prose, and their personified forms occupied the corners of the eastern pediment of the great temple of Zeus.

Perhaps nowhere in Greece can the beauty of early spring be better appreciated than at Olympia. Instead of the bare gray hills and stony plains to which we have become accustomed, green fields spread themselves under a warm sun far along the valley of the Alpheios till they reach the feet of the low hills which divide Elis from Arcadia. The olive alone gives a sombre tone to a landscape. Here we have cheerful pine groves as well, crowning the surrounding hills, while the plain is dotted with fruit trees in full bloom, looking like patches of snow-white cloud. Showers are frequent at this season, but so are the bursts of warm sunshine *δακρυόεν γέλασσαι* like Andromache of old. Nothing can be more complete than the contrast between Delphi and Olympia. At Delphi the stern "gorge of the mountain" was a fit setting to the dark warnings uttered from the Pythian shrine; while here all is bright for the gay festival and the brilliant days of the Peace.

The Hill of Cronos to the north of the Altis —

or sacred enclosure of Zeus — affords a fine point of view from which to look down over the mass of ruins of temples, treasuries, gymnasia, halls, votive-offerings, and pedestals. Earthquake has made wild havoc of the works of man, and scarcely one stone has been left upon another. Of the many famous statues, nearly all were carried off by robbers, imperial and other, and it is to a happy chance that we owe the preservation of the beautiful *Hermes of Praxiteles*. A landslide from this Hill of *Cronos* buried the statue in soft earth a few years before the earthquake which destroyed the temple of Zeus; and there in the *Heraeum*, within a few feet of the spot where *Pausanias* saw it nearly two thousand years before, the statue was found by German excavators. Part of the original pedestal remains where *Pausanias* saw it.

By far the most stupendous ruin is the temple of Zeus. Nothing remains in place but the pavement. The earthquake tossed the great pillars in every direction, and the mighty drums lie scattered east, west, south, and north.

In the temple sat enthroned the masterpiece of *Phidias*, the gold and ivory Zeus — one of the Wonders of the World. Near by, the faithful could see in the pavement the mark made by the thunderbolt which the god hurled in token of approval. The inspiration of the statue was drawn, it is supposed, from the lines of the *Iliad*:



“ Thus <sup>1</sup> spake the son of Cronos and nodded with  
dark gray eyebrows,  
Then in full strength flowed down the ambrosial  
locks of the monarch,  
Down from his head immortal; — and mighty  
Olympus was shaken.”

One can spend many an interesting hour in wandering through the ruins of the Temple, Council hall, Gymnasium, or Wrestling-court, of this wonderful precinct; but it is not within the scope of these pages to give a detailed account of them. Here and there we find some object of special interest such as the basis on which stood figures of the nine Greek warriors who drew lots for the duel with Hector. Nestor stood opposite, shaking the lots in his helmet: “ ‘Nay,<sup>2</sup> but not even those of you who are chieftains of the united Achaeans, do eagerly press forward to meet Hector face to face.’

“ Thus spake the old man chiding, but all nine rose up. First of all Agamemnon, Lord of men, started to his feet. Close upon him sprang up stout Diomed, son of Tydeus. Then, clad in warlike prowess, the Ajax pair; Idomeneus too, and Meriones, his follower, rival to Enyalios, Slayer-of-men. Next after these rose Eurypylus, Euaemon’s splendid son; then Thoas, son of Andraemon and

<sup>1</sup> Homer: *Iliad*, i. 528.

<sup>2</sup> Homer: *Iliad*, vii. 159.

Odysseus the godlike. These all were eager to do battle with glorious Hector. Then in the midst Nestor, the Knight Gerenian, spake again:

“ ‘ Shake now the lot right throughly to see whose portion this shall be. For that man shall bring blessing to the well-greaved Achaeans, aye, and his own soul shall bless, if it be his fortune to survive the foeman’s sword and the cruel fray.’ Thus spake Nestor, and each warrior marked his lot, and cast it into the helmet of Atrides Agamemnon. Then the people prayed and lifted up their hands to the gods. And thus spake each with eyes fixed on broad heaven: ‘ Oh Father Zeus, grant that the lot fall on Ajax or the son of Tydeus or on golden Mycenae’s king himself.’ Thus they prayed and Nestor, Knight Gerenian, shook the lots; and out from the helmet leaped the lot of him whom all desired. The lot of Ajax it was, and the herald carried it everywhere throughout the throng, and showed it in order due to each chief of the Achaeans. They recognized it not, and each denied it his. But when the herald, as he carried it throughout the throng, came to him who had marked and cast it in the helmet, to glorious Ajax; then verily the hero held forth his hand, and the herald approached and placed the lot therein. Then Ajax, when he scanned it, knew the mark of the lot, and rejoiced in heart. Then he cast it on the ground at his feet and spake: ‘ Oh friends, surely the lot is mine,

and greatly I rejoice in spirit; for surely I think to conquer godlike Hector.' ”

Below the now empty platform on which were built the Treasure-Houses of the various States which took a prominent part in the games, stood a row of statues of Zeus, known as Zanes, and interesting to us from the fact that they were put up at the expense of those who were judged guilty of having violated athletic rules.

The Stadium seems not to have been provided with marble seats, as was the case at Athens and Delphi. The starting marks have been found and little else. The Hippodrome, where the great chariot races occurred, lay nearer the river, which has long since buried all traces of it under deep deposits of earth.

The Olympic Games far surpassed in importance the periodic contests which took place at Delphi, the Isthmus, and other parts of Greece. Pindar sings of them:

“ Water <sup>1</sup> is best of things created  
And gold, as in the night a blazing fire,  
Shineth all lordly wealth beyond.  
But if, my heart, thou dost desire  
To sing of contests won,  
No longer seek for other planet  
Gleaming by day through ether waste

<sup>1</sup> Pindar, Ol. i. 1-10.

With warmth beyond the sun,  
Nor can I tell of struggle than Olympia's nobler;  
    Whence doth arise the hymn renowned,  
        In poet's heart,  
The praise of Cronos' son to sound."

The celebration of the Games was the supreme festival of the Hellenic world, and during the "Holy Month" in which it took place,<sup>1</sup> the Echecheiria, or Truce of God, produced for a moment a cessation of the almost perpetual fratricidal strife between the States of Hellas. Events in Greek history were dated by Olympiads, beginning with 776 B. C., when Coroebus was victor. It is curious to consider the parallel existing between ancient and modern highly civilized peoples. Great Britain and the United States — and, it is said, Japan, à propos of the great wrestling contests — as did Hellas of old, indulge in the most extraordinary outbursts of enthusiasm over victors and victories in athletic sports, pugilism, and horse-racing. In Greece, while the actual prize of victory might be merely a wreath of olive, pine, or laurel, the successful contestant was exalted to the skies. Poems were written in his honour. His native town received him in triumph, and heaped rewards upon him. Nay, the town itself became famous through his deed. The owner of a victorious

<sup>1</sup> From the 11th to the 16th, i. e. the time of the first full moon after the summer solstice.

chariot, even the horses who won the race, furnished inspiration to the greatest poets of Greece.

“ White-armed <sup>1</sup> Calliope  
Here halt thy well wrought car  
And sing the Son of Cronos,  
Olympian Zeus, the ruler of the Gods,  
Alpheios with his stream unwearying,  
The might of Pelops sing and Pisa.<sup>2</sup>  
Where famous Pherenicus,<sup>3</sup>  
His feet in race victorious,  
Hath magnified  
Fair-towered Syracuse; to Hiero bringing  
The flower of Blessedness.”

Pindar never wearies of describing the sacred precinct of Olympia, and the reward that victory in the games vouchsafes to mortals:

“ Mother<sup>4</sup> of Contests golden crowned, Olympia,  
Mistress of Truth, where prophets seek  
To test by sacrifices burning,  
Zeus of the gleaming thunderbolt, if he  
Will grant response concerning  
Those men whose hearts are fain

<sup>1</sup> Bacchylides, v. 176.

<sup>2</sup> The ancient metropolis of Elis near Olympia.

<sup>3</sup> The celebrated race horse of Hiero, tyrant of Syracuse

<sup>4</sup> Ol. viii. 1-14.

Great glory and repose from toil to gain!  
The boon of piety their prayers obtain.

“ Fair forest-grove of Pisa by Alpheios,  
These pomps of offered wreaths receive.  
Great is for evermore his fame, on whom  
Thy glorious guerdon doth attend.  
On divers men divers rewards descend;  
And if the heavens bless,  
Many the paths which lead them to success.”

The chief treasures of the museum are the Hermes of Praxiteles, the Niké of Paeonius, and the Pediment-sculptures and a few Metopes from the temple of Zeus. The Hermes is not very well placed. He carries on his arm the infant Dionysus, who, after his miraculous delivery from the thigh of Zeus, was entrusted to his elder brother to convey to the care of the nymphs. The serious, almost sad face is not what we might have expected from the pictures in literature of a sprightly god, noted for trickery and mischievous pranks. This Hermes does not belong to that morning of the world depicted in the Homeric hymn:

“ Then <sup>1</sup> she gave birth to a son of shifty and wily devices,

<sup>1</sup> Homer: Hymn Hermes, 13-23.

He was a thief, and a looter of cattle, conductor of  
dreamings,  
Spy of the night, gate-watcher was he, and quickly  
was destined  
Deeds of famous renown to manifest 'mid the  
immortals.  
Born at the dawning of light, at midday he played  
on the lyre,  
Evening beheld him the thief of the herds of Apollo  
Far-Darter,  
All on the first four days when queenly Maia had  
borne him.  
Now when he sprang to the light from the womb  
of his mother immortal,  
No long time did he lie in his sacred cradle repos-  
ing.  
Nay, with a leap he darted in quest of the herds of  
Apollo,  
Over the threshold, passing the gate of his high-  
roofed cavern."

This Hermes belongs to the time when the world  
had become sophisticated, enlightened, and sad-  
dened; but he is very beautiful, and of priceless  
value as being the only original statue <sup>1</sup> in the world  
which was, we may confidently believe, the work  
of one of the great sculptors of the great period.

<sup>1</sup> Omitting statues which were part of architectural orna-  
ment.

The sculptures of the Eastern Pediment represent the actors in the famous story of Pelops and Hippodameia. The founding of the Olympic festival is attributed to Heracles; but the contest of Pelops and Oenomaus is the mythical prototype of the famous races of historic times.

“The<sup>1</sup> Greeks say this Myrtilos was son of Hermes, and that he was charioteer to Oenomaus, and whenever anyone came wooing the daughter of Oenomaus, Myrtilos with skill urged on the horses of Oenomaus, while the latter, in the race, as he drew up on the suitor, would pierce him with his javelin.”

The story runs that Pelops bribed Myrtilos to pull out the linch-pin of the chariot of Oenomaus. This treachery enabled the victorious Pelops to visit Oenomaus with the punishment that had befallen previous suitors. Thus Hippodameia was won; but when Myrtilos asked for his payment, Pelops hurled him into the sea, known henceforth — as some say — as the Myrtoan sea. The drowning man uttered a curse upon the family of Pelops, a curse the fatal consequences of which were worked out in succeeding generations:<sup>2</sup>

Electra exclaims:

“Ah<sup>3</sup> Chariot-Race of Pelops,  
Laden with sorrow long ago,

<sup>1</sup> Pausanias, viii. 14. 10.

<sup>2</sup> See chapter vii. Mycenae.

<sup>3</sup> Soph.: *Electra*, 504-515.



How to our land thou camest fraught with woe!  
For since the time when drowned Myrtilos slept,  
    With grievous pains  
To utter ruin hurled from golden car,  
    Ne'er from this house hath pain,  
    Laden with sorrow gone afar."

Pindar tells the story in the First Olympic Ode:

" But<sup>1</sup> when at the fair-flowering age,  
Shadowed his dusky cheek the down,  
He thought of Hymen proffered,  
From Pisan father to obtain  
Hippodameia, her of fair renown.

" Then, lone in darkness going  
Beside the hoary sea,  
He cried aloud on the god heavy thundering,  
God of the trident mighty, — he  
Came close beside his feet — and Pelops spake:

" " If lovely gifts of Cyprian goddess please,  
Stay, oh Poseidon, Oenomaus' brazen spear,  
And carrying me on swiftest car to Elis,  
    To glory bring me near.  
For lovers three and ten he slayeth,  
And thus his daughter's nuptials he delayeth.'

. . . . .

<sup>1</sup> Pindar, Ol. i. 67 ff.

Thus spake he nor in vain his prayer.  
The God, him magnifying,  
Bestowed a chariot of gold, and steeds  
On wing unwearied flying.  
And low he laid King Oenomaus' pride  
And won the virgin bride."

After gazing at the great calm Apollo, serene amid the uproar of wild Centaurs and Lapiths in the Western Pediment, and at the floating form of Niké, we reluctantly left the museum, and turned our steps to the station. For the journey was nearly ended, and to-morrow was to find us in Corcyra, bound for Italy.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE STORY OF NAUSICAA

FROM the rains of March and the barren gray of mainland Greece a few hours brought us to sunshine and luxuriant spring. We could well believe that Corcyra was no other than the enchanting Scheria, the Island of the Phaeacians, and a drive through a land of flowers brought us to the very bay where Odysseus landed after long buffeting, as he swam by aid of Leucothea's wimple, and dropped asleep behind a coppice "foredone with sleep and weariness."

And this is the tale of Nausicaa:

"Then<sup>1</sup> was Alcinoüs king, and with wisdom from Heaven was gifted.

So to his palace flew the gray-eyed goddess Athene,  
Seeking a means of return for Odysseus mighty of spirit.

Into the inlaid chamber she entered, wherein the fair maiden

<sup>1</sup> Homer: *Odyssey*, vi. 12 ff.

Slept, in beauty of form resembling the goddesses  
deathless,

Fair Nausicaa, child of Alcinoüs, mighty of spirit.

Maidens attendant a pair, with beauty bestowed  
by the Graces,

Slept at each side of the portal, and shut were the  
doors of the chamber.

She, like a breath of the wind, sped close to the couch  
of the maiden,

Over her head she stood, and thus with words she  
addressed her:

. . . . .

‘ Why, Nausicaa, thus did thy mother bear thee  
neglectful?

Lo, uncared for the heaps of glittering raiment are  
lying!

Nigh is thy bridal when thou must be clad in thy  
bravest attire

Offering, too, fair robes to those who shall lead thee in  
marriage.

’Tis from such things as these among men fair name  
is acquired,

Ay, and they gladden the heart of one’s father and  
reverend mother.

Come let us hasten to wash them when dawn ap-  
peareth to-morrow.

I too will follow to help in the labour, that thus the  
more quickly

Thou mayest speed, not long thou remainest a  
maiden unwedded.

Thee already the chieftains of all the Phaeacians are  
wooing,

Chieftains throughout the land where thy race also  
belongeth.

Come then, entreat thy sire renowned at daylight  
appearing,

Straightway to harness the mules and the wagon,  
that so it may carry

Thee and the bundles of clothes, the girdles and  
glittering raiment.

Thus it is better by far than on foot to accomplish  
the journey,

Since from the city the road is long to the place of  
the washing.'

Thus having spoken, the goddess departed, gray-  
eyed Athene

Home to Olympus whereon, they say, is the seat  
of the blessed

Ever secure, nor by wind is it shaken, nor ever by  
shower

Wetted, nor resteth the snow there, but ether  
exceeding and cloudless

Spreadeth abroad, and through all a splendour of  
whiteness pervadeth.

Ever and ever therein delight them the blessed  
immortals —

Thither departed the Gray-eyed, her counsel bestowed on the maiden.

Straightway Aurora came, fair-throned, and wakened from slumber

Fair-robed Nausicaa, she with wonder was filled at the vision.

Straight through the palace she sped to carry the news to her parents,

Father and mother beloved; and found them at home in the dwelling.

Close by the hearth her mother was sitting 'mid women attendant,

Spinning the sea-purple wool of the distaff — her sire she encountered

Forth from the door as he issued to join the illustrious chieftains,

Where to the council hall he was called by the haughty Phaeacians.

Standing close to his side, her father dear she entreated:

' Wilt thou not, dearest papa, bid harness the high-seated wagon?

High, with the well-running wheels, that so I may take the fine raiment

Down to the river to wash the clothes to my shame lying dirty.

Nay, 'tis becoming to thee thyself in the midst of the nobles

Councils to hold, thy person in garments spotless  
apparelled.

Lo, in thy halls five sons have been born to thee,  
dearly beloved.

Two are wedded, but still three others are bachelors  
blooming.

These, to go to the dance with garments fresh from  
the washing,

Ever are fain, and to me pertaineth the care of the  
matter.'

Thus spake the maid, for she shrank to mention by  
name to her father

Blossoming marriage; but all he perceived and thus  
he made answer:

' Daughter, I grudge not the mules nor aught thy  
soul can desire.

Go, and the servants for thee shall quickly harness  
the wagon

High, with the well-running wheels, with a box-seat  
fitted upon it.'

Thus he spake, and commanded the servants;  
who quickly obeyed him —

Forth the wagon they drew well-running, and  
speedily harnessed,

Leading the mules to the yoke, and bound them  
under the wagon.

Then in a box the mother put food to gladden the  
spirit,

Food of all sorts and dainties, and wine she poured  
in a goatskin.

Then did the maid ascend, and took her place on the  
wagon

While in a golden flask her mother poured oil of the  
olive,

So it might serve for ointment to her and her  
women attendant.

Firmly she grasped the whip and the reins all glitter-  
ing brightly,

Flogging the mules till they ran; and great was the  
clatter that followed,

Valiantly stretching along as they carried the  
clothes and the maiden,

Not her alone, for with her rode other women at-  
tendant.

Now when they came to the stream, the fair-flowing  
stream of the river,

Where were the basins old for the washing, and  
water in plenty

Gushed forth goodly and fair to cleanse the foulest  
of garments, —

There when they came, the maids unharnessed the  
mules from the wagon,

Loosed them and chased them down to feed by the  
eddy river,

Honey-sweet clover wild, — and the garments out  
from the wagon



Took in their arms, and o'er them they poured the  
water transparent.

Then in basins quickly they trod them in rivalry  
eager.

Now when the whole was washed, and cleansed each  
speck of defilement,

Carefully laid in a row they spread them along by  
the seashore,

Just where the pebbles were washed to the beach  
in greatest abundance.

Then did the maidens bathe, and smoothly with oil  
anoint them.

Luncheon they took as well beside the banks of the  
river,

Waiting until the clothes should dry in the gleam of  
the sunlight.

After the meal was enjoyed by attendant maidens  
and mistress,

Casting their wimples aside, themselves with a ball  
they diverted,

Fair Nausicaa leading the song meanwhile for the  
players.

Like as when Artemis, Pourer of arrows, doth go  
o'er the mountain,

Down through Taygetus far, or ranging throughout  
Erymanthus,

Taking her joy in the chase of the boar and the  
deer swift-flying;

On her attendant the Nymphs, of the Aegis-Bearer  
the daughters,

Nymphs of the woodland sport, — and Leto's bosom  
rejoiceth. —

Over them all she holdeth her head and her beaute-  
ous forehead,

Easily known above all is she, though all are so  
comely. —

Thus of her maidens she shone the first, the virgin  
unwedded.

Now when the time was at hand once more to be  
homeward returning,

When she had harnessed the mules, and folded the  
beautiful garments,

Then a fresh plan was devised by the gray-eyed  
goddess Athene

So that Odysseus might wake, and behold the  
beautiful maiden,

Her who would show him the way to the town of the  
hero Phaeacians.

Then did the princess throw the ball at a maiden  
attendant.

Lo, the attendant she missed, and it fell in the deep-  
flowing eddies.

Loud did the maidens shriek, and godlike Odysseus  
awakened,

Sat him upright, and thus in his heart and spirit he  
pondered:

‘ Ah me, whither again am I come, to the land of  
what mortals?

Can they be doers of outrage, and lawless nor  
knowers of Justice?

Or are they kind to strangers, with godlike char-  
acter gifted?

Lo, to mine ears there hath come the female crying  
of maidens.

Nymphs can they be, who inhabit the lofty tops of  
the mountains?

Or peradventure the springs of the rivers and grass-  
covered meadows?

Or am I somewhere near to men who are gifted with  
language?

Come, let me test them myself, and with mine own  
eyes behold them!’

Thus he spake, and emerged from the coppice, the  
godlike Odysseus.

. . . . .

Horrid appeared he before them, disfigured by  
brine of the ocean —

Hither and thither in panic the maids ran out to  
the headlands.

Only Alcinoüs’ daughter remained, for the goddess  
Athenē

Courage had put in her heart, from her limbs all  
terror removing.

Holding her ground she stood, and he pondered,  
the wily Odysseus

Whether to clasp her knees and entreat the beautiful maiden,

Or, as he was, at a distance, with honey-sweet words to beseech her,

So she might show him the road to the city, and offer him raiment.

While he was pondering thus, it seemed the greater advantage

Standing aloof at a distance with honey-sweet words to entreat her,

Lest in her heart she be wroth if he clasped the knees of the maiden.

Forthwith honey-sweet words in crafty speech he addressed her:

‘ Queen, I embrace thy knees, be thou or goddess or mortal.

For if a goddess thou art of those who hold the broad heaven,

Surely to Artemis then, of Zeus most mighty the daughter,

Closest resembling I deem thee in form and beauty of stature.

While if of mortals thou art who the face of the earth inhabit,

Then thrice blessed are they, thy father and reverend mother,

Yea and thrice blessed thy brothers as well; their spirit full surely

Ever for thy sweet sake is warmed with pride and  
with gladness,

When such a blossoming flower they see as thou  
treadest the dances.

Ah, and most blessed in heart that man, all others  
surpassing,

He who shall load thee with gifts and home in mar-  
riage conduct thee.

Never have I before with mine eyes beheld such a  
mortal,

Man nor woman, as thou — Awe seizeth me gazing  
upon thee.

Thus, fair lady, on thee I look with awe and amaze-  
ment,

Dreading to clasp thy knees. — Yet cruel grief is  
upon me.

After a score of days I escaped the wine-purple  
ocean,

Yesterday, where meantime the waves and tempests  
had tossed me

Far from Ogygia's Isle, and Heaven hath driven  
me hither

Evils to suffer e'en here no doubt, for surely I think  
not

Yet will they cease — ere this, the gods will wreak  
many misfortunes,

Nay, but oh Queen, take pity, for, after labours  
unnumbered,

First unto thee have I come, while aught of the  
others I know not,  
Aught of the men who sway the rule of this people  
and city.  
Point me the road to the town, and give me a gar-  
ment to clothe me.  
If thou didst keep of the robes some wrapping when  
hither thou camest.  
Then may the gods to thee grant all thy heart can  
desire,  
Husband and home, and bestow a goodly spirit  
of concord.  
Surely than this there is nothing more blessed nor  
more to be prayed for,  
Namely than when, in spirit agreeing, a wife and a  
husband  
Dwell in a house together — to evil wishers a sorrow,  
But to their friends a joy — and deepest their own  
hearts perceive it.' "

. . . . .

Nausicaa promises to grant the request of Odys-  
seus, and tells him who she is. Then she calls to  
her frightened maidens:

" Thus spake the princess and called her command  
to her fair-tressed attendants:  
' Stand, oh, maidens, I pray. Beholding a man  
whither fly ye?

Surely ye do not fancy that he is some evil-wisher?  
Nay, there existeth not that living man nor shall  
ever,

Who to the land of Phaeacia shall come hostility  
bearing.

Nay, for exceeding dear are we to the blessed im-  
mortals.

Far, far away from mankind we dwell in the billowy  
ocean,

Uttermost, nor to these shores do foreigners bring  
us their commerce.

This is some ill-starred man who hath come in his  
wanderings hither.

Him let us kindly entreat, for Zeus hath under pro-  
tection

Strangers and beggars all, and a gift is blessed  
though scanty.

Wherefore, oh maidens, give both meat and drink  
to the stranger,

Bidding him bathe in the stream where rocks from  
the wind give a shelter.' "

. . . . .

Odysseus bathes and dresses, and the goddess  
endows him with unwonted beauty.

" Thus the goddess on him poured grace, on his head  
and his shoulders.

Then he withdrew to a distance, and sat by the  
shore of the ocean,

Glowing with beauty and grace; and the princess  
gazed in amazement.

Straightway therefore she spake in the midst of her  
fair-braided maidens:

‘Hear me, ye white-armed maidens, I pray, that  
I something may tell you:

Surely ’tis not without will of all gods who dwell on  
Olympus,

Yonder stranger hath come to consort with the  
godlike Phaeacians.

’Tis but a short space since, I thought him unseemly  
to look on,

Now he resembleth the gods who inhabit the wide-  
spreading heaven.

Oh that a man like this might be called my own  
wedded husband,

Dwelling in this our Isle, and that here to abide  
might please him!

Maidens, offer, I pray, both meat and drink to the  
stranger.’

Thus Nausicaa spake, and they verily heard and  
obeyed her.

Meat to Odysseus and drink they offered, and set  
it beside him.

Then did he drink and eat, the much enduring  
Odysseus,

Greedily, — long had he been untasted of food  
and of drinking.



White-armed Nausicaa now of new devices bethought  
her.

Folding the garments she placed them within the  
beautiful wagon,

Harnessed the strong-hoofed mules, and up herself  
she ascended.

Next she summoned Odysseus, and speaking his  
name she addressed him:

' Rouse thee, stranger, to go to the city that I may  
escort thee

Unto the house of my father, the valiant of heart,  
where I tell thee

Thou shalt behold the noblest of all the princely  
Phaeacians.

See that thou act as I bid, for thou seemest not  
without wisdom.

While through the fields we go, and are passing the  
labours of farmers,

Meanwhile thou with the maids, behind the mules  
and the wagon,

Quickly proceed, and I the while on the road will  
conduct thee.

When, however, we come near the town with battle-  
ments lofty,

. . . . .  
Gossip unseemly I fain would avoid, lest some in  
the future

Blame me, for they in our city are hard and haughty  
of temper.

Lest some gossip malicious may say, if he chanceth  
to meet us:

“Who is this, goodly and tall, attending Nausicaa  
yonder?

Where did she find the stranger? Her husband he  
doubtless is promised.

Surely some outcast wretch she hath saved from the  
wreck of his vessel,

Some one of men from afar, since none have dwelling  
beside us.

Or in response to her prayers, some god, full often  
entreated,

Down from heaven hath come, and all her days she  
will keep him.

Better no doubt that herself hath sought and found  
her an husband,

Coming from far, for those of her own native land  
she contemneth! ”

Thus will they say, and to me 'twill be a theme of  
reproaching.’ ”

. . . . .

She points out a grove not far from the town,  
where he is to sit and wait:

“ ‘Sit thou there, and abide for a time, until at the  
city

We may arrive, and reach the door of the house of  
my father.

---

Then when thou thinkest that we have come at last  
to the palace,  
Come thou too to the town of Phaeacians and see  
thou enquire  
Where is the house of my father Alcinoüs, mighty  
of spirit.  
Easy to know is the place, and even a child might  
direct thee,  
Innocent child, for to this the houses of other  
Phaeacians  
No wise resembling are built, like the house of  
Alcinoüs hero.  
Now when the court and palace contain thee, see  
that thou quickly  
Pass through the hall, nor stop till thou come to the  
side of my mother.  
Her thou shalt find on a seat near the hearth, in the  
gleam of the fire,  
Spinning the sea-purple wool of the distaff, a marvel  
to gaze on,  
Leaning against a pillar, and near her her women  
are seated —  
There too my father's throne is placed next that  
of my mother,  
Seated whereon like a god he quaffeth the wine of  
the banquet.  
Passing him by, thine arms about the knees of my  
mother

Cast in entreaty, that so the day of thine homeward  
returning

Thou mayest speedily see with joy, though from far  
thou art travelled.

For if she in her soul be kindly disposed to thy  
praying,

Then there is hope for thee to behold thy friends  
and to journey

Home to thy well-built house, and to reach the land  
of thy fathers.'

Thus she spake, and lashing the mules with the whip  
all glitt'ring,

Quickly departed, and left the flowing streams of the  
river.

Well did the mules run on and plied with their feet  
in curvings.

Bravely she guided the reins that the others might  
follow behind her,

Maids and Odysseus on foot, and the lash she laid  
on with discernment."

Once more only, we catch a glimpse of the princess, who now knows his story:

" Out <sup>1</sup> from the bath he went to join the ranks of the  
feasters.

While Nausicaa fair, from gods her beauty possess-  
ing,

<sup>1</sup> Homer: *Od.*, viii. 456 ff.

Close to the threshold stood of the strong-built  
banqueting chamber.

When she beheld with her eyes, she greatly admired  
Odysseus,

And, having called him aloud, with winged words  
she addressed him:

‘ Farewell, guest, and afar some day in thy father-  
land dwelling,

Think thou of me, for thou owest to me the price of  
thy rescue.’

Answering her with words, the crafty Odysseus  
addressed her:

‘ Oh Nausicaa fair, great-hearted Alcinoüs daughter,  
So may Zeus decree, loud-thundering husband of  
Hera,

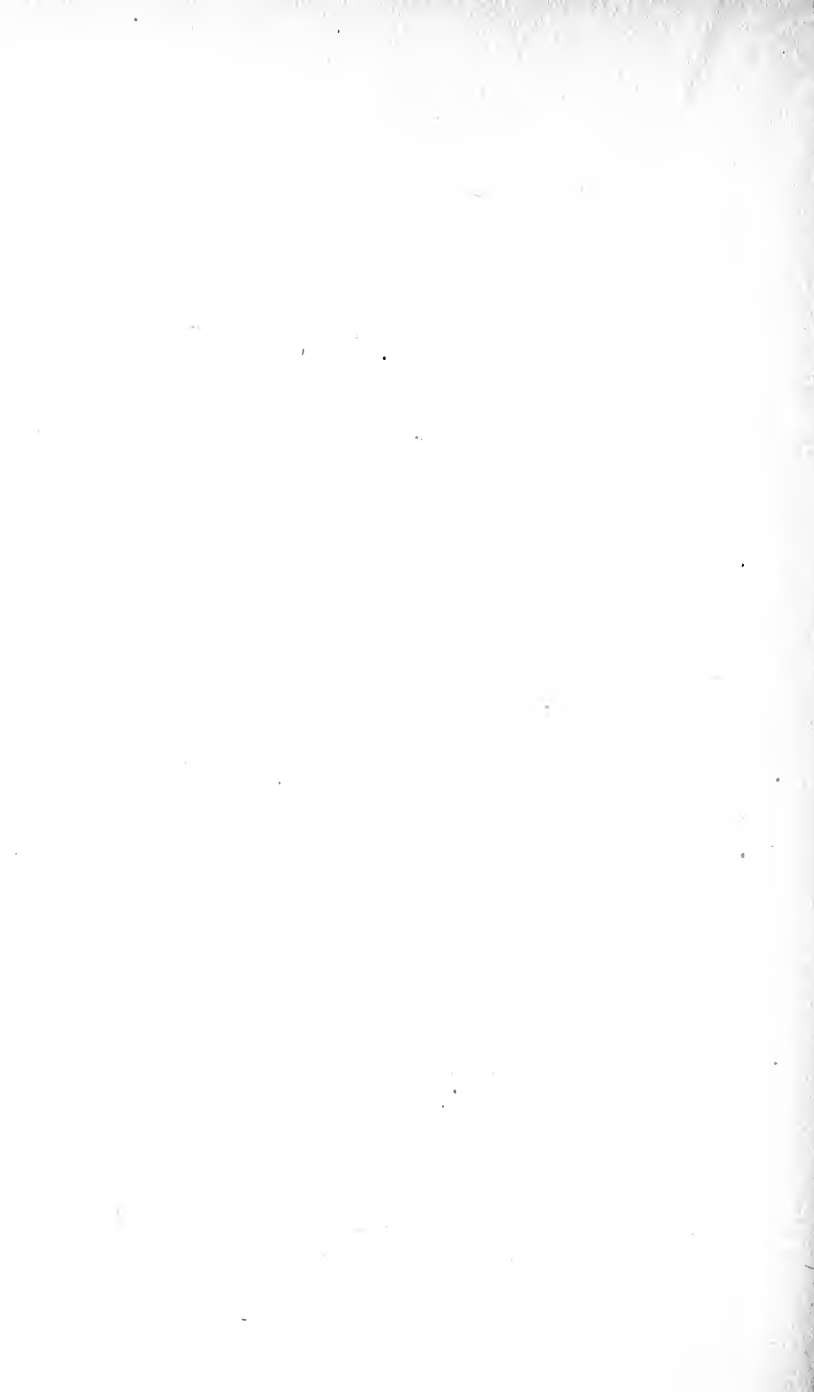
Home that I come, and behold the day of return  
from my roaming,

That even there unto thee, as to goddess, my prayers  
I may utter,

Ever through all my days, for thou gavest life to  
me, maiden.’ ”

The ship sailed westward, and at sunset we bade  
farewell to Greece, as the pink glow faded on the  
snows of the Acroceraunian mountains.

THE END.



## APPENDIX

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*Page 5*

ὦ Πανὸς θακῆματα καὶ  
παραυλίζουσα πέτρα  
μυχώδεσι Μακραῖς,  
ἵνα χοροῦς στείβουσι ποδοῖν  
Ἄγραύλου κόραι τρίγονοι  
στάδια χλοερὰ πρὸ Παλλάδος  
ναῶν, συρίγγων  
ὅπ' αἰόλας ἱαχᾶς  
ὕμνων, ὅταν αὐλίοις  
συρίζῃς, ὦ Πάν,  
τοῖσι σοῖς ἐν ἄντροις,  
ἵνα τεκοῦσά τις παρθένος, ὦ μελέα,  
βρέφος Φοῖβῳ πτανοῖς ἐξώριζεν θοίναν  
θηρσί τε φοινίαν δαῖτα, πικρῶν γάμων  
ὕβριν. οὔτ' ἐπὶ κερκίσιν οὔτε λόγοις  
φάτιν αἶον εὐτυχίας μετέχειν  
θεόθεν τέκνα θνατοῖς.

— EURIPIDES, *Ion*, 492–509.

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ΧΟ. Χαίρετε χαίρετ' ἐν αἰσιμίαισι πλούτου.  
χαίρετ' ἀστικὸς λεῶς, ἕκταρ ἤμενοι Διδῶς,  
παρθένου φίλας φίλοι σωφρονοῦντες ἐν χρόνῳ.

Παλλάδος δ' ὑπὸ πτεροῖς ὄντας ἄζεται πατήρ.

ΑΘ. Χαίρετε χῦμεῖς· προτέραν δ' ἐμὲ χρῆ

στείχειν θαλάμους ἀποδείξουσιν

πρὸς φῶς ἱερὸν τῶνδε προπομπῶν.

ἕτε, καὶ σφαγίων τῶνδ' ὑπὸ σεμνῶν

κατὰ γῆς σύμεναι τὸ μὲν ἀτηρὸν

χώρας κατέχειν, τὸ δὲ κερδαλέον

πέμπειν πόλεως ἐπὶ νίκη·

ὕμεῖς δ' ἡγεῖσθε, πολιissoῦχοι

παῖδες Κραναοῦ, ταῖσδε μετοίκοις.

εἴη δ' ἀγαθῶν

ἀγαθὴ διάνοια πολίταις.

ΧΘ. Χαίρετε, χαίρετε δ' αἰθις, ἐπανδιπλοῖζω,

πάντες οἱ κατὰ πόλιν, δαίμονές τε καὶ βροτοί,

Παλλάδος πόλιν νέμοντες· μετοικίαν δ' ἐμὴν

εὐσεβοῦντες οὔτι μέμψεσθε συμφορὰς βίου.

. . . . .

### ΠΡΟΠΟΜΠΟΙ

βᾶτε δόμῳ, μεγάλαι φιλότιμοι

Νυκτὸς παῖδες ἄπαιδες ὑπ' εὐφρονι πομπᾷ,

(εὐφραμεῖτε δὲ, χωρεῖται,)

γᾶς ὑπὸ κεύθεσιν ὠγυγίοισιν

τιμαῖς καὶ θυσίαισιν ὑπαὶ πυρισέπτοι

(Εὐφραμεῖτε δὲ πανδαμὲ,)

ἔλαοι δὲ καὶ εὐθύφρονες γᾶ

δεῦρ' ἕτε Σεμναί, ξὺν πυριδάπτῳ

λάμπῳ τερπόμεναι καθ' ὁδόν·

ὀλολύξατε νῦν ἐπὶ μολπαῖς·

σπονδαὶ δ' εἰσόπιν ἐνδᾶδες ἕτων.

Παλλάδος ἀστοῖς Ζεὺς ὁ πανόπτας



οὕτω Μοῖρά τε συγκατέβα.

ὀλολύξατε νῦν ἐπὶ μολπαῖς.

—AESCHYLUS, Eumen. 949-972, 986-999.

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Τί γὰρ Χαρίτων ἀγαπητὸν

Ἀνθρώποις ἀπάνευθεν; ἀεὶ χαρίτεσσιν ἅμ' εἶην.

—THEOCRITUS, Id. xvi. 108-109.

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Καφισίων ὑδάτων

λαχοῖσαι αἴτε νάεστε καλλίπῳλον ἔδραν

ὦ λιπαρᾶς ἀοίδεμοι βασίλειαι

Χάριτες Ὀρχομενοῦ, παλαιγόνων Μινυᾶν ἐπίσκοποι,

κλῦτ', ἐπεὶ εὖχουμαι. σὺν ὕμνῳ γὰρ τά τε τερπνὰ καὶ

τὰ γλυκέα γίγνεται πάντα βροτοῖς,

εἰ σοφὸς, εἰ καλὸς, εἴ τις ἀγλαὸς ἀνὴρ.

οὔτε γὰρ θεοὶ σεμνᾶν Χαρίτων ἄτερ

κοιρανέοισιν χοροῦς οὔτε δαῖτας· ἀλλὰ πάντων ταμίαι

ἔργων ἐν οὐρανῷ, χρυσότοξον θέμεναι παρὰ

Πύθιον Ἀπόλλωνα θρόνους

ἀέναον σέβοντι πατρὸς Ὀλυμπίοιο τιμάν.

ὦ πότνι' Ἀγλαῖα

φιλησίμολπέ τ' Εὐφροσύνα, θεῶν κρατίστου

παῖδες, ἐπάκοος γένευ, θαλῖα τε

ἔρασίμολπε, ἰδοῖσα τόνδε κῶμον ἐπ' εὐμενεῖ τύχῃ

κοῦφα βιβῶντα·

—PINDAR, Ol. xiv. 1-17.

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ἴν' ἐλαλας

πρῶτον ἔδειξε κλάδον γλαυκᾶς Ἀθάνα,

οὐράνιον στέφανον, λιπαραῖσιν τε κόσμον Ἀθῆναις.

—EURIPIDES, Tro. 798-800.

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ἀέναιοι Νεφέλαι,  
 ἀρθῶμεν φανεραὶ δροσερὰν φύσιν εὐάγητον,  
 πατρὸς ἀπ' Ὀκεανοῦ βαρυαχέος  
 ὑψηλῶν ὁρέων κορυφὰς ἐπὶ  
 δενδροκόμους, ἵνα  
 τηλεφανεῖς σκοπιᾶς ἀφορώμεθα,  
 καρπούς τ' ἀρδομέναν ἱερὰν χθόνα,  
 καὶ ποταμῶν ζαθέων κελαδήματα,  
 καὶ πόντον κελάδοντα βαρύβρομον·  
 ὄμμα γὰρ αἰθέρος ἀκάματον σελαγεῖται  
 μαρμαρέαις ἐν αὐγαῖς.  
 ἀλλ' ἀποσεισάμεναι νέφος ὄμβριον  
 ἀθανάτας ἰδέας ἐπιδώμεθα  
 τηλεσκόπῳ ὄμματι γαῖαν.

. . . . .  
 παρθένοι ὄμβροφόροι,  
 ἔλθωμεν λιπαρὰν χθόνα Παλλάδος, εὐάνδρον γὰν  
 Κέκροπος ὀφόμεναι πολυήρατον  
 οὐ σέβας ἀρρήτων ἱερῶν, ἵνα  
 μυστοδόκος δόμος  
 ἐν τελεταῖς ἀγίαις ἀναδείκνυται,  
 οὐρανίοις τε θεοῖς δωρήματα,  
 ναοὶ θ' ὑπερεφεῖς καὶ ἀγάλματα,  
 καὶ πρόσοδοι μακάρων ἱερώταται,  
 εὐστέφανοί τε θεῶν θυσίαι θαλάι τε,  
 παντοδαπαῖς ἐν ὥραις,  
 ἥρι τ' ἐπερχομένῳ Βρομία χάρις,  
 εὐκελάδων τε χορῶν ἐρεθίσματα,  
 καὶ Μοῦσα βαρύβρομος αὐλῶν.

— ARISTOPHANES, *Clouds*, 275–290, 299–313.

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ΧΟ. εὐίππου, ξένε, τᾱσδε χώρας  
 ἔκου τὰ κράτιστα γᾱς ἔπαυλα,  
 τόνδ' ἀργῆτα Κολωνόν, ἔνθ'  
 ἀ λῆγεια μινύρεται  
 θαμέζουσα μάλιστ' αἰδῶν  
 χλωραῖς ὑπὸ βάσσαις,  
 τὸν οἰνώπα νέμουσα κισσὸν  
 καὶ τὰν ἄβατον θεοῦ  
 φυλλάδα μυριόκαρπον ἀνήλιον  
 ἀνήνεμόν τε πάντων  
 χειμῶνων· ἔν' ὁ βακχιώτας  
 ἀεὶ Διόνυσος ἐμβατεύει  
 θείαις ἀμφιπολῶν τιθήναις·  
 θάλλει δ' οὐρανίας ὑπ' ἄχνας  
 ὁ καλλέβοτρυς κατ' ἡμαρ ἀεὶ  
 νάρκισσος, μέγалаν θεαῖν  
 ἀρχαῖον στεφάνωμ', ὃ τε  
 χρυσαυγῆς κρόκος· οὐδ' ἄϋπνοι  
 κρῆναι μινύθουσιν  
 Κηφισοῦ νομάδες ρεέθρων,  
 ἀλλ' αἰὲν ἐπ' ἡματι  
 ὠκυτόκος πεδίων ἐπινίσσεται  
 ἀκηράτῳ ξὺν ὄμβρῳ  
 στερνούχου χθονός· οὐδὲ Μουσᾶν  
 χοροὶ νιν ἀπεστύγησαν, σὺδ' οὔν  
 ἀ χρυσάνιος Ἀφροδίτα.

— SOPHOCLES, *Oed. Col.* 668–693.

ἐπεὶ δ' ἀφῖκτο τὸν καταρράκτην ὁδὸν  
 χαλκοῖς βάθροισι γῆθεν ἐρριζωμένον,  
 ἔστη κελεύθων ἐν πολυσχίστων μιᾷ,  
 κοίλου πέλας κρατῆρος, οὗ τὰ Πειρίθου  
 Θησέως τε κεῖται πίστ' ἀεὶ ξυνθήματα·  
 ἀφ' οὗ μέσον στάς τοῦ τε Θορικίου πέτρου  
 κοίλης τ' ἀχέρδου κάπθ' λαΐνου τάφου,  
 καθέζετ', εἴτ' ἔλυσε δυσπινεῖς στολὰς·  
 κᾶπειτ' αὔσας παῖδας ἠνώγει ῥυτῶν  
 ὑδάτων ἐνεγκεῖν λουτρὰ καὶ χοάς ποθεν.  
 τῷ δ' εὐχλόου Δήμητρος εἰς ἐπόψειον  
 πάγον μολούσα τάσδ' ἐπιστολὰς πατρὶ  
 ταχεῖ 'πόρευσαν ξὺν χρόνῳ, λουτροῖς τέ νιν  
 ἐσθήτ' τ' ἐξήσκησαν ἧ νομίζεται.  
 ἐπεὶ δὲ παντὸς εἶχε δρωῶντος ἡδονήν,  
 κοῦκ ἦν ἔτ' ἀργὸν οὐδὲν ὧν ἐφίετο,  
 κτύπησε μὲν Ζεὺς χθόνιος, αἱ δὲ παρθέναι  
 'ρρίγησαν, ὡς ἤκουσαν, ἔς δὲ γούνατα  
 πατρὸς πεσοῦσαι 'κλαῖον, οὐδ' ἀνέεσαν  
 στέρνων ἀραγμοὺς οὐδὲ παμμήκεις γόους.  
 ὁ δ' ὡς ἀκούει ψθόγγον ἐξαίφνης πικρὸν,  
 πτύξας ἐπ' αὐταῖς χεῖρας εἶπεν· ὦ τέκνα,  
 οὐκ ἔστ' ἔθ' ὑμῖν τῇδ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ πατὴρ.  
 ὄλωλε γὰρ δὴ πάντα τὰμὰ, κοῦκέτι  
 τὴν δυσόνητον ἔξετ' ἀμφ' ἐμοὶ τροφήν·  
 σκληρὰν μὲν, οἶδα, παῖδες, ἀλλ' ἐν γὰρ μόνον  
 τὰ πάντα λύει ταῦτ' ἔπος μοχθήματα·  
 τὸ γὰρ φιλεῖν οὐκ ἔστιν ἐξ ὅτου πλέον  
 ἢ τοῦδε τ' ἀνδρὸς ἔσχεθ', οὗ τητώμεναι

τὸ λοιπὸν ἤδη τὸν βίον διάξετε.  
 τοιαῦτ' ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἀμφικείμενοι  
 λύγδην ἔκλαιον πάντες. ὥς δὲ πρὸς τέλος  
 γόων ἀφίκοντ' οὐδ' ἔτ' ὠρώρει βοή,  
 ἦν μὲν σιωπῇ, φθέγμα δ' ἐξαίφνης τινὸς  
 θωύξεν αὐτὸν, ὥστε πάντας ὀρθίας  
 στήσαι φόβῳ, δείσαντας, ἐξαίφνης τρίχας.  
 καλεῖ γὰρ αὐτὸν πολλὰ πολλαχῇ θεός·  
 ὦ οὗτος οὗτος, Οἰδίπους, τί μέλλομεν  
 χωρεῖν; πάλα δὴ τ' ἀπὸ σοῦ βραδύνεται,  
 ὃ δ' ὥς ἐπήσθετ' ἐκ θεοῦ καλούμενος,  
 αὐδᾶ μολεῖν οἱ γῆς ἄνακτα θησέα.  
 κάπεῖ προσῆλθεν, εἶπεν. ὦ φίλον κάρα,  
 δὸς μοι χερὸς σῆς πίστιν ἀρχαίαν τέκνοις·  
 ὑμεῖς δὲ, παῖδες, τῷδε· καὶ καταίνεσον  
 μήποτε προδώσειν τάσδ' ἐκὼν, τελεῖν δ' ὅσ' ἂν  
 μέλλῃς φρονῶν εὖ ξυμφέρωντ' αὐταῖς ἀεί.  
 ὃ δ', ὥς ἀνὴρ γενναῖος, οὐκ ὅκνου μέτα  
 κατήνεσεν τάδ' ὄρκιος δράσειν ξένῳ.  
 ὅπως δὲ ταῦτ' ἔδρασεν, εὐθὺς Οἰδίπους  
 φάσας ἀμαυραῖς χερσὶν ὧν παίδων λέγει·  
 ὦ παῖδε, τλάσα χρή τὸ γενναῖον φρενὶ  
 χωρεῖν τόπων ἐκ τῶνδε, μηδ' ἄ μὴ θέμις  
 λεύσσειν δικαιοῦν, μηδὲ φωνούντων κλύειν.  
 ἀλλ' ἔρπεθ' ὥς τάχιστα· πλὴν ὃ κύριος  
 θησεὺς παρέστω μανθάνων τὰ δρώμενα.  
 Τοσαῦτα φωνήσαντος εἰσηκούσαμεν  
 ξύμπαντες· ἀστακτὶ δὲ σὺν ταῖς παρθένοις  
 στένοντες ὠμαρτοῦμεν· ὥς δ' ἀπήλθομεν,  
 χρόνῳ βραχεῖ στραφέντες, ἐξαπείδομεν  
 τὸν ἄνδρα τὸν μὲν οὐδαμοῦ παρόντ' ἔτι,

ἄνακτα δ' αὐτὸν ὁμμάτων ἐπίσκειον  
 χεῖρ' ἀντέχοντα κρατὸς ὡς δεινοῦ τινος  
 φόβου φανέντος οὐδ' ἀνασχετοῦ βλέπειν.  
 ἔπειτα μέντοι βαιὸν οὐδὲ σὺν χρόνῳ,  
 ὀρῶμεν αὐτὸν γῆν τε προσκυνοῦνθ' ἅμα  
 καὶ τὸν θεῶν Ὀλυμπον ἐν ταῦτῳ λόγῳ.  
 μόρῳ δ' ὁποίῳ κείνος ὦλετ' οὐδ' ἂν εἷς  
 θνητῶν φράσειε, πλὴν τὸ θησέως κάρα.  
 οὐ γάρ τις αὐτὸν οὔτε πυρφόρος θεοῦ  
 κεραυνὸς ἐξέπραξεν, οὔτε ποντία  
 θύελλα κινηθεῖσα τῷ τότ' ἐν χρόνῳ,  
 ἀλλ' ἢ τις ἐκ θεῶν πομπὸς ἢ τὸ νερτέρων  
 εὖνουν διαστὰν γῆς ἀλύπητον βάθρον.  
 ἀνὴρ γὰρ οὐ στενακτὸς οὐδὲ σὺν νόσοις  
 ἀλγεινὸς ἐξεπέμπετ', ἀλλ' εἴ τις βροτῶν  
 θαυμαστὸς. εἰ δὲ μὴ δοκῶ φρονῶν λέγειν,  
 οὐκ ἂν παρήμεν οἷσι μὴ δοκῶ φρονεῖν.

— SOPHOCLES, *Oed. Col.* 1590-1666.

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ΧΘ. Ἐρεχθεῖδαι τὸ παλαιὸν ὄλβιοι,  
 καὶ θεῶν παῖδες μακάρων, ἱερᾶς  
 χώρας ἀπορθήτου τ' ἀποφερβόμενοι  
 κλεινοτάταν σοφίαν, αἰεὶ διὰ λαμπροτάτου  
 βαίνοντες ἀβρῶς αἰθέρος, ἔνθα ποθ' ἀγνάς  
 ἐννέα Πιερίδας Μούσας λέγουσι  
 ξανθὰν Ἀρμονίαν φυτεῦσαι·

τοῦ καλλενάου τ' ἀπὸ Κηφισοῦ ῥοὰς  
 τὰν Κύπριν κλήζουσιν ἀφυσσαμέναν  
 χώραν καταπνεῦσαι μετρίας ἀνέμων

ἡδυπνόους αὔρας· ἀεὶ δ' ἐπιβαλλομένην  
 χαίταισιν εὐώδη ῥοδέων πλόκον ἀνθέων  
 τᾷ σοφίᾳ παρέδρους πέμπειν ἔρωτας,  
 παντοίας ἀρετᾶς ξυνεργούς.

— EURIPIDES, *Medea*, 824–845.

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Ὁλβιος ὅστις ἰδὼν ἐκεῖνα κοίλαν  
 εἴσιν ὑπὸ χθόνα· οἶδεν μὲν βίου [κεῖνος] τελευτάν,  
 οἶδεν δὲ διόσδοτον ἀρχάν.

— PINDAR, *Thren.* 8.

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XO. εἶην ὅθι . . .  
     λαμπάσιν ἀκταῖς,  
 οὗ πότνιαι σεμνὰ τιθηνοῦνται τέλη  
 θνατοῖσιν, ὧν καὶ χρυσέα  
 κλῆς ἐπι, γλώσσα βέβακε, προσπόλων Εὐμολπιδᾶν.

— SOPHOCLES, *Oed. Col.* 1044–1052.

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XO. χωρεῖτε  
     νῦν ἱρὸν ἀνὰ κύκλον θεᾶς, ἀνθοφόρον ἀν' ἄλσος  
     παίζοντες οἷς μετουσία θεοφιλοῦς ἑορτῆς.  
 ΔΙ. ἐγὼ δὲ σὺν ταῖσιν κόραις εἴμι καὶ γυναιξίν,  
     οὗ παννυχίζουσιν θεᾶ, φέγγος ἱρὸν οὔσων.  
 XO. χωρῶμεν ἐς πολυρρόδους  
     λειμῶνας ἀνθεμώδεις,  
     τὸν ἡμέτερον τρόπον,  
     τὸν καλλιχορώτατον,  
     παίζοντες, δν ὕλβιαι  
     Μοῖραι ξυνάγουσιν.

μόνοις γὰρ ἡμῖν ἥλιος  
καὶ φέγγος ἱλαρόν ἐστιν,  
ὅσοι μεμνήμεθ' εὐ-  
σεβῇ τε διήγομεν  
τρόπον περὶ τοὺς ξένους  
καὶ τοὺς ἰδιώτας.

— ARISTOPHANES, *Frogs*, 440-459.

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XO. "Ιακχ', ὦ πολυτίμητ' ἐν ἔδραις ἐνθάδε ναίων,  
"Ιακχ', ὦ "Ιακχε,  
ἐλθὲ τόνδ' ἀνὰ λειμῶνα χορεύσων,  
ὁσίους ἐς θιασώτας,  
πολύκαρπον μὲν τινάσσων  
περὶ κρατὶ σῶ βρύοντα  
στέφανον μύρτων· θρασεῖ δ' ἐγκατακρούων  
ποδὶ τὰν ἀκόλαστον  
φιλοπαίγμονα τιμὰν,  
χαρίτων πλεῖστον ἔχουσαν μέρος, ἀγνὰν, ἱερὰν  
ὁσίους μύσταις χορεΐαν.

XO. ἔγειρε φλογέας λαμπάδας ἐν χερσὶ γὰρ ἔκει  
τινάσσων,  
"Ιακχ', ὦ "Ιακχε,  
νυκτέρου τελετῆς φωσφόρος ἀστήρ.  
φλογὶ φέγγεται δὲ λειμῶν·  
γόνυ πάλλεται γερόντων·  
ἀποσεύονται δὲ λύπας  
χρονίους τ' ἐτῶν παλαιῶν ἐνιαυτοὺς,  
ἱερᾶς ὑπὸ τιμᾶς.  
σὺ δὲ λαμπάδι φέγγων



προβάδην ἕξαγ' ἐπ' ἀνθηρόν ἔλειον δάπεδον  
χοροποιόν, μάκαρ, ἦβαν.

— ARISTOPHANES, *Frogs*, 324-352.

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Δήμητρ' ἡῦκομον, σεμνήν θεόν, ἄρχομ' αἰείδειν,  
αὐτὴν ἡδὲ θύγατρα τανύσφυρον, ἣν Ἀἰδωνεὺς  
ἥρπαξεν, δῶκεν δὲ βαρύκτυπος εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς,  
νόσφιν Δήμητρος χρυσαόρου ἀγλαοκάρπου  
παίζουσιν κούρησι σὺν Ὠκεανοῦ βαθυκόλποις,  
ἄνθεά τ' αἰνυμένην, ῥόδα καὶ κρόκον ἡδ' ἕα καλὰ  
λειμῶν' ἅμ μαλακὸν καὶ ἀγαλλίδας ἡδ' ὑάκινθον  
νάρκισσόν θ', ὃν φῦσε δόλον καλυκώπιδι κούρη  
Γαῖα Διὸς βουλῇσι χαριζομένη Πολυδέκτη,  
θαυμαστὸν γανδώντα· σέβας τό γε πᾶσιν ἰδέσθαι  
ἀθανάτοις τε θεοῖς ἡδὲ θνητοῖς ἀνθρώποις·  
τοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ ῥίζης ἑκατὸν κάρα ἐξεπεφύκει,  
κῶζ' ἦδιστ' ὁδμή, πᾶς δ' οὐρανὸς εὐρύς ὑπερθε  
γαῖα τε πᾶσ' ἐγέλασσε καὶ ἀλμυρὸν οἶδμα θαλάσσης.  
ἡ δ' ἄρα θαμβήσας ὠρέξατο χερσὶν ἅμ' ἅμφω  
καλὸν ἄθυρμα λαβεῖν· χάνε δὲ χθῶν εὐρυάγυια  
Νύσιον ἅμ πεδίον, τῇ ὄρουσεν ἄναξ Πολυδέγμων  
ἵπποις ἀθανάτοισι, Κρόνου πολυώνυμος υἱός.  
ἀρπάξας δ' ἀέκουσαν ἐπὶ χρυσέοισιν ὄχοισιν  
ἦγ' ὀλοφυρομένην· ἰάχησε δ' ἄρ' ὄρθια φωνῇ,  
κεκλομένη πατέρα Κρονίδην ὑπατον καὶ ἄριστον.  
οὐδὲ τις ἀθανάτων οὐδὲ θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων  
ἤκουσεν φωνῆς, οὐδ' ἀγλαόκαρποι ἐλαῖαι·  
εἰ μὴ Περσαίου θυγάτηρ ἀταλὰ φρονέουσα  
ἄϊεν ἐξ ἄντρου, Ἑκάτη λιπαροκρήδεμνος,  
'Ἡέλιός τε ἄναξ, Ὑπερίονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός,

κούρης κεκλομένης πατέρα Κρονίδην· ὁ δὲ νόσφιν  
 ἦστο θεῶν ἀπάνευθε πολυλλίστῳ ἐνὶ νηῶ,  
 δέγμενος ἱερὰ καλὰ παρὰ θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων.  
 τὴν δ' ἀεκαζομένην ἦγεν Διὸς ἐννεσῆσι  
 πατροκασίγνητος, πολυσημάντωρ πολυδέγμων,  
 ἕποις ἀθανάτοισι, Κρόνου πολυώνυμος υἱός.  
 ὄφρα μὲν οὖν γαῖάν τε καὶ οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντα  
 λεῦσσε θεὰ καὶ πόντον ἀγάρροον ἰχθυόεντα,  
 αὐγὰς τ' ἠέλιου, ἔτι δ' ἤλπετο μητέρα κεδνὴν  
 ὄφεισθαι καὶ φῦλα θεῶν αἰειγενετάων,  
 τόφρα οἱ ἐλπίς ἔθελγε μέγαν νόον ἀχνομένης περ·

ἤχησαν δ' ὀρέων κορυφαὶ καὶ βένθεα πόντου  
 φωνῇ ὑπ' ἀθανάτῃ, τῆς δ' ἔκλυε πότνια μήτηρ.  
 ὁξὺ δὲ μιν κραδίην ἄχος ἔλλαβεν, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαίταις  
 ἀμβροσίαις κρήδεμνα δαΐζετο χερσὶ φίλῃσι,  
 κυάνεον δὲ κάλυμμα κατ' ἀμφοτέρων βάλετ' ὦμων,  
 σέυατο δ', ὥς τ' οἴωνός, ἐπὶ τραφερὴν τε καὶ ὕγρην  
 μαομένη· τῇ δ' οὐ τις ἐτήτυμα μυθήσασθαι  
 ἤθελεν οὔτε θεῶν οὔτε θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων,  
 οὔτ' οἴωνῶν τις τῇ ἐτήτυμος ἄγγελος ἦλθεν.  
 ἐννημαρ μὲν ἔπειτα κατὰ χθόνα πότνια Διὶ  
 στρωφᾷτ' αἰθομένας δαῖδας μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχουσα  
 οὐδέ ποτ' ἀμβροσίης καὶ νέκταρος ἡδυπότοιο  
 πάσσαιτ' ἀκηχεμένη, οὐδὲ χρόα βάλλετο λουτροῖς.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ δεκάτῃ οἱ ἐπήλυθε φαυνολλίς 'Ηώς,  
 ἦντετό οἱ Ἑκάτῃ, σέλας ἐν χείρεσσιν ἔχουσα,  
 καὶ ῥά οἱ ἀγγελεύσα ἔπος φάτο φώνησέν τε·  
 πότνια Δημήτηρ, ὠρηφόρε, ἀγλαόδωρε,  
 τίς θεῶν οὐρανίων ἠὲ θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων  
 ἥρπασε Περσεφόνην καὶ σὸν φίλον ἥκαχε θυμόν;

φωνῆς γὰρ ἤκουσ', ἀτὰρ οὐκ ἴδον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν  
ὅς τις ἔην· σοὶ δ' ὦκα λέγω νημερτέα παντα.

ὣς ἄρ' ἔφη Ἑκάτη· τὴν δ' οὐκ ἡμείβετο μύθῳ  
Ῥείης ἡυκόμου θυγάτηρ, ἀλλ' ὦκα σὺν αὐτῇ  
ἦϊξ' αἰθομένας δαΐδας μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχουσα.

Ἡέλιον δ' ἔκοντο, θεῶν σκοπὸν ἡδὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν,  
στὰν δ' ἔππων προπάροιθε καὶ εἴρετο διὰ θεάων·

Ἡέλι', αἰδεσσαί με θεὰν σύ περ, εἴ ποτε δὴ σευ  
ἦ ἔπει ἦ ἔργῳ κραδίην καὶ θυμὸν ἔηνα·

κούρην τὴν ἔτεκον, γλυκερὸν θάλος, εἶδεῖ κυδρὴν,  
τῆς ἀδινὴν ὅπ' ἄκουσα δι' αἰθέρος ἀτρυγέτοιο  
ὥς τε βιαζομένης, ἀτὰρ οὐκ ἴδον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν.

ἀλλὰ σὺ γὰρ δὴ πᾶσαν ἐπὶ χθόνα καὶ κατὰ πόντον  
αἰθερος ἐκ δίης καταδέρκεαι ἀκτίνεσσι,  
νημερτέως μοι ἔνισπε φίλον τέκος, εἴ που ὅπωπας  
ὅς τις νόσφιν ἐμεῖο λαβὼν ἀέκουσαν ἀνάγκη  
οἴχεται ἡὲ θεῶν ἦ καὶ θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων.

Ὡς φάτο, τὴν δ' Ὑπεριονίδης ἡμείβετο μύθῳ·

Ῥείης ἡυκόμου θυγάτηρ, Δήμητερ ἄνασσα,  
εἰδήσεις· δὴ γὰρ μέγα ἄζομαι ἡδ' ἐλεαίρῳ  
ἄχθυμένην περὶ παιδὶ ταυυσφύρῳ· οὐδέ τις ἄλλος  
αἷτιος ἀθανάτων, εἰ μὴ νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς,  
ὅς μιν ἔδωκ' Ἀἰδῇ θαλερὴν κεκλήσθαι ἄκοιτιν  
αὐτοκασιγνήτῳ· ὃ δ' ὑπὸ ζόφον ἡερόεντα  
ἀρπάξας ἔπποισιν ἄγεν μέγала ἰάχουσαν.

ἔξετο δ' ἐγγύς ὁδοῖο φίλον τετιημένη ἦτορ,  
Παρθενίῳ φρέατι, ὅθεν ὑδρεύοντο πολῖται,  
ἐν σκιῇ, αὐτὰρ ὕπερθε πεφύκει θάμνος ἐλαίης,  
γρῆτ' παλαιγενεῖ ἐναλίγκιος, ἦ τε τόκοιο  
εἴργηται δώρων τε φιλοστεφάνου Ἀφροδίτης,

οἷά τε τροφοί εἰσι θεμιστοπόλων βασιλῆων  
 παίδων καὶ ταμίαι κατὰ δώματα ἡχέεντα.  
 τὴν δὲ ἴδον Κελεοῖο Ἑλευσινίδαο θυγατρεις,  
 ἐρχόμεναι μεθ' ὕδωρ εὐήρυτον, ὅφρα φέροιεν  
 κάλπισι χαλκείησι φίλα πρὸς δώματα πατρός,  
 τέσσαρες, ὧς τε θεαί, κουρήϊον ἄνθος ἔχουσαι,  
 Καλλιδίκη καὶ Κλεισιδίκη Δημῷ τ' ἐρόεσσα  
 Καλλιθόη θ', ἣ τῶν προγενεστάτη ἦεν ἀπασῶν.

Ὡς ἔφαθ'. ἣ δ' ἐπένευσε καρῆατι, ταὶ δὲ φαεῖνά  
 πλησάμεναι ὕδατος φέρον ἄγγεα κυδιάουσαι.  
 ῥίμφα δὲ πατρός ἵκοντο μέγαν δόμον, ὧκα δὲ μητρὶ  
 ἔννεπον ὧς εἶδόν τε καὶ ἔκλυον. ἣ δὲ μάλ' ὧκα  
 ἐλθούσας ἐκέλευε καλεῖν ἐπ' ἀπείρονι μισθῷ.  
 αἱ δ' ὥς τ' ἦ ἔλαφοι ἢ πόρτιες εἶαρος ὥρη  
 ἄλλοντ' ἂν λειμῶνα κορεσσάμεναι φρένα φορβῇ,  
 ὧς αἱ ἐπισχόμεναι ἐανῶν πτύχας ἱμεροέντων  
 ἦξιαν κοίλην κατ' ἀμαξιτόν, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖται  
 ὤμοις ἀΰσσοντο κροκῆζω ἄνθει ὁμοῖαι.

τοῦ δὲ κασίγνηται φωνὴν ἐσάκουσαν ἐλεινήν,  
 καὶ δ' ἄρ' ἀπ' εὐστρώτων λεχέων θόρον· ἣ μὲν ἔπειτα  
 παῖδ' ἀνὰ χερσὶν ἐλοῦσα ἐῷ ἐγκάτθετο κόλπῳ,  
 ἣ δ' ἄρα πῦρ ἀνέκαι', ἣ δ' ἔσσυτο πόσος ἀπαλοῖσι  
 μητέρ' ἀναστήσουσα θυώδεος ἐκ θαλάμοιο.  
 ἀγρόμεναι δὲ μιν ἀμφὶς ἐλόβεον ἀσπαίροντα  
 ἀμφαγαπαζόμεναι· τοῦ δ' οὐ μειλίσσετο θυμός·  
 χειρότεραι γὰρ δὴ μιν ἔχον τροφοὶ ἢδὲ τιθῆναι.

ἣ δ' ὀχέων ἐπέβη, παρὰ δὲ κρατὺς Ἀργεῖφόντης  
 ἡγία καὶ μάλιστα λαβὼν μετὰ χερσὶ φίλῃσι

σεῦε διέκ μεγάρων· τῷ δ' οὐκ ἄκοντε πετέσθην.  
 ῥίμφα δὲ μακρὰ κέλευθα διήνυσαν, οὐδὲ θάλασσα  
 οὔθ' ὕδωρ ποταμῶν οὔτ' ἄγρεα ποιήεντα  
 ἔππων ἀθανάτων οὔτ' ἄκριες ἔσχεθον ὁρμήν,  
 ἀλλ' ὑπὲρ αὐτάων βαθὺν ἡέρα τέμνον ἰόντες.  
 στῆσε δ' ἄγων ὅθι μέμνεν ἑϋστέφανος Δημήτηρ,  
 νηοῖο προπάροιθε θυώδεος· ἡ δὲ ἰδοῦσα  
 ἦϊξ' ἡὔτε μαινὰς ὄρος κατά δάσκιον ὕλη.  
 Περσεφόνη δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐπεὶ ἴδεν ὄμματα καλὰ  
 μητρὸς ἐῆς, κατ' ἄρ' ἢ γ' ὄχεα προλιποῦσα καὶ ἔππους  
 ἄλτο θέειν, δειρῇ δέ οἱ ἔμπεσεν ἀμφιχυθεῖσα·  
 τῇ δὲ φίλῃν ἔτι παῖδα ἐῆς μετὰ χερσὶν ἐχούσῃ  
 αἶψα δόλον θυμός τιν' ὄϊσατο, τρέσσε δ' ἄρ' αἰνῶς  
 παυομένη φιλότῃτος, ἄφαρ δ' ἐρεεῖνετο μῦθῳ·

Τέκνον, μή ῥά τί μοι σύ γε πάσσαι, νέρθεν ἐοῦσα,  
 βρώμης ; ἐξάυδα, μὴ κεῦθ', ἵνα εἶδομεν ἄμφω·  
 ὥς μὲν γάρ κ' ἀνιοῦσα παρὰ στυγεροῦ Ἀΐδαο  
 καὶ παρ' ἐμοὶ καὶ πατρὶ κελαϊνεφέϊ Κρονίωνι  
 νακετάοις, πάντεσσι τετιμένη ἀθανάτοισιν  
 εἰ δ' ἐπάσω, πάλιν αὖτις ἰοῦσ' ὑπὸ κεύθεσι γαίης  
 οἰκήσεις ὠρῶν τρίτατον μέρος εἰς ἐναιωτόν,  
 τὰς δὲ δύο παρ' ἐμοί τε καὶ ἄλλοις ἀθανάτοισιν.  
 ὁππότε δ' ἄνθεσι γαῖ' εὐώδεσιν εἰαρινοῖσι  
 παντοδαποῖς θάλλει, τότε ἀπὸ ζόφου ἡρόεντος  
 αὖτις ἄνει μέγα θαῦμα θεοῖς θνητοῖς τ' ἀνθρώποις.

αἶψα δὲ καρπὸν ἀνήκεν ἀρουράων ἐριβόλων.  
 πᾶσα δὲ φύλλοισιν τε καὶ ἄνθεσιν εὐρεῖα χθῶν  
 ἔβρισ'· ἡ δὲ κιοῦσα θεμιστοπόλοις βασιλεῦσι  
 δεῖξε, Τριπτολέμῳ τε Διοκλεῖ τε πληξίππῳ,  
 Εὐμόλπου τε βίῃ Κελεῶ θ' ἡγήτορι λαῶν,

δρημοσύνην θ' ἱερῶν καὶ ἐπέφραδεν ὄργια πᾶσι,  
 Τριπτολέμῳ τε Πολυξείνῳ τ', ἐπὶ τοῖς δὲ Διοκλεΐ,  
 σεμνά, τὰ τ' οὐ πως ἔστι παρεξίμεν οὔτε πυθέσθαι,  
 οὔτ' ἀχέειν· μέγα γάρ τι θεῶν σέβας ἰσχάνει αὐδήν.  
 ὄλβιος δς τὰδ' ὅπωπεν ἐπιχθονίων ἀνθρώπων·  
 δς δ' ἀτελῆς ἱερῶν, ὅς τ' ἄμμορος, οὐ ποθ' ὁμοίων  
 αἴσαν ἔχει φθίμενός περ ὑπὸ ζόφῳ εὐρώεντι.

— HOMER, Hymn Dem. 1-482.

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παρὰ Καλλιχόροισι παραῖς  
 λαμπάδα θεωρὸν εἰκάδων  
 ὄψεται ἐννύχιος αὔπνοος ὦν,  
 ὅτε καὶ Διὸς ἀστερωπὸς  
 ἀνεχόρευσεν αἰθῆρ,  
 χορεύει δὲ Σελάνα  
 καὶ πεντήκοντα κόραι  
 Νηρέος, αἱ κατὰ πόντον  
 ἀενάων τε ποταμῶν  
 δίνας χορευόμεναι,  
 τὰν χρυσοστέφανον κόραν  
 καὶ ματέρα σεμνάν·

— EURIPIDES, Ion, 1075-1086.

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ἐγὼ δὲ δώσω τὴν ἐμὴν παῖδα κτανεῖν.  
 λογίζομαι δὲ πολλά· πρῶτα μὲν πόλιν  
 οὐκ ἂν τιν' ἄλλην τῆσδε βελτίῳ λάβεῖν·  
 ἢ πρῶτα μὲν λεῶς οὐκ ἐπακτὸς ἄλλοθεν,  
 αὐτόχθονες δ' ἔφουμεν· αἱ δ' ἄλλα πόλεις

πεσσών ὁμοίως διαφοραῖς ἐκτισμέναι  
 ἄλλαι παρ' ἄλλων εἰσὶν εἰσαγώγιμοι.  
 ὅστις δ' ἀπ' ἄλλης πόλεος οἰκίζει πόλιν,  
 ἄρμὸς πονηρὸς ὥσπερ ἐν ξύλῳ παγεῖς,  
 λόγῳ πολίτης ἐστὶ, τοῖς δ' ἔργοισιν οὐ.  
 ἔπειτα τέκνα τοῦδ' ἔκατι τίκτομεν,  
 ὥς θεῶν τε βωμοὺς πατρὶδα τε ῥυνώμεθα.

εἰ δ' ἦν ἐν οἴκοις ἀντὶ θηλειῶν στάχυσ  
 ἄρσην, πόλιν δὲ πολεμία κατεῖχε φλόξ,  
 οὐκ ἄν νιν ἐξέπεμπον εἰς μάχην δορὸς,  
 θάνατον προταρβοῦσ' ;

τὰ μητέρων δὲ δάκρυ' ὅταν πέμπῃ τέκνα,  
 πολλοὺς ἐθήλυν' εἰς μάχην ὀρμωμένους.  
 μισῶ γυναικας αἵτινες πρὸ τοῦ καλοῦ  
 ζῆν παῖδας εἵλονται ἢ παρήνεσαν κακά.  
 καὶ μὴν θανόντες γ' ἐν μάχῃ πολλῶν μέτα  
 τύμβον τε κοινὸν ἔλαχον εὐκλείαν τ' ἴσῃν.  
 τῇμῃ δὲ παιδὶ στέφανος εἷς μὲν μόνῃ  
 πόλεως θανούσῃ τῇσδ' ὑπερδοθήσεται.  
 καὶ τὴν τεκοῦσαν καὶ σὲ δύο θ' ὁμοσπόρω  
 σώσει· τί τούτων οὐχὶ δέξασθαι καλόν;  
 τὴν οὐκ ἐμὴν οὖν πλὴν φύσει δώσω κόρην  
 θῦσαι πρὸ γαίας. εἰ γὰρ αἰρεθήσεται  
 πόλις, τί παίδων τῶν ἐμῶν μέτεστί μοι;  
 οὐκ οὖν ἅπαντα τοῦν γ' ἐμοὶ σωθήσεται;  
 ἄρξουσιν ἄλλοι, τήνδ' ἐγὼ σώσω πόλιν.  
 ἐκεῖνο δ' οὐ τὸ πλεῖστον ἐν κοινῷ μέρος,  
 οὐκ ἔσθ' ἐκούσης τῆς ἐμῆς ψυχῆς ἀνὴρ  
 προγόνων παλαιὰ θέσμι' ὅστις ἐκβαλεῖ·

οὐδ' ἀντ' ἐλάας χρυσέας τε Γοργόνος  
 τρίαῖναν ὀρθὴν στᾶσαν ἐν πόλεως βάθροις  
 Εὐμολπος οὐδὲ Θρᾶξ ἀναστέψει λεῶς  
 στεφάνοισι, Παλλὰς δ' οὐδαμοῦ τιμήσεται.

ὦ πατρὶς, εἴθε πάντες οἳ ναίουσί σε  
 οὔτω φιλοῖεν ὥς ἐγώ· καὶ ῥαδίως  
 οἰκοῖμεν ἂν σε κούδεν ἂν πάσχοις κακόν.

— EURIPIDES, Frag. 362, 4-55.

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- ΑΓ. θεοὶ πόλιν σώζουσι Παλλάδος θεᾶς.  
 ΑΤ. ἔτ' ἄρ' Ἀθηνῶν ἔστ' ἀπόρρητος πόλις;  
 ΑΓ. ἀνδρῶν γὰρ ὄντων ἕρκος ἐστὶν ἀσφαλές.  
 ΑΤ. ἀρχὴ δὲ ναυσι ξυμβολῆς τίς ἦν, φράσον·  
 τίνες κατῆρξαν, πότερον Ἑλληνες, μάχης,  
 ἢ παῖς ἐμὸς πλήθει κατασχῆσας νεῶν;  
 ΑΓ. ἤρξεν μὲν, ὦ δέσποινα, τοῦ παντὸς κακοῦ  
 φανεῖς ἀλάστωρ ἢ κακὸς δαίμων ποθέν.  
 ἀνὴρ γὰρ Ἑλλήν ἐξ Ἀθηναίων στρατοῦ  
 ἐλθὼν ἔλεξε παιδὶ σῶ· Ξέρξῃ τάδε,  
 ὥς, εἰ μελαίνης νυκτὸς ἕξεται κνέφας,  
 Ἑλληνες οὐ μενοῖεν, ἀλλὰ σέλμασι  
 ναῶν ἐπενθορόντες ἄλλος ἄλλοσε  
 δρασμῶ κρυφαίῳ βίοντον ἐκωσοίατο.  
 ὁ δ' εὐθὺς ὥς ἤκουσεν, οὐ ξυνεῖς δόλον  
 Ἑλληνος ἀνδρὸς, οὐδὲ τὸν θεῶν φθόνον,  
 πᾶσιν προφωνεῖ τόνδε ναυάρχους λόγον·  
 Εὗτ' ἂν φλέγων ἀκτῖσιν ἥλιος χθόνα  
 λήξῃ, κνέφας δὲ τέμενος αἰθέρος λάβῃ,  
 τάξαι νεῶν στῆφος μὲν ἐν στοίχοις τριᾶν,



ἔκπλους φυλάσσειν καὶ πόρους ἀλερρόθους·  
 ἄλλας δὲ κύκλῳ νῆσον Αἴαντος πέριξ,  
 ὥς, εἰ μόρον φευξοίαθ' Ἑλληνες κακὸν  
 ναυσὶν κρυφαίως δρασμὸν εὐρόντες τινὰ,  
 πᾶσιν στέρεσθαι κρατὸς ἦν προκείμενον.  
 τοσαῦτ' ἔλεξε κάρθ' ὑπ' εὐθύμου φρενός  
 οὐ γὰρ τὸ μέλλον ἐκ θεῶν ἠπίστατο.  
 οἱ δ' οὐκ ἀκόσμως, ἀλλὰ πειθάρχῳ φρενὶ  
 δεῖπνόν τ' ἐπορσύνοντο, ναυβάτης τ' ἀνὴρ  
 τροποῦτο κώπην σκαλμὸν ἀμφ' εὐήρετμον.  
 ἐπεὶ δὲ φέγγος ἡλίου κατέφθιτο  
 καὶ νύξ ἐπῆει, πᾶς ἀνὴρ κώπης ἄναξ  
 ἐς ναῦν ἐχώρει, πᾶς θ' ὅπλων ἐπιστάτης.  
 τάξεις δὲ τάξιν παρεκάλει νεῶς μακρᾶς,  
 πλέουσι δ' ὥς ἕκαστος ἦν τεταγμένος·  
 καὶ πάννυχοι δὴ διάπλοον καθίστασαν  
 ναῶν ἀνακτες πάντα ναυτικὸν λεών·  
 καὶ νύξ ἐχώρει, κοῦ μάλ' Ἑλλήνων στρατὸς  
 κρυφαῖον ἔκπλουν οὐδαμῇ καθίστατο.  
 ἐπεὶ γε μέντοι λευκόπωλος ἡμέρα  
 πᾶσαν κατέσχε γαῖαν εὐφεγγῆς ἰδεῖν,  
 πρῶτον μὲν ἡχῇ κέλαδος Ἑλλήνων πάρα  
 μολπηθὸν ἠυφώμησεν, ὄρθιον δ' ἄμα  
 ἀντηγάλαξε νησιώτιδος πέτρας  
 ἡχώ· φόβος δὲ πᾶσι βαρβάρους παρῆν  
 γνώμης ἀποσφαλεῖσιν· οὐ γὰρ ὥς φυγῇ  
 παῖαν' ἐφύμνουσιν σεμνὸν Ἑλληνες τότε,  
 ἀλλ' εἰς μάχην ὀρμῶντες εὐφύχῳ θράσει.  
 σάλπιγξ δ' αὖτῃ πάντ' ἐκεῖν' ἐπέφλεγεν·  
 εὐθὺς δὲ κώπης ῥοθιάδος ξυνεμβολῇ  
 ἔπαισαν ἄλμην βρύχιον ἐκ κελεύσματος,

θοῶς δὲ πάντες ἦσαν ἐκφανεῖς ἰδεῖν.  
 τὸ δεξιὸν μὲν πρῶτον εὐτακτον κέρασ  
 ἤγειτο κόσμῳ, δεύτερον δ' ὁ πᾶς στόλος  
 ἐπεξεχώρει, καὶ παρῆν ὁμοῦ κλβεῖν  
 πολλήν βοήν, Ὡ παῖδες Ἑλλήνων, ἕτε,  
 ἐλευθεροῦτε πατρίδ', ἐλευθεροῦτε δὲ  
 παῖδας, γυναικας, θεῶν τε πατρῶων ἔδη,  
 θήκας τε προγόνων· νῦν ὑπὲρ πάντων ἀγών.  
 καὶ μὴν παρ' ἡμῶν Περσίδος γλώσσης ῥόθος  
 ὑπηντίαζε· κούκέτ' ἦν μέλλειν ἀκμή·  
 εὐθύς δὲ ναῦς ἐν νηϊ χαλκήρη στόλον  
 ἔπαισεν. ἦρξε δ' ἐμβολῆς Ἑλληνικῇ  
 ναῦς, κάποθραύει πάντα Φοινίσσης νεῶς  
 κόρυμβ'· ἐπ' ἄλλην δ' ἄλλος ἔθυνεν δόρυ.  
 τὰ πρῶτα μὲν δὴ ῥεῦμα Περσικοῦ στρατοῦ  
 ἀντείχεν· ὥς δὲ πλήθος ἐν στενωπῷ νεῶν  
 ἤθροιστ', ἀρωγὴ δ' οὔτις ἀλλήλοις παρῆν,  
 αὐτοὶ δ' ὑφ' αὐτῶν ἐμβόλοις χαλκοστόμοις  
 παίοντ' ἔθραυον πάντα κωπήρη στόλον,  
 Ἑλληνικαὶ τε νῆες οὐκ ἀφρασμόνως  
 κύκλῳ πέριξ ἔθεινον· ὑπτιοῦτο δὲ  
 σκάφη νεῶν, θάλασσα δ' οὐκέτ' ἦν ἰδεῖν,  
 ναυαγίων πλήθουσα καὶ φόνου βροτῶν.  
 ἀκταὶ δὲ νεκρῶν χοιράδες τ' ἐπλήθουν.  
 φυγῇ δ' ἀκόσμως πᾶσα ναῦς ἠρέσσετο,  
 ὅσαιπερ ἦσαν βαρβάρου στρατεύματος.  
 τοὶ δ', ὥστε θύννους ἢ τιν' ἰχθύων βόλον,  
 ἀγαῖσι κωπῶν θραύσμασιν τ' ἐρειπίων  
 ἔπαιον, ἐρράχιζον· οἰμωγὴ δ' ὁμοῦ  
 κωκύμασιν κατεῖχε πελαγίαν ἅλα,  
 ἕως κελαυνῆς νυκτὸς ὄμμ' ἀφείλετο.

κακῶν δὲ πληθος, οὐδ' ἂν εἰ δέκ' ἤματα  
 στιχηγοροίην, οὐκ ἂν ἐκπλήσαιμ' σοι·  
 εὖ γὰρ τόδ' ἴσθι, μηδ' αὖ' ἡμέρα μᾶ  
 πληθος τοσουτάριθμον ἀνθρώπων θανεῖν.

— AESCHYLUS, Pers. 349-434.

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δολεχίρετμον Ἀἴγιναν πάτραν·  
 ἔνθα Σώτειρα Διὸς ξενίου  
 πάρεδρος ἀσκεῖται θέμις

ἔξοχ' ἀνθρώπων. ὃ τι γὰρ πολὺ καὶ πολλᾷ ῥέπει,  
 ὀρθᾷ διακρίνειν φρενὶ μὴ παρὰ καιρόν,  
 δυσπαλές, τεθμὸς δὲ τις ἀθανάτων, καὶ τάνδ' ἀλειτουργία  
 χώραν

παντοδαποῖσιν ὑπέστασε ξένοις  
 κίονα δαμονίαν·  
 ὃ δ' ἐπαντέλλων χρόνος  
 τοῦτο πράσσω μὴ κάμοι·

— PINDAR, Ol. viii. 20-29.

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ἔπεσε δ' οὐ Χαρίτων ἐκάς  
 ἃ δικαιοπολὶς ἀρεταῖς  
 κλειναῖσιν Αἰακιδᾶν  
 θίγοισα νᾶσος· τελέαν δ' ἔχει  
 δόξαν ἀπ' ἀρχᾶς. πολλοῖσι μὲν γὰρ αἰείδεται  
 νικαφόροις ἐν ἀέθλοις θρέψαισα καὶ θοαῖς  
 ὑπερτάτους ἥρωας ἐν μάχαις·

— PINDAR, Pyth. viii. 21-28.

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πλατεῖαι πάντοθεν λογίοισιν ἐντὶ πρόσδοι  
 νᾶσον εὐκλέα τάνδε κοσμεῖν· ἐπεὶ σφιν Αἰακίδα  
 ἔπορον ἕξοχον αἶσαν ἀρετὰς ἀποδεικνύμενοι μεγάλας·  
 πέταται δ' ἐπὶ τε χθόνα καὶ διὰ θαλάσσης τηλόθεν  
 ὄνουμ' αὐτῶν·

— PINDAR, Nem. vi. 47-51.

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Οὐκ ἀνδριαντοποιός εἰμ', ὥστ' ἐλυνύσοντά μ' ἐργά-  
 ζεσθαι ἀγάλατ' ἐπ' αὐτᾷς βαθμίδος  
 ἔσταότ'· ἀλλ' ἐπὶ πάσας ὀλκάδος ἔν τ' ἀκάτῳ, γλυκεῖ'  
 ἀοιδά,

στεῖχ' ἀπ' Αἰγίνας, διαγρέλλοισ', ὅτι  
 Λάμπωνος υἱὸς Πυθέας εὐρυσθενῆς  
 νίκη Νεμείοις παγκρατίου στέφανον,  
 οὐπω γένυσι φαίνων τέρειναν ματέρ' οἰνάνθας ὀπώραν,

ἐκ δὲ Κρόνου καὶ Ζηνὸς ἥρωας αἰχματὰς φυτευθέντας  
 καὶ ἀπὸ χρυσεᾶν Νηρηίδων

Αἰακίδας ἐγέραρεν ματρόπολιν τε, φίλαν ξένων ἄρουραν·  
 τάν ποτ' εὐανδρόν τε καὶ ναυσικλυτὰν  
 θέσσαντο παρ βωμὸν πατέρος Ἑλλανίου  
 στάντες, πίτναν τ' εἰς αἰθέρα χεῖρας ἀμᾶ

Ἐνδαΐδος ἀρίγνωτες υἱοὶ καὶ βία Φώκου κρέοντος,

— PINDAR, Nem. v. 1-12.

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νῆσός τις ἐστὶ πρόσθε Σαλαμῖνος τόπων,  
 βαιὰ, δύσορμος ναυσὲν, ἣν ὁ φιλόχορος  
 Πὰν ἐμβατεύει ποντίας ἀκτῆς ἔπι.  
 ἐνταῦθα πέμπει τούσδ', ὅπως ὅταν νεῶν

φθαρέντες ἐχθροὶ νῆσον ἐκσωζοίατο,  
 κτείνοιεν εὐχείρωτον Ἑλλήνων στρατὸν,  
 φίλους δ' ὑπεκώζοιεν ἐναλίων πόρων·  
 κακῶς τὸ μέλλον ἱστορῶν· ὥς γὰρ θεὸς  
 ναῶν ἔδωκε κῦδος Ἑλλήσιν μάχης,  
 αὐθημερὸν φράξαντες εὐχάλκοις δέμας  
 ὄπλοισι ναῶν ἐξέθρωσκον· ἀμφὶ δὲ  
 κυκλοῦντο πᾶσαν νῆσον, ὥστ' ἀμυχανεῖν  
 ὅποι τράποιντο· πολλὰ μὲν γὰρ ἐκ χειρῶν  
 πέτρουσιν ἠράσσοντο, τοξικῆς τ' ἀπὸ  
 θώμειγρος ἰοὶ προσπίτνοντες ὠλλυσαν.  
 τέλος δ' ἐφορμηθέντες ἐξ ἐνὸς ῥόθου  
 παῖουσι, κρεοκοποῦσι δυστήνων μέλη,  
 ἕως ἀπάντων ἐξαπέφθειραν βίον.  
 Ξέρξης δ' ἀνῶμωξεν κακῶν ὁρῶν βάθος·  
 ἔδραν γὰρ εἶχε παντὸς εὐαγῆ στρατοῦ,  
 ὑψηλὸν ὄχθον ἄγχι πελαγίας ἀλός·  
 ῥήξας δὲ πέπλους κἀνακωκύσας λιγύ,  
 πεζῷ παραγγείλας ἄφαρ στρατεύματι,  
 ἔησ' ἀκόσμῳ ξὺν φυγῇ. τοιάνδε σοι  
 πρὸς τῇ πάροιθε ξυμφορὰν πάρα στένειν.

— AESCHYLUS, Pers. 449-473.

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Ἑλλήνων προμαχοῦντες Ἀθηναῖοι Μαραθῶνι  
 χρυσοφόρων Μήδων ἐστόρεσαν δύναμιν.

— SIMONIDES, 90.

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Ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοί τε Πλαταιῆς τ' ἐν Μαραθῶνι  
 Χρυσοφόρων Μήδων ἐστόρεσαν δύναμιν.

— AESCHYLUS, Eleg. I.

## Page 80

Δίρφυος ἐδμήθημεν ὑπὸ πτυχί, σῆμα δ' ἐφ' ἡμῖν  
 ἐγγύθεν Εὐρίπου δημοσίᾳ κέχυται,  
 οὐκ ἀδίκως· ἐρατὴν γὰρ ἀπώλεσαμεν νεότητα  
 τρηχεῖαν πολέμου δεξάμενοι νεφέλην.

— SIMONIDES, 89.

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AT. τίς δὲ ποιμάνωρ ἔπεστι κάπιδεσπόζει στρατῷ ;  
 XO. οὐτινος δοῦλοι κέκληνται φωτὸς, οὐδ' ὑπήκοοι.  
 AT. πῶς ἂν οὖν μένοιεν ἄνδρας πολεμίους ἐπὶ λυδας ;  
 XO. ὥστε Δαρείου πολὺν τε καὶ καλὸν φθεῖραι στρατόν.

— AESCHYLUS, Pers. 243-246.

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ἄξια μὲν πατρός, ἄξια δ' ευγενίας τάδε γίγνεται.  
 εἰ δὲ σέβεις θανάτους ἀγαθῶν, μετέχω σοι.

— EURIPIDES, Heracl. 626-627.

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ἄλλαν δεῖ τιν' ἐν λόγοις στυγεῖν,  
 φοινίαν Σκύλλαν, ἅτ' ἐχθρῶν ὑπαὶ  
 φῶτ' ἀπώλεσεν φίλον, Κρητικοῖς  
 χρυσεοδμήτοισιν ὄρμοις  
 πιθήσασα, δώροισι Μίνω,  
 Νῆσον ἀθανάτας τριχὸς  
 νοσφίσας' ἀπροβούλως  
 πνέονθ' ἃ κυνόφρων ὕπνω·  
 κερχάνει δέ μιν Ἑρμῆς.

— AESCHYLUS, Choeph. 602-611.

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Τὸν δὲ ἴδεν Κάδμου θυγάτηρ, καλλίσφυρος Ἰνώ,  
 Λευκοθέη, ἣ πρὶν μὲν ἔην βροτὸς αὐδήεσσα,  
 νῦν δ' ἄλως ἐν πελάγεσσι θεῶν ἔξ ἔμμορε τιμῆς.  
 ἦ ῥ' Ὀδυσεὺς ἔλεησεν ἀλώμενον, ἄλγε' ἔχοντα·  
 αἰθυίῃ δ' ἔϊκυῖα ποτῇ ἀνεδύσετο λίμνης,  
 ἴζε δ' ἐπὶ σχεδίσῃ καὶ μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπε·

“Κάμμορε, τίπτε τοι ὧδε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων  
 ὠδύσατ' ἐκπάγλως, ὅτι τοι κακὰ πολλὰ φυτεύει;  
 οὐ μὲν δὴ σε καταφθίσει, μάλα περ μενεαίνων.  
 ἀλλὰ μάλλ' ὧδ' ἔρξαι, δοκέεις δέ μοι οὐκ ἀπινύσσειν·  
 εἴματα ταῦτ' ἀποδὺς σχεδίην ἀνέμοισι φέρεσθαι  
 κάλλιπ', ἀτὰρ χεῖρεσσι νέων ἐπιμαίεο νόστου  
 γαίης Φαιήκων, ὅθι τοι μοῖρ' ἐστὶν ἀλύξαι.  
 τῇ δέ, τόδε κρήδεμνον ὑπὸ στέρνοιο τάνυσσαι  
 ἄμβροτον· οὐδέ τί τοι παθέειν δέος οὐδ' ἀπολέσθαι.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν χεῖρεσσιν ἐφάψαι ἠπείροιο,  
 ἄψ ἀπολυσάμενος βαλέειν εἰς ὄϊνοπα πόντον  
 πολλὸν ἀπ' ἠπείρου, αὐτὸς δ' ἀπονόσφι τραπέσθαι.”

“Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσασα θεὰ κρήδεμνον ἔδωκεν,  
 αὐτὴ δ' ἄψ ἐς πόντον ἐδύσετο κυμαίνοντα  
 αἰθυίῃ ἔϊκυῖα· μέλαν δέ ἐ κῦμα κάλυψεν.

— HOMER, *Odyss.* v. 333-353.

## Page 96

τάλαιν', ὥς ἄρ' ἦσθα πέτρος ἢ σίδαρος, ἅτις τέκνων  
 δν ἔτεκες

ἄροτον αὐτόχειρι μοῖρα κτενεῖς.  
 μέαν δὴ κλύω μέαν τῶν πάρος  
 γυναῖκ' ἐν φίλοις χέρα βαλεῖν τέκνοις,

Ἴνῳ μανεῖσαν ἐκ θεῶν, ὅθ' ἡ Διὸς  
 δάμαρ νιν ἐξέπεμψε δωμάτων ἄλῃ.  
 πίτνει δ' ἅ τάλαιν' ἐς ἄλμαν φόνῳ τέκνων δυσσεβεῖ,  
 ἀκτῆς ὑπερτείνασα ποντίας πόδα,  
 δοῦν τε παῖδοιν συνθανοῦσ' ἀπόλλυται.

— EURIPIDES, *Medea*, 1279-1288.

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Ἡερὶη Γεράνεια, κακὸν λέπας, ὥφελεν Ἰστρον  
 τῆλε καὶ ἐς Σκυθέων μακρὸν ὁρᾶν Τάναϊν,  
 μηδὲ πέλας νάειν Σκειρωνικὸν οἶδμα θαλάσσης  
 ἀγέα μαινομένης ἀμφὶ Μολουριάδα.

— SIMONIDES, 114, 1-4.

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βάλε δὴ βάλε κηρύλος εἶην  
 ὅς τ' ἐπὶ κύματος ἄνθος ἅμ' ἀλκυόνεσσι ποτῆται  
 νηλεγὲς ἦτορ ἔχων, ἀλιπόρφυρος εἶαρος ὄρνις.

— ALCMAN, 26.

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Ὡς ὁπότεν χειμέριον κατὰ μῆνα πινύσκη  
 Ζεὺς ἅματα τέσσαρα καὶ δέκα,  
 λαθάνεμόν τέ μιν ὥραν καλέοισιν ἐπιχθόνιοι  
 ἱρὰν παιδοτρόφον ποικίλας  
 ἀλκυόνος.

— SIMONIDES, 12.

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Ποῦ τὸ περίβλεπτον κάλλος σέο, Δωρὶ Κόρινθε;  
 ποῦ στεφάναι πύργων, ποῦ τά πάλαι κτέανα;



ποῦ νηοὶ μακάρων, ποῦ δώματα ; ποῦ δὲ δάμαρτες  
 Σισύφεια λαῶν θ' αἶ ποτε μυριάδες ;  
 οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδ' ἔχνος, πολυκάμμορε, σεῖο λέλειπται,  
 πάντα δὲ συμμάρψας ἐξέφαγεν πόλεμος·  
 μοῦναι ἀπὸρθητοὶ Νηρηίδες, Ὠκεανοῖο  
 κοῦραι, σῶν ἀχέων μέμνομεν ἀλκύνες.

— ANTIPATER, Anth. Pal. ix. 151.

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ΧΘ. καὶ τίς τόδ' ἐξίκοιτ' ἂν ἀγγέλων τάχος ;  
 ΚΛ. Ἡφάιστος, Ἰδης λαμπρὸν ἐκπέμπτων σέλας.  
 φρυκτὸς δὲ φρυκτὸν δεῦρ' ἀπ' ἀγγάρου πυρὸς  
 ἔπεμπεν· Ἰδη μὲν πρὸς Ἑρμαῖον λέπας  
 Ἀήμου· μέγαν δὲ πανδὸν ἐκ νήσου τρίτον  
 Ἀθῶνον αἶπος Ζηνὸς ἐξεδέξατο,  
 ὑπερτελῆς τε πόντον ὥστε νωτίσαι  
 ἰσχὺς πορευτοῦ λαμπάδος πρὸς ἠδονήν

πεύκη τὸ χρυσοφεγγές, ὥς τις ἥλιος,  
 σέλας παραγγείλασα Μακίστου σκοπαῖς·  
 ὃ δ' οὐ τι μέλλων οὐδ' ἀφρασμόνως ὕπνω  
 νικώμενος παρήκεν ἀγγέλου μέρος·  
 ἐκὰς δὲ φρυκτοῦ φῶς ἐπ' Εὐρίπου ῥοὰς  
 Μεσσαπίου φύλαξι σημαίνει μολόν.  
 οἱ δ' ἀντέλαμψαν καὶ παρήγγειλαν πρόσω,  
 γραίας ἐρείκης θωμὸν ἄφαντες πυρί.  
 σθένουσα λαμπὰς δ' οὐδέπω μαυρουμένη,  
 ὑπερθοροῦσα πεδίον Ἀσωποῦ, δίκην  
 φαιδρᾶς σελήνης, πρὸς Κιθαιρῶνος λέπας,  
 ἤγειρεν ἄλλην ἐκδοχὴν πομποῦ πυρός.

φάος δὲ τηλέπομπον οὐκ ἠναίνετο  
 φρουρά, πλέον καίουσα τῶν εἰρημένων·  
 λίμνην δ' ὑπὲρ Γοργῶπιν ἔσκηψεν φάος.  
 ὄρος τ' ἐπ' Αἰγίπλαγκτον ἐξικνούμενον  
 ὠτρυνε θεσμόν μὴ χρονίζεσθαι πυρός·  
 πέμπουσι δ' ἀνδράοντες ἀφθόνῳ μένει  
 φλογὸς μέγαν πώγωνα καὶ Σαρωνικοῦ  
 πορθμοῦ κάτοπτον πρῶν' ὑπερβάλλειν πρόσω  
 φλέγουσαν· εἴτ' ἔσκηψεν, εὗτ' ἀφίκετο  
 'Αραχναῖον αἶπος, ἀστυγείτονας σκοπᾶς·  
 κᾶπειτ' 'Ατρειδῶν εἰς τόδε σκήπτει στέγος  
 φάος τόδ', οὐκ ἄπαππον 'Ιδαίου πυρός.

— AESCHYLUS, Agamemnon, 271-302.

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ἀπ' αἶας 'Ελλάδος ξυνορμένοις  
 πένθεια τλησικάρδιος  
 δόμων ἐκάστου πρόπει.  
 πολλὰ γοῦν θιγγάνει πρὸς ἥπαρ·  
 οὓς μὲν γάρ τις ἔπεμψεν  
 οἶδεν, ἀντὶ δὲ φωτῶν  
 τεύχη καὶ σποδὸς εἰς ἐκάστου δόμους ἀφικνεῖται.  
 ὁ χρυσαμοιβὸς δ' "Αρης σωμάτων,  
 καὶ ταλαντοῦχος ἐν μάχῃ δορὸς,  
 πυρωθὲν ἐξ 'Ιλίου  
 φίλοισι πέμπει βαρὺ  
 ψῆγμα δυσδάκρυτον, ἀντ-  
 ἥνορος σποδοῦ γεμίζων λέβητας εὐθέτου.  
 στένουσι δ' εὖ λέγοντες ἄν-  
 δρα τὸν μὲν ὡς μάχης ἴδρις·

τὸν δ' ἐν φοναῖς καλῶς πεσόντ' ἀλ-  
 λοτρίας διαλ γυναικός·  
 τὰ δὲ σῖγά τις βαῦζει·  
 φθονερόν δ' ὑπ' ἄλγος ἔρπει  
 προδίκους Ἀτρεΐδαις.

οἱ δ' αὐτοῦ περὶ τεῖχος

θήκας Ἰλιάδος γὰς

εὐμορφοὶ κατέχουσιν· ἐχθρὰ δ' ἔχοντας ἔκρυψεν.

— AESCHYLUS, *Agamemnon*, 418-441.

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ΚΑ. νῦν δέ μοι, φίλον κάρα,  
 ἔκβαιν' ἀπήνης τῇσδε, μὴ χαμαὶ τιθεῖς  
 τὸν σὸν πόδ', ὦ ἴναξ, Ἰλίου πορθήτορα.  
 δμῳαί, τί μέλλεθ', αἷς ἐπέσταλται τέλος  
 πέδον κελεύθου στρωννύναι πετάσμασιν;  
 εὐθὺς γενέσθω πορφυρόστρωτος πόρος,  
 ἐς δῶμ' ἄελπτον ὡς ἂν ἡγῆται Δίκη.

ΑΓ. μὴ γυναικὸς ἐν τρόποις ἐμὲ  
 ἄβρυνε, μηδὲ βαρβάρου φωτὸς δίκην  
 χαμαιπετὲς βόαμα προσχάνης ἐμοί·  
 μηδ' εἴμασι στρώσας' ἐπίφθονον πόρον  
 τίθει. θεοὺς τοι τοῖσδε τιμαλφεῖν χρεών.  
 ἐν ποικίλοις δὲ θνητὸν ὄντα κάλλεσιν  
 βαίνειν, ἐμοὶ μὲν οὐδαμῶς ἄνευ φόβου.  
 λέγω κατ' ἄνδρα, μὴ θεὸν, σέβειν ἐμέ.  
 χωρὶς ποδοφήστρων τε καὶ τῶν ποικίλων  
 κληδῶν αὐτεῖ· καὶ τὸ μὴ κακῶς φρονεῖν  
 θεοῦ μέγιστον δῶρον. ὀλβίσαι δὲ χρή  
 βίον τελευτήσαντ' ἐν εὐεστοῖ φίλῃ.

εἰ πάντα δ' ὥς πράσσοιμ' ἄν, εὐθαρσῆς ἐγώ.

ΚΛ. καὶ μὴν τόδ' εἰπέ μὴ παρὰ γνώμην ἐμοί

ΑΓ. γνώμην μὲν ἴσθι μὴ διαφθεροῦντ' ἐμέ.

ΚΛ. ἡὔξω θεοῖς δείσας ἄν ὥδ' ἔρδειν τάδε.

ΑΓ. εἴπερ τις εἰδώς γ' εὖ τόδ' ἐξεῖπεν τέλος.

ΚΛ. τί δ' ἄν δοκεῖ σοι Πρίαμος, εἰ τὰδ' ἤνυσεν;

ΑΓ. ἐν ποικίλοις ἄν κάρτα μοι βῆναι δοκεῖ.

ΚΛ. μή νυν τὸν ἀνθρώπειον αἰδεσθῆς φόγον.

ΑΓ. ἀλλ' εἰ δοκεῖ σοι ταῦθ', ὑπαί τις ἀρβύλας

λῦοι τάχος, πρόδουλον ἔμβασιν ποδὸς,

καὶ τοῖσδ' ἐμβαίνονθ' ἀλουργέσιν θεῶν

μή τις πρόσωθεν ὄμματος βάλοι φθόνος.

πολλὴ γὰρ αἰδὼς στρωματοφθορεῖν ποσὶν

φθείροντα πλοῦτον ἀργυρωνήτους θ' ὑφάς.

ἐπεὶ δ' ἀκούειν σου κατέστραμμαι τάδε,

εἴμ' ἐς δόμων μέλαθρα πορφύρας πατῶν.

— AESCHYLUS, *Agamemnon*, 878-930.

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ΚΑ. Ἀπόλλων, Ἀπόλλων

ἀγυῖατ', ἀπόλλων ἐμός.

ἄ ποῖ ποτ' ἤγαγές με; πρὸς ποίαν στέγην;

μεσόθεον μὲν οὖν· πολλὰ συνίστορα

αὐτοφόνα κακὰ καὶ ἀρτάναι·

ἀνδρὸσφαγεῖον καὶ πέδου ραντήριον.

ΧΟ. ἔοικεν εὖρις ἢ ξένη κυνὸς δίκην

εἶναι· ματεύει δ' ὦν ἀνευρήσει φόνον.

ΚΑ. ἄ ἄ,

μαρτυρίοις γὰρ τοῖσδ' ἐπιπείθομαι,—

κλαιόμενα τάδε βρέφη σφαγὰς

ὀπτάς τε σάρκας πρὸς πατρὸς βεβρωμένας.

ΧΟ. ἦ μὴν κλέος σοῦ μαντικὸν πεπυσμένοι

ἦμεν· προφήτας δ' οὔτινας μαστεύομεν.

ΚΑ. ἰὼ, πόποι, τί ποτε μῆδεται;

τί τόδε νέον ἄχος μέγα;

μέγ' ἐν δόμοις τοῖσδε μῆδεται κακὸν,

ἄφερτον φίλοις, δυσίατον· ἀλλὰ δ'

ἐκὰς ἀποστατεῖ.

ΧΟ. τούτων αἰδρίεις εἰμὶ τῶν μαντευμάτων\*

ἐκεῖνα δ' ἔγνω· πᾶσα γὰρ πόλις βοᾷ.

ΚΑ. ἰὼ, τάλαινα, τόδε γὰρ τελεῖς,

τὸν ὁμοδέμνιον πόσιν

λουτροῖσι φαιδρύνασα — πῶς φράσω τέλος;

τάχος γὰρ τόδ' ἔσται. προτείνει δὲ χεῖρ ἐκ

χερὸς ὀρέγματα.

ΧΟ. οὐπω ξυνῆκα· νῦν γὰρ ἐξ αἰνιγμάτων

ἐπαργέμοις θεσφάτοις ἀμηχανῶ.

ΚΑ. ἔε, παπαῖ, παπαῖ, τί τόδε φαίνεται;

ἦ δίκτυόν τί γ' Ἰδίου.

ἀλλ' ἄρκυς ἢ ξύνευνος, ἢ ξυνατρία

φόνου. στάσις δ' ἀκόρετος γένει

κατολολυξάτω θύματος λευσίμου.

ΧΟ. ποίαν Ἑρινὺν τήνδε δώμασιν κέλει

ἐπορθιάζειν; οὐ με φαιδρύνει λόγος.

ἐπὶ δὲ καρδίαν ἔδραμε κροκοβαφῆς

σταγῶν, ἅτε καιρία πτώσιμος

ξυνανύτει βίου δύντος αὔραις.

ταχεῖα δ' ἅτα πέλει.

ΚΑ. ᾄ ᾄ, ἰδοὺ ἰδοὺ· ἄπεχε τῆς βοῆς

- τὸν ταῦρον· ἐν πέπλοισιν  
 μελαγκέρῳ λαβοῦσα μηχανήματι  
 τύπτει· πίτνει δ' ἐν ἐνύδρῳ τεύχει.  
 δολοφόνου λέβητος τύχαν σοι λέγω.  
 ΧΟ. οὐ κομπάσαιμ' ἂν θεσφάτων γνώμων ἄκρος  
 εἶναι· κακῷ δὲ τῷ προσεικάζω τάδε.  
 ἀπὸ δὲ θεσφάτων τίς ἀγαθὰ φάτις  
 βροτοῖς στέλλεται; κακῶν γὰρ διαλ  
 πολυπεῖς τέχνη θεσπιωδὸν  
 φόβον φέρουσιν μαθεῖν.  
 ΚΑ. ἰὼ, ἰὼ, ταλαίνας κακόποτμοι τύχαι·  
 τὸ γὰρ ἐμὸν θροεῖς πάθος ἐπερχέας.  
 ποῖ δὴ με δεῦρο τὴν τάλαιναν ἤγαγες  
 οὐδὲν ποτ' εἰ μὴ ξυνθανομένην; τί γάρ;  
 ΧΟ. φρενομανῆς τις εἰ θεοφόρητος, ἀμ-  
 φὶ δ' αὐτὰς θροεῖς  
 νόμον ἄνομον, οἷά τις ξουθὰ  
 ἀκόρετος βοᾷς, φεῦ ταλαίνας φρεσὶν  
 "Ἴτυν "Ἴτυν στένουσ' ἀμφιθαλῇ κακοῖς  
 ἀηδὼν βίον.  
 ΚΑ. ἰὼ, ἰὼ, λιγείας μόρον ἀηδόνος·  
 περίβαλον γάρ οἱ πτεροφόρον δέμας  
 θεοῖ, γλυκὺν τ' αἰῶνα κλαυμάτων ἄτερ·  
 ἐμοὶ δὲ μέμνει σχισμὸς ἀμφήκει δορί.  
 ΧΟ. πόθεν ἐπισσύτους θεοφόρους ἔχεις  
 ματαίους δῦας,  
 τά δ' ἐπίφοβα δυσφάτῳ κλαγγᾷ  
 μελοτυπεῖς, ὁμοῦ τ' ὀρθίοις ἐν νόμοις;  
 πόθεν ὄρους ἔχεις θεσπεσίας ὁδοῦ  
 κακορρήμονας;  
 ΚΑ. ἰὼ γάμοι, γάμοι Πάριδος, ὀλέθριοι

φίλων· ἰὼ Σκαμάνδρου πάτριον ποτόν·  
 τότε μὲν ἀμφὶ σὰς αἰόνας τάλαιν·  
 ἡνυτόμαν τροφαῖς·

νῦν δ' ἀμφὶ Κωκυτόν· τε κάχερουσίους  
 ὄχθους ἕοικα θεσπιωδῆσιν τάχα.

ΧΟ. τί τόδε τορὸν ἄγαν ἔπος ἐφημίσω ;  
 νεογνὸς ἀνθρώπων μάθοι.  
 πέπληγμαι δ' ὑπαὶ δῆγματι φοινίῳ,  
 δυσσαλγεῖ τύχα μινυρὰ θρεομένας,  
 θαύματ' ἐμοὶ κλύειν.

ΚΑ. ἰὼ πόνοι, πόνοι πόλεος ὀλομένας  
 τὸ πᾶν· ἰὼ πρόπυργοι θυσίαι πατρὸς,  
 πολυκανεῖς βοτῶν ποιονόμων. ἄκος δ'  
 οὐδὲν ἐπήρκεσαν

τὸ μὴ πόλιν μὲν, ὥσπερ οὖν ἔχει, παθεῖν·  
 ἐγὼ δὲ θερμόνους τάχ' ἐν πέδῳ βαλῶ.

ΧΟ. ἐπόμενα προτέροις τάδ' ἐπεφημίσω  
 καὶ τίς σε κακοφρονῶν τίθη-  
 σι δαίμων, ὕπερθεν βαρὺς ἐμπίτνων,  
 μελίζειν πάθη γοερὰ θανατοφόρα·  
 τέρμα δ' ἀμηχανῶ.

ΚΑ. καὶ μὴν ὁ χρησμὸς οὐκέτ' ἐκ καλυμμάτων  
 ἔσται δεδορκῶς, νεογάμου νύμφης δίκην·  
 λαμπρὸς δ' ἕοικεν ἡλίου πρὸς ἀντολὰς  
 πνέων ἐσήξειν, ὥστε κύματος δίκην  
 κλύζειν πρὸς αὔγας τοῦδε πῆματος πολὺ  
 μεῖζον· φρενώσω δ' οὐκετ' ἐξ αἰνιγμάτων.  
 καὶ μαρτυρεῖτε συνδρόμῳ ἔχνος κακῶν  
 ῥηνηλατούσῃ τῶν πάλαι πεπραγμένων.  
 τὴν γὰρ στέγην τήνδ' οὐποτ' ἐκλείπει χορὸς  
 ξύμφθογγος, οὐκ εὐφωνος· οὐ γὰρ εὖ λέγει.

καὶ μὴν πεπωκώς γ', ὥς θρασύνεσθαι πλέον,  
 βρότειον αἶμα, κῶμος ἐν δόμοις μένει  
 δύσπεμπτος ἔξω ξυγγόνων Ἑρινύων.  
 ὕμνοῦσι δ' ὕμνον δώμασιν προσήμεναι,  
 πρῶταρχον ἄτην· ἐν μέρει δ' ἀπέπτυσαν  
 εὐνάς ἀδελφοῦ τῷ πατοῦντι δυσμενεῖς.  
 ἡμαρτον, ἡ κυρῷ τι τοξότης τις ὥς;  
 ἡ ψευδόμαντίς εἰμι θυροκόπος φλέδων;  
 ἐκμαρτύρησον προὔμοντας τὸ μὴ εἰδέναι  
 λόγῳ παλαιὰς τῶνδ' ἀμαρτίας δόμων.

ΚΑ. ἰοὺ ἰοὺ, ὦ ὦ κακά.

ὕπ' αὖ με δεινὸς ὀρθομαντείας πόνος  
 στροβεῖ ταρασσων φροιμέοις . . .  
 ὀρᾶτε τούσδε τοὺς δόμοις ἐφημένους  
 νέους ὀνείρων προσφερεῖς μορφώμασιν;  
 παῖδες θανόντες ὥσπερ ἐπὶ τῶν φίλων,  
 χεῖρας κρεῶν πλήθοντες οἰκείας βορᾶς,  
 ξὺν ἐντέροις τε σπλάγχν', ἐπ' οἰκτιστον γέμος,  
 πρέπουσ' ἔχοντες, ὦν πατὴρ ἐγεύσατο.  
 ἐκ τῶνδε ποινὰς φημι βουλεύειν τινα  
 λέοντ' ἀναλκεν ἐν λέχει στρωφώμενον  
 οἰκουρὸν, οἷμοι, τῷ μολόντι δεσπότη  
 ἐμῷ· φέρειν γὰρ χρὴ τὸ δούλιον ζυγόν.  
 νεῶν τ' ἔπαρχος Ἰλίου τ' ἀναστάτης  
 οὐκ οἶδεν οἷα γλῶσσα μεσήτης κυνὸς  
 λέξασα κάκτείνας φαιδρόνους, δίκην  
 Ἄτης λαθραίου, τεύξεται κακῇ τύχῃ.  
 τοιαῦτα τολμᾷ· θῆλυς ἄρσενος φονεὺς  
 ἐστίν. τί νιν καλοῦσα δυσφιλὲς δάκος  
 τόχοιμ' ἄν; ἀμφίσβαιναν, ἡ Σκύλλαν τινα



οἰκοῦσαν ἐν πέτραισι, ναυτίλων βλάβην,  
 θύουσαν Ἀϊδου μητέρ', ἄσπονδόν τ' ἄρ' ἀν  
 φίλοις πνέουσαν; ὥς δ' ἐπωλόλυσ' αὖτο  
 ἢ παντότολμος, ὥσπερ ἐν μάχης τροπῇ.  
 δοκεῖ δὲ χαίρειν νοστήμῳ σωτηρίᾳ.  
 καὶ τῶνδ' ὅμοιον εἴ τι μὴ πείθω· τί γάρ;  
 τὸ μέλλον ἤξει. καὶ σύ μ' ἐν τάχει παρῶν  
 ἄγαν γ' ἀληθόμαντιν οἰκτείρας ἐρεῖς.  
 ΧΟ. τὴν μὲν θύεστος δαῖτα παιδείων κρεῶν  
 ξυνῆκα καὶ πέφρικα· καὶ φόβος μ' ἔχει  
 κλύοντ' ἀληθῶς οὐδὲν ἐξηκασμένα·  
 τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἀκούσας ἐκ δρόμου πεσὼν τρέχω.  
 ΚΑ. Ἀγαμέμνονός σε φημ' ἐπόψεσθαι μόρον.  
 ΧΟ. εὖφημον, ὦ τάλαινα, κοίμησον στόμα.  
 ΚΑ. ἀλλ' οὔτε Παιὼν τῶδ' ἐπιστατεῖ λόγῳ.  
 ΧΟ. οὐκ, εἰ παρέσται γ'· ἀλλὰ μὴ γένοιτό πω.  
 ΚΑ. σὺ μὲν κατεύχει, τοῖς δ' ἀποκτείνειν μέλει.  
 ΧΟ. τίνος πρὸς ἀνδρὸς τοῦτ' ἄχος πορσύνεται;  
 ΚΑ. ἦ κάρτ' ἀράων παρεκόπησ' χρησμῶν ἐμῶν.  
 ΧΟ. τοῦ γὰρ τελοῦντος οὐ ξυνῆκα μηχανήν.  
 ΚΑ. καὶ μὴν ἄγαν γ' Ἑλλήν' ἐπίσταμαι φάτιν.  
 ΧΟ. καὶ γὰρ τὰ πυθόκραντα, δυσμαθῇ δ' ὅμως.  
 ΚΑ. παπαῖ· οἶον τὸ πῦρ· ἐπέρχεται δέ μοι.  
 ὁτοτοῖ, Λύκει' Ἀπολλων· οἷον ἐγὼ, ἐγὼ.  
 αὐτὴ δῖπους λέαινα, συγκοιμωμένη  
 λύκῳ λέοντος εὐγενοῦς ἀπουσία,  
 κτενεῖ με τὴν τάλαιναν· ὥς δὲ φάρμακον  
 τεύχουσα κάμου μισθὸν ἐνθήσειν κότῳ  
 ἐπεύχεται, θήγουσα φωτὶ φάσγανον  
 ἐμῆς ἀγωγῆς ἀντιτίσασθαι φόνον.  
 τί δ' ἦτ' ἐμαυτῆς καταγέλωτ' ἔχω τάδε

καὶ σκῆπτρα καὶ μαντεῖα περὶ δέρη στέφη;  
 σὲ μὲν πρὸ μοίρας τῆς ἐμῆς διαφθερῶ.  
 ἴτ' ἐς φθόρον πεσόντ'. ἄγ' ὦδ'. ἄμ' ἔφομαι.  
 ἄλλην τιν' ἄτην ἀντ' ἐμοῦ πλουτίζετε.  
 ἰδοὺ δ', Ἀπόλλων αὐτὸς ἐκδύων ἐμὲ  
 χρηστηρίαν ἐσθῆτ', ἐποπτεύσας δέ με  
 κὰν τοῖσδε κόσμοις καταγελωμένην μετὰ  
 φίλων ὑπ' ἐχθρῶν οὐ διχορρόπως μάτην.

οὐ μὴν ἄτιμοί γ' ἐκ θεῶν τεθνήξομεν.  
 ἤξει γὰρ ἡμῶν ἄλλος αὖ τιμάορος,  
 μητροκτόνον φέτυμα, ποινάτωρ πατρός·  
 φυγὰς δ' ἀλήτης τῇσδε γῆς ἀπόξενος  
 κάτεισιν ἄτας τάσδε θριγκώσων φίλοις·  
 ὁμώμοται γὰρ ὄρκος ἐκ θεῶν μέγας,  
 ἄξιν νιν ὑπτίασμα κειμένου πατρός.  
 τί δῆτ' ἐγὼ κάτοιικτος ὦδ' ἀναστένω,  
 ἐπεὶ τὸ πρῶτον εἶδον Ἰλίου πόλιν  
 πράξασαν ὡς ἔπραξεν, οἷ δ' εἶλον πόλιν  
 οὕτως ἀπαλλάσσουσιν ἐν θεῶν κρίσει;  
 ἰοῦσα πράξω, τλήσομαι τὸ κατθανεῖν.  
 Αἰδοῦ πύλας δὲ τάσδ' ἔχω προσεννέπειν.  
 ἐπεύχομαι δὲ καίρας πληγῆς τυχεῖν,  
 ὡς ἀσφάδαστος, αἰμάτων εὐθνησίμων  
 ἀπορρυνέντων, ὄμμα συμβάλω τόδε.  
 ΧΘ. ὦ πολλὰ μὲν τάλαινα, πολλὰ δ' αὖ σοφὴ  
 γύναϊ, μακρὰν ἔτεινας· εἰ δ' ἐτητύμως  
 μόρον τὸν αὐτῆς οἶσθα, πῶς θεηλάτου  
 βοδὸς δίκην πρὸς βωμὸν εὐτόλμως πατέεις;  
 ΚΑ. οὐκ ἔστ' ἄλυσις, οὐ, ξένοι, χρόνον πλέω.  
 ΧΘ. ὁ δ' ὕστατός γε τοῦ χρόνου πρεσβεύεται.

- ΚΑ. ἦκει τόδ' ἡμαρ· σμικρὰ κερδανῶ φυγῇ.  
 ΧΟ. ἀλλ' ἴσθι τλήμων οὐσ' ἀπ' εὐτόλμου φρενός.  
 ΚΑ. οὐδεὶς ἀκούει ταῦτα τῶν εὐδαιμόνων.  
 ΧΟ. ἀλλ' εὐκλεῶς τοι κατθανεῖν χάρις βροτῶ.  
 ΚΑ. ἰὼ, πάτερ, σοῦ τῶν τε γενναίων τέκνων.  
 ΧΟ. τί δ' ἐστὶ χρῆμα; τίς σ' ἀποστρέφει φόβος;  
 ΚΑ. φεῦ, φεῦ.  
 ΧΟ. τί τοῦτ' ἔφευξας; εἴ τι μὴ φρενῶν στόχος.  
 ΚΑ. φόνον δόμοι πνέουσιν αἱματοσταγῇ.  
 ΧΟ. καὶ πῶς; τόδ' ὄζει θυμάτων ἐφ'esτίων.  
 ΚΑ. ὁμοῖος ἀτμός ὥσπερ ἐκ τάφου πρόπει.  
 ΧΟ. οὐ Σύριον ἀγλίσμα δώμασιν λέρεις.  
 ΚΑ. ἀλλ' εἶμὲν κὰν δόμοισι κωκύσουσ' ἐμὴν  
 Ἀγαμέμνονός τε μοῖραν. ἀρκέτω βίος.  
 ἰὼ, ξένοι.  
 οὐ τοι δυσοίζω θάμνον ὡς ὄρνις φόβῳ  
 ἄλλως· θανούσῃ μαρτυρεῖτέ μοι τόδε,  
 ὅταν γυνὴ γυναικὸς ἀντ' ἐμοῦ θάνῃ,  
 ἀνὴρ τε δυσδάμαρτος ἀντ' ἀνδρὸς πέσῃ.  
 ἐπιξενοῦμαι ταῦτα δ' ὡς θανουμένη.  
 ΧΟ. ὦ τλήμων, οἰκτείρω σε θεσφάτου μόρου.  
 ΚΑ. ἅπαξ ἔτ' εἰπεῖν ῥῆσιν, οὐ θρήνον θέλω  
 ἐμὸν τὸν αὐτῆς. ἡλέω δ' ἐπεύχομαι  
 πρὸς ὕστατον φῶς, τοῖς ἐμοῖς τιμαύροις  
 ἐχθροῖς φονεῦσι τοῖς ἐμοῖς τίνειν ὁμοῦ  
 δούλης θανούσης, εὐμαροῦς χειρώματος.  
 ἰὼ βρότεια πράγματ'· εὐτυχοῦντα μὲν  
 σκιᾷ τις ἂν πρέψειεν· εἰ δὲ δυστυχῇ,  
 βολαῖς ὑγρώσσω σπόγγος ὥλεσεν γραφὴν.  
 καὶ ταῦτ' ἐκείνων μᾶλλον οἰκτείρω πολύ.

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ΚΑ. ἔστηκα δ' ἔνθ' ἔπαισ' ἐπ' ἐξεργασμένοις.  
οὕτω δ' ἔπραξα, καὶ τὰδ' οὐκ ἀρνήσομαι,  
ὥς μήτε φεύγειν μήτ' ἀμύνασθαι μόρον.  
ἄπειρον ἀμφέβληστρον, ὥσπερ ἰχθύων,  
περιστιχίζω, πλοῦτον ἐξματος κακόν.  
παῶν δέ νιν δίζς· κὰν δυοῖν οἰμωγμάτοις  
μεθῆκεν αὐτοῦ κῶλα· καὶ πεπτωκότε  
τρίτην ἐπενδίδωμι, τοῦ κατὰ χθονὸς  
Διὸς, νεκρῶν σωτῆρος, εὐκταίαν χάριν.  
οὕτω τὸν αὐτοῦ θυμὸν ὀρμαίνει πεσών·  
κάκφυσιν ὀξεῖαν αἵματος σφαγὴν  
βάλλει μ' ἐρεμνῇ ψακάδι φοινίκας δρόσου,  
χαίρουσαν οὐδὲν ἦσσαν ἢ διανοήσασθαι  
γάνει σπορητὸς κάλυκος ἐν λοχεύμασιν.  
ὥς ᾧδ' ἐχόντων, πρέσβος Ἀργείων τόδε,  
χαίροιτ' ἄν, εἰ χαίροιτ', ἐγὼ δ' ἐπεύχομαι.  
εἰ δ' ἦν πρεπόντως ὥστ' ἐπισπένδειν νεκρῷ,  
τάδ' ἄν δικαίως ἦν, ὑπερδίκως μὲν οὖν·  
τοσῶνδε κρατῆρ' ἐν δόμοις κακῶν ᾗδε  
πλήσας ἄραίων αὐτὸς ἐκπίνει μολών.

— AESCH. Ag. 1350-1369.

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πρὸς ἡμῶν  
κάππεσεν, ἡμεῖς καὶ καταθάφομεν,  
οὐχ ὑπὸ κλαυθμῶν τῶν ἐξ οὔκων,  
ἀλλ' Ἰφιγένειά νιν ἀσπασίως  
θυγατῆρ, ὥς χρὴ,  
πατέρ' ἀντιάσασα πρὸς ὠκύπορον  
πόρθμευμ' ἀχέων,  
περὶ χεῖρε βαλοῦσα φιλήσει

ΧΟ. ὄνειδος ἤκει τόδ' ἀντ' ὀνειδους·

δύσμαχα δ' ἐστὶ κρῖνα·

φέρει φέροντ', ἐκτίνει δ' ὁ καίνων.

μένει δὲ, μένοντος ἐν θρόνῳ Διὸς,

παθεῖν τὸν ἔρξαντα· θέσμον γάρ·

— AESCHYLUS, Agamemnon, 1529-1541.

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ΚΛ. οἷ 'γώ. ξυνῆκα τοῦπος ἐξ ἀνιγμάτων.

δόλοισι δολούμεθ', ὥσπερ οὖν ἐκτείναμεν.

δοίη τις ἀνδροκμῆτα πέλεκυν ὡς τάχος·

εἰδῶμεν ἢ νικῶμεν ἢ νικώμεθα·

ἐνταῦθα γὰρ δὴ τοῦδ' ἀφεικόμην κακοῦ.

ΟΡ. σὲ καὶ ματεύω· τῷδε δ' ἀρκούντως ἔχει.

ΚΛ. οἷ 'γώ. τέθνηκας, φίλτατ' Αἰγίσθου βία.

ΟΡ. φιλεῖς τὸν ἄνδρα; τοίγαρ ἐν ταύτῳ τάφῳ

κέεσαι· θανόντα δ' οὔτι μὴ προδῶς ποτέ.

ΚΛ. ἐπίσχες, ὦ παῖ· τόνδε δ' αἰδεσαι, τέκνον,

μαστὸν, πρὸς ᾧ σὺ πολλὰ δὴ βρίζων ἄμα

οὔλοισιν ἐξήμελξας εὐτραφὲς γάλα.

ΟΡ. Πυλάδη, τί δράσω; μητέρ' αἰδεσθῶ κτανεῖν;

ΠΥΛΛΗΣ

ποῦ δαὶ τὰ λοιπὰ Λοξίου μαντεύματα

τὰ Πυθόχρηστα πιστὰ δ' εὐορκώματα;

ἅπαντας ἐχθροὺς τῶν θεῶν ἡγοῦ πλέον.

ΟΡ. κρίνω σε νικᾶν, καὶ παρανείς μοι καλῶς.

ἔπου· πρὸς αὐτὸν τόνδε σὲ σφάξαι θέλω·

καὶ ζῶντα γάρ νιν κρείσσον' ἡγήσω πατρός.

τούτῳ θανοῦσα ξυγκάθευδ', ἐπεὶ φιλεῖς

τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦτον, ὃν δ' ἐχρῆν φιλεῖν στυγεῖς.

- ΚΛ. ἐγὼ σ' ἔθρεψα, σὺν δὲ γηράναι θέλω.  
 ΟΡ. πατροκτονοῦσα γὰρ ξυνοικήσεις ἐμοί ;  
 ΚΛ. ἡ μοῖρα τούτων, ὦ τέκνον, παραιτία.  
 ΟΡ. καὶ τόνδε τοίνυν μοῖρ' ἐπόρσυνεν μόρον.  
 ΚΛ. οὐδὲν σεβίζει γενεθλίους ἀράς, τέκνον ;  
 ΟΡ. τεκοῦσα γάρ μ' ἔρριψας εἰς τὸ δυστυχές.  
 ΚΛ. οὗτοι σ' ἀπέρριψ' εἰς δόμους δορυξένους.  
 ΟΡ. διχῶς ἐπράθην, ὦν ἐλευθέρου πατρός.  
 ΚΛ. ποῦ δῆθ' ὁ τίμος, ὄντιν' ἀντεδεξάμην ;  
 ΟΡ. αἰσχύνομαί σοι τοῦτ' ὄνειδῖσαι σαφῶς.  
 ΚΛ. [μή·] ἀλλ' εἴφ' ὁμοίως καὶ πατρός τοῦ σοῦ μάτας.  
 ΟΡ. μὴ 'λεγχε τὸν πονοῦντ' ἔσω καθημένην.  
 ΚΛ. ἄλγος γυναιξὶν ἀνδρὸς εἶργεσθαι, τέκνον.  
 ΟΡ. τρέφει δὲ γ' ἀνδρὸς μόχθος ἡ μένας ἔσω.  
 ΚΛ. κτενεῖν ἔοικας, ὦ τέκνον, τὴν μητέρα.  
 ΟΡ. σύ τοι σεαυτὴν, οὐκ ἐγὼ, κατακτενεῖς.  
 ΚΛ. ὅρα, φύλαξαι μητρὸς ἐγκότους κύνας.  
 ΟΡ. τὰς τοῦ πατρὸς δὲ πῶς φύγω παρεῖς τάδε ;  
 ΚΛ. ἔοικα θρηνεῖν ζῶσα πρὸς τύμβον μάτην.  
 ΟΡ. πατρός γὰρ αἴσα τόνδε σοῦρίζει μόρον.  
 ΚΛ. οἷ 'γώ. τεκοῦσα τόνδ' ὄφιν ἐθρεψάμην.  
 ΟΡ. ἦ κάρτα μάντις οὐξ ὄνειράτων φόβος.  
 κτανοῦσ' ὃν οὐ χρῆν, καὶ τὸ μὴ χρεῶν πάθε.

— AESCHYLUS, Choephoroe, 873-916.

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παλαίφατος δ' ἐν βροτοῖς γέρων λόγος  
 τέτυκται, μέγαν τελεσθέντα φωτὸς ὄλβον  
 τεκνοῦσθαι, μηδ' ἄπαιδα θνήσκειν·  
 ἐκ δ' ἀγαθᾶς τύχας γένει  
 βλαστάνειν ἀκόρεστον οἰζύν.

δίχα δ' ἄλλων μονόφρων εἰμὶ· τὸ δυσσεβὲς γὰρ ἔργον  
μέτα μὲν πλείονα τίκτει, σφετέρῃ δ' εἰκότα γέννα.

οἴκων γὰρ εὐθυδέκων

καλλίπαις πότμος αἰεῖ.

φιλεῖ δὲ τίκτειν Ὑβρις μὲν παλαιὰ νεά-

ζουσαν ἐν κακοῖς βροτῶν

Ὑβριν τότ' ἢ τόθ', ὅτε τὸ κύριον μόλῃ·

νέα δ' ἔφυσεν Κόρον,

δαίμονά τ' ἄμαχον, ἀπόλεμον,

άνιερον Θράσος, μελαίνα μελάθροισιν Ἄτα

εἰδομένα τοκεῦσιν.

Δίκα δὲ λάμπει μὲν ἐν δυσκάπνοις δώμασιν,

τὸν δ' ἐναΐσιμον τίει βίον.

τὰ χρυσόπαστα δ' ἔδεθλα σὺν πίνῳ χερῶν

παλιντρόποις ὄμμασιν

λιποῦσ' ὅσῃα προσέμολε,

δύναμιν οὐ σέβουσα πλούτου παράσημον αἶνῳ.

πᾶν δ' ἐπὶ τέρμα νωμᾶ.

— AESCHYLUS, *Agamemnon*, 727-755.

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ἀεὶ γὰρ ὅφεις ἔννυχοι πωλεύμεναι

ἔς παρθενῶνας τοὺς ἐμοὺς παρηγόρουν

λείοισι μῦθοις· ὦ μέγ' εὐδαίμων κόρη,

τί παρθενεύει δαρὸν, ἐξόν σοι γάμου

τυχεῖν μεγίστου; Ζεὺς γὰρ ἡμέρου βέλει

πρὸς σοῦ τέθαλπται, καὶ ξυνάρεσθαι Κύπριν

θέλει· σὺ δ', ὦ παῖ, μὴ ὀλακτίσης λέχος

τὸ Ζηνὸς, ἀλλ' ἐξελθε πρὸς Δέρνῃς βαθὺν

λειμῶνα, ποίμνας βουστάσεις τε πρὸς πατρός,

ὥς ἂν τὸ Δῖον ὄμμα λωφῇσῃ πόθου.

τοιοῖσδε πάσας εὐφρόνας ὀνείρασι  
 ξυνειχόμεν δύστηνος, ἔς τε δὴ πατρὶ  
 ἔτλην γεγωνεῖν νυκτίφαντ' ὀνείρατα.

— AESCHYLUS, *Prom.* 663-675.

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Οὐ φευδῆς ὅδε μῦθος, ἀληθείη δὲ κέκασται,  
 Κυδίππης παίδων εὐσεβίης θ' ὁσίης.  
 ἡδυχαρῆς γὰρ ἔην σκοπὸς ἀνδράσιν ὤριος οἶτος,  
 μητρὸς ἐπεὶ φιλίῃ κλεινὸν ἔθεντο πόνον.  
 χάροιτ' εἰν ἐνέροισιν ἐπ' εὐσεβίῃ, κλυτοὶ ἄνδρες,  
 καὶ τὸν ἀπ' αἰώνων μῦθον ἔχοιτε μόνοι.

— ANTH. PAL. iii. 18.

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Ὅτε λάρνακι κεῖτ' ἐν δαιδαλέᾳ,  
 ἄνεμός τ' ἐφόρει μὲν πνέων κινηθεῖσά τε λήμνα,  
 δεῖμα προσεῖρπε τότ' οὐκ ἀδιάντοισι παρειαῖς,  
 ἀμφί τε Περσεῖ βάλλε φίλαν χέρ', εἰπέν τ' ὦ τέκος,  
 οἶον ἔχω πόνον· σὺ δ' ᾠωτεῖς·  
 γαλαθηνῶ λαθεῖ κνώσσεις ἐν ἀτερπεῖ  
 δούρατι χαλκεογόμφῳ,  
 νυκτὶ ἀλαμπεῖ κυανέῳ τε δνόφῳ καταλείς·  
 ἄλμαν δ' ὑπερθεν τεᾶν κομᾶν βαθεῖαν  
 παριόντος κύματος οὐκ ἀλέγεις, οὐδ' ἀνέμων  
 φθόγγον, πορφυρέᾳ  
 κείμενος ἐν χλανίδι, πρόσωπον κλιθὲν προσώπῳ.  
 εἰ δέ τοι δεινὸν τό γε δεινὸν ἦν,  
 καὶ κεν ἐμῶν ῥημάτων λεπτὸν ὑπεῖχες οὔας.  
 κέλομαι δ', εὐδε βρέφος, εὐδέτω δὲ πόντος,  
 εὐδέτω δ' ἄμοτον κακόν·



μεταβολία δέ τις φανείη, Ζεῦ πάτερ,  
ἐκ σέθεν· ὅττι δὲ θαρσαλέον ἔπος  
εὖχομαι νόσφιν δίκας, σύγγνωθί μοι.

— SIMONIDES, 37.

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‘Ρῆσις βραχεῖα τοῖς φρονούσι σώφρονα  
πρὸς τοὺς τεκόντας καὶ φυτεύσαντας πρέπει  
ἄλλως τε καὶ κόρη τε κάργείᾳ γένος,  
αἷς κόσμος ἢ σιγή τε καὶ τὰ παῦρ’ ἔπη.

— SOPHOCLES, Frag. 61.

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γύναι, φίλον μὲν φέγγος ἡλίου τόδε,  
καλὸν δὲ πόντου χεῦμ’ ἰδεῖν εὐήμεμον,  
γῇ τ’ ἡρινὸν θάλλουσα πλούσιόν θ’ ὕδωρ,  
πολλῶν τ’ ἔπαινον ἔστι μοι λέξαι καλῶν·  
ἀλλ’ οὐδὲν οὕτω λαμπρὸν οὐδ’ ἰδεῖν καλὸν  
ὥς τοῖς ἄπαισι καὶ πόθῳ δεδηγμένοις  
παίδων νεογνῶν ἐν δόμοις ἰδεῖν φάος.

— EURIPIDES, Frag. 318.

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τὰ τῆς γε λήθης φάρμακ’ ὀρθώσας μόνος,  
ἄφωνα καὶ φωνοῦντα συλλαβάς τε θεῖς  
ἔξεῦρον ἀνθρώποισι γράμματα’ εἰδέναι,  
ὥστ’ οὐ παρόντα ποντίας ὑπὲρ πλακὸς  
τάκεῖ κατ’ ὄγκους πάντ’ ἐπίστασθαι καλῶς,  
παισὶν τ’ ἀποθνήσκοντα χρημάτων μέτρον  
γράψαντας εἰπεῖν, τὸν λαβόντα δ’ εἰδέναι.

ἃ δ' εἰς ἔριν πίπτουσιν ἀνθρώποις κακὰ  
δέλτος διαιρεῖ, κοῦκ ἔῃ ψευδῇ λέγειν.

— EURIPIDES, Frag. 582.

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ἐκάνετ' ἐκάνετε τὰν  
πάνσοφον, ὦ Δαναοί,  
τὰν οὐδέν' ἀλγύνουσιν ἀηδόνα Μουσᾶν.

— EURIPIDES, Frag. 591.

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ὦ τέκνα τέκνα, σφῶν μὲν ἔστι δὴ πόλις  
καὶ δῶμ', ἐν ᾧ λιπόντες ἀθλίαν ἐμὲ  
οἰκῆσετ' ἀεὶ μητρὸς ἐστερημένοι.  
ἐγὼ δ' ἐς ἄλλην γαῖαν εἶμι δὴ φυγὰς,  
πρὶν σφῶν ὄνασθαι κάπιθεῖν εὐδαίμονας,  
πρὶν λέκτρα καὶ γυναῖκα καὶ γαμηλίους  
εὐνάς ἀγῆλαι λαμπάδας τ' ἀνασχεθεῖν.  
ὦ δυστάλαινα τῆς ἐμῆς αὐθαδίας.  
ἄλλως ἄρ' ὑμᾶς, ὦ τέκν', ἐξεθρεψάμην,  
ἄλλως δ' ἐμόχθουν καὶ κατεξάνθην πόνοισι  
στερρὰς ἐνεγκοῦσ' ἐν τόκοις ἀλγηδόνας.  
ἦ μήν ποθ' ἡ δύστηνος εἶχον ἐλπίδας  
πολλὰς ἐν ὑμῖν γηροβοσκήσειν τ' ἐμὲ  
καὶ καθανοῦσαν χερσὶν εὖ περιστελεῖν,  
ζηλωτὸν ἀνθρώποισι· νῦν δ' ὄλωλε δὴ  
γλυκεῖα φροντίς. σφῶν γὰρ ἐστερημένη  
λυπρὸν διδάξω βίον ἀλγεινὸν τ' ἐμοί.  
ὁμῆς δὲ μητέρ' οὐκέτ' ὄμμασιν φίλοις  
ὄψεσθ', ἐς ἄλλο σχῆμ' ἀποστάντες βίου.  
φεῦ φεῦ· τί προσδέρκεσθέ μ' ὄμμασιν, τέκνα;

τί προσγελάτε τὸν πανύστατον γέλων ;  
αἰαῖ· τί δράσω ; καρδία γὰρ οἴχεται,  
γυναῖκες, ὄμμα φαιδρὸν ὥς εἶδον τέκνων.  
οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην· χαιρέτω βουλεύματα  
τά πρόσθεν· ἄξω παῖδας ἐκ γαίας ἐμούς.

καίτοι τί πάσχω ; βούλομαι γέλῳτ' ὀφλεῖν  
ἐχθροὺς μεθεῖσα τοὺς ἐμούς ἀζημίους ;  
τολμητέον τὰδ'. ἀλλὰ τῆς ἐμῆς κάκης,  
τὸ καὶ προέσθαι μαλθακοὺς λόγους φρενός.  
χωρεῖτε, παῖδες, ἐς δόμους· ὅτῳ δὲ μὴ  
Θέμῃ παρεῖναι τοῖς ἐμοῖσι θύμασιν,  
αὐτῷ μελήσει. χεῖρα δ' οὐ διαφθερῶ.

ἀλλ' εἴμι γὰρ δὴ τλημονεστάτην ὁδὸν,  
καὶ τούσδε πέμψω τλημονεστέραν ἔτι,  
παῖδας προσειπεῖν βούλομαι. δότ', ὦ τέκνα,  
δότ' ἀσπάσασθαι μητρὶ δεξιὰν χέρα.  
ὦ φίλτάτη χεῖρ, φίλτατον δέ μοι στόμα,  
καὶ σχῆμα καὶ πρόσωπον εὐγενὲς τέκνων,  
εὐδαιμονοῖτον ἀλλ' ἐκεῖ· τὰ δ' ἐνθάδε  
πατήρ ἀφείλετ'. ὦ γλυκεῖα προσβολή,  
ὦ μαλθακὸς χρῶς πνεῦμά θ' ἥδιστον τέκνων.  
χωρεῖτε χωρεῖτ'· οὐκέτ' εἰμὶ προσβλέπειν  
οἷα τ' ἐς ὑμᾶς, ἀλλὰ νικῶμαι κακοῖς.

— EURIPIDES, *Medea*, 1021-1077.

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Τύριον οἶδμα λιποῦς' ἔβαν  
ἀκροθίνια Λοξία  
Φοινίσσας ἀπὸ νάσου

Φοίβῳ δούλα μελάθρων,  
 ἔν' ὑπὸ δειράσι νιφοβόλοις  
 Παρνασοῦ κατενάσθη.

. . . . .  
 ἔτι δὲ Κασταλλίας ὕδωρ  
 ἐπιμένει με κόμας ἐμᾶς  
 δεῦσαι παρθένιον χλιδὰν  
 Φοιβεΐαισι λατρείαις.  
 ἰὼ λάμπουσα πέτρα πυρὸς  
 δικορύφων σέλας ὑπὲρ ἄκρων  
 Βακχεΐαν Διονύσου,  
 οἶνα θ' ἃ καθαμέριον  
 στάξεις τὸν πολύκαρπον  
 οἰνάνθας ἱεῖσα βότρυν,  
 ζάθεά τ' ἄντρα δράκοντος, οὐ-  
 ρεαί τε σκοπιαὶ θεῶν,  
 νιφόβολόν τ' ὄρος ἱερὸν, εἰ-  
 λίσσων ἀθανάτας θεοῦ  
 χορὸς γενοίμαν ἄφοβος  
 παρὰ μεσόμφαλα γύαλα Φοίβου.

— EURIPIDES, *Phoenissae*, 202–207, 222–238.

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ἄρματα μὲν τάδε λαμπρὰ τεθρίππων·  
 ἥλιος ἤδη λάμπει κατὰ γῆν,  
 ἄστρα δὲ φεύγει πῦρ τόδ' ἀπ' αἰθέρος  
 ἔς νύχθ' ἱερὰν,  
 Παρνησιάδες δ' ἄβατοι κορυφαί  
 καταλαμπόμεναι τὴν ἡμέριαν  
 ἀψίδα βροτοῖσι δέχονται.  
 σμῦρνης δ' ἀνύδρου καπνὸς εἰς ὀρόφους

Φοίβου πέτεται,  
 θάσσει δὲ γυνὴ τρίποδα ζάθειον  
 Δελφίς, αἰίδουσ' Ἑλλησι βοᾶς,  
 ἃς ἂν Ἀπόλλων κελαδήσῃ.  
 ἀλλ', ὦ Φοίβου Δελφοὶ θεράπεις,  
 τὰς Κασταλίας ἀργυροειδεῖς  
 βαίνετε δίνας, καθαραῖς δὲ δρόσοις  
 ἀφυδρανάμενοι στείχετε ναοὺς·  
 στόμα τ' εὖφημον φρουρεῖτ' ἀγαθόν,  
 φήμας τ' ἀγαθὰς τοῖς ἐθέλουσιν  
 μαντεύεσθαι  
 γλώσσης ἰδίας ἀποφαίνειν.  
 ἡμεῖς δὲ πόνους οὖς ἐκ παιδὸς  
 μοχθοῦμεν ἀεὶ, πτόρθοισι δάφνης  
 στέφεσίν θ' ἱεροῖς ἐσόδους Φοίβου  
 καθαρὰς θήσομεν ὕγραῖς τε πέδον  
 ῥανίσιν νοτερόν, πτηνῶν τ' ἀγέλας,  
 αἷ βλάπτουσιν  
 σέμν' ἀναθήματα, τόξοισιν ἑμοῖς  
 φυγάδας θήσομεν· ὥς γὰρ ἀμήτωρ  
 ἀπάτωρ τε γεγὼς τοὺς θρέψαντας  
 Φοίβου ναοὺς θεραπεύω.

ἄγ' ὦ νεηθαλὲς ὦ  
 καλλίστας προπόλευμα δάφνας,  
 ἃ τὰν Φοίβου θυμέλαν  
 σαίρεις ὑπὸ ναοῖς  
 κήπων ἐξ ἀθανάτων,  
 ἵνα δρόσοι τέγγουσ' ἱερά  
 τὰν ἀέναον παγὰν  
 ἐκπροΐεῖσαι

μωρσίνας ἱερὰν φόβαν,  
 ᾗ σάίρω δάπεδον θεοῦ  
 παναμέριος ἄμ' ἀελίου πτέρυγι θοᾷ  
 λατρεύων τὸ κατ' ἡμαρ.  
 ὦ Παιὰν ὦ Παιὰν,  
 εὐαίων εὐαίων  
 εἴης, ὦ Λατοῦς παῖ.

καλὸν γε τὸν πόνον, ὦ  
 Φοῖβε, σοὶ πρὸ δόμων λατρεύω,  
 τιμῶν μαντεῖον ἔδραν·  
 κλεινὸς δ' ὁ πόνος μοι,  
 θεοῖσιν δούλαν χέρ' ἔχειν,  
 οὐ θνατοῖς, ἀλλ' ἀθανάτοις.  
 εὐφάμοις δὲ πόνοις μοχθεῖν  
 οὐκ ἀποκάμνω.  
 Φοῖβός μοι γενέτωρ πατήρ,  
 τὸν βόσκοντα γὰρ εὐλογῶ,  
 τὸ δ' ὠφέλιμον ἐμοὶ πατέρος ὄνομα λέγω  
 Φοῖβου τοῦ κατὰ ναόν.  
 ὦ Παιὰν ὦ Παιὰν,  
 εὐαίων εὐαίων  
 εἴης, ὦ Λατοῦς παῖ.

— EURIPIDES, *Ion*, 82-142.

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ΧΘ. α'. οὐκ ἐν ταῖς ζαθέαις 'Αθά-  
 ναις εὐκλίονες ἦσαν αὖ-  
 λαλ θεῶν μόνον, οὐδ' ἀγυι-  
 ἀτιδες θεραπεῖαι·

- ἀλλὰ καὶ παρὰ Λοξία  
τῷ Λατοῦς διδύμων προσώ-  
πων καλλιβλέφαρον φῶς.
- ΧΘ. β'. ἰδοὺ τάνδ' ἄθρησον,  
Λερναῖον ὕδραν ἐναίρει  
χρυσέαις ἄρπαις ὁ Διὸς παῖς·  
φίλα, πρόσσιδ' ὄσσοις.
- ΧΘ. α'. ὀρῶ. καὶ πέλας ἄλλος αὐ-  
τοῦ πανδὸν πυρίφλεκτον αἶ-  
ρει τίς· ἄρ' ὃς ἐμαῖσι μυ-  
θεύεται παρὰ πήναις  
ἀσπιστὰς Ἰόλαος, ὃς  
κοινοὺς αἰρόμενος πόνους  
Δίῳ παιδὶ συναντλεῖ;
- ΧΘ. γ'. καὶ μὰν τόνδ' ἄθρησον  
πτεροῦντος ἔφεδρον ἵππου·  
τὰν πῦρ πνέουσιν ἐναίρει  
τρισώματον ἀλκάν.
- ΧΘ. α'. παντᾶ τοι βλέφαρον διώκω.  
σκέψαι κλόνον ἐν τείχεσι  
λαῖνοισι Γιγάντων.
- ΧΘ. δ'. ὦδε δερκόμεθ', ὦ φίλαι,
- ΧΘ. ε'. λεύσσεις οὖν ἐπ' Ἐγκελάδῳ  
γοργωπὸν πάλλουσαν ἵτιν;
- ΧΘ. ς'. λεύσσω Παλλὰδ' ἐμὰν θεόν.
- ΧΘ. ζ'. τί γάρ; κεραυνὸν  
ἀμφίπυρον ὄβριμον ἐν Διὸς  
ἐκηβόλοισι χερσίν;
- ΧΘ. η'. ὀρῶ, τὸν δαΐον Μίμαντα  
πυρὶ καταθαλοῖ.
- ΧΘ. θ'. καὶ Βρόμος ἄλλον

ἀπολέμοις κισσίνοισι βάκτροις  
 ἐναίρει Γᾶς τέκνων ὁ βακχεύς.

— EURIPIDES, *Ion*, 184-218.

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Πρῶτον μὲν εὐχῇ τῇδε πρεσβεύω θεῶν  
 τὴν πρωτόμαντιν Γαῖαν· ἐκ δὲ τῆς Θέμιν,  
 ἣ δὴ τὸ μητρὸς δευτέρα τόδ' ἔξετο  
 μαντεῖον, ὥς λόγος τις· ἐν δὲ τῷ τρίτῳ  
 λάχει, θελούσης, οὐδὲ πρὸς βίαν τινός,  
 Τιτανὺς ἄλλη παῖς χθονὸς καθέξετο  
 Φοίβη· δίδωσι δ' ἡ γενέθλιον δόσιν  
 Φοίβῳ· τὸ Φοίβης δ' ὄνομ' ἔχει παρώνυμον.  
 λιπὼν δὲ λίμνην Δηλίαν τε χοιράδα,  
 κέλσας ἐπ' ἅκτας ναυπόρους τὰς Παλλάδος,  
 ἐς τήνδε γαῖαν ἤλθε Παρνησσοῦ θ' ἔδρας.  
 πέμπουσι δ' αὐτὸν καὶ σεβίζουσιν μέγα  
 κελευθοποιοὶ παῖδες Ἥφαίστου χθόνα  
 ἀνήμερον τιθέντες ἡμερωμένην.  
 μολόντα δ' αὐτὸν κάρτα τιμαλφεῖ λεῶς,  
 Δελφός τε χώρας τῇσδε πρυμνήτης ἄναξ.  
 τέχνης δὲ νιν Ζεὺς ἔνθεον κτίσας φρένα,  
 ἵζει τέταρτον τόνδε μάντιν ἐν θρόνοισ·  
 Διὸς προφήτης δ' ἐστὶ Λοξίας πατρός.  
 τούτους ἐν εὐχαῖς φροιμάζομαι θεούς.  
 Παλλὰς προναία δ' ἐν λόγοις πρεσβεύεται.  
 σέβω δὲ νύμφας, ἔνθα Κωρυκὶς πέτρα  
 κοιλή, φίλορνες, δαιμόνων ἀναστροφή·  
 (Βρόμος δ' ἔχει τὸν χῶρον, οὐδ' ἀμνημονῶ,  
 ἐξ οὔτε Βάκχαις ἐστρατήγησεν θεός,  
 λαγῶ δίκην Πενθεῖ καταρράφας μόρον·)



Πλειστοῦ τε πηγὰς, καὶ Ποσειδῶνος κράτος  
καλοῦσα, καὶ Τέλειον ὕψιστον Δία.

ἔπειτα μάντις εἰς θρόνους καθιζάνω.

— AESCHYLUS, *Eumen.* 1-29.

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ἐμοὶ πατὴρ μὲν Πόλυβος ἦν Κορίνθιος,  
μήτηρ δὲ Μερόπη Δωρίς. ἡγόμην δ' ἀνὴρ  
ἀστῶν μέγιστος τῶν ἐκεῖ, πρὶν μοι τύχη  
τοιᾶδ' ἐπέστη, θαυμάσαι μὲν ἀξία,  
σπουδῆς γε μέντοι τῆς ἐμῆς οὐκ ἀξία.  
ἀνὴρ γὰρ ἐν δείπνοις μ' ὑπερπλησθεὶς μέθη  
καλεῖ παρ' ὄνῳ πλαστὸς ὥς εἶην πατρί.  
κἀγὼ βαρυνθεὶς τὴν μὲν οὔσαν ἡμέραν  
μόλις κατέσχον, θάτέρα δ' ἰὼν πέλας  
μητρὸς πατρός τ' ἤλεγχον· οἱ δὲ δυσφόρως  
τοῦννεϊδος ἦγον τῷ μεθέντι τὸν λόγον.  
κἀγὼ τὰ μὲν κείνοιν ἑτερπόμην, ὅμως δ'  
ἔκνιζέ μ' ἀεὶ τοῦθ'· ὑφεῖρπε γὰρ πολὺ.  
λάθρα δὲ μητρὸς καὶ πατρὸς πορεύομαι  
Πυθῶδε, καὶ μ' ὁ Φοῖβος ὦν μὲν ἰκόμην  
ἄτιμον ἐξέπεμψεν, ἄλλα δ' ἄθλια  
καὶ δεινὰ καὶ δύστηνα προῦφηνεν λέγων,  
ὥς μητρὶ μὲν χρεῖη με μυχθῆναι, γένος δ'  
ἄτλητον ἀνθρώποισι δηλώσοιμ' ὄρᾱν,  
φονεὺς δ' ἐσοίμην τοῦ φυτεύσαντος πατρός.  
κἀγὼ 'πακούσας ταῦτα τὴν Κορινθίαν  
ἄστροις τὸ λοιπὸν ἐκμετρούμενος χθόνα  
ἔφευγον, ἔνθα μήποτ' ὀφιοίμην κακῶν  
χρησμῶν ὀνείδη τῶν ἐμῶν τελοῦμενα.  
στείχων δ' ἰκνοῦμαι τούσδε τοὺς χώρους, ἐν οἷς

σὺ τὸν τύραννον τοῦτον ὄλλυσθαι λέγεις.  
 καί σοι, γύναι, τάληθές ἐξερώ. τριπλῆς  
 ὅτ' ἦν κελεύθου τῆσδ' ὁδοιπορῶν πελας,  
 ἐνταῦθά μοι κῆρυξ τε κάπλῃ πωλικῆς  
 ἀνὴρ ἀπήνης ἐμβεβώς, οἶον σὺ φῆς,  
 ξυνηντίαζον· κάξ' ὁδοῦ μ' ὁ θ' ἡγεμὼν  
 αὐτός θ' ὁ πρέσβυς πρὸς βίαν ἡλαυνέτην.  
 κἀγὼ τὸν ἐκτρέποντα, τὸν τροχληάτην,  
 παίω δι' ὀργῆς· καί μ' ὁ πρέσβυς ὡς ὀρᾷ  
 ὄχους παραστείχοντα τηρήσας μέσον  
 κάρα διπλοῖς κέντροισί μου καθίκετο.  
 οὐ μὲν ἔσθην γ' ἔτισεν, ἀλλὰ συντόνως  
 σκήπτρῳ τυπεῖς ἐκ τῆσδε χειρὸς ὑπτιος  
 μέσης ἀπήνης εὐθὺς ἐκκυλίνδεται·  
 κτείνω δὲ τοὺς ξύμπαντας. εἰ δὲ τῷ ξένῳ  
 τούτῳ προσήκει Λαῶν τι συγγενές,  
 τίς ἐχθροδαίμων μᾶλλον ἂν γένοιτ' ἀνὴρ;  
 τίς τοῦδε τάνδρός ἐστ' ἔτ' ἀθλιώτερος;  
 δν μὴ ξένων ἔξεστι μὴδ' ἀστῶν τινι  
 δόμοις δέχεσθαι, μὴδὲ προσφωνεῖν τινά,  
 ὠθεῖν δ' ἀπ' οὔκων. καὶ τάδ' οὔτις ἄλλος ἦν  
 ἢ γὰρ 'π' ἐμαυτῷ τάσδ' ἀράς ὁ προστιθείς.

μὴ δῆτα, μὴ δῆτ', ὦ θεῶν ἀγνὸν σέβας,  
 ἔδοιμε ταύτην ἡμέραν, ἀλλ' ἐκ βροτῶν  
 βαίην ἄφαντος πρόσθεν ἢ τοιάνδ' ἰδεῖν  
 κηλιδ' ἐμαυτῷ συμφορᾷς ἀφιγμένην.

— SOPHOCLES, Oed. Tyr. 774-833.

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μέλπει δ' ἐν δένδρεσι λεπτὰν  
 ἀηδῶν ἀρμονίαν  
 ὀρθρευομένα γόοις  
 "Ιτυν "Ιτυν πολύθρηνον.

— EURIPIDES, Fragment 775.

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εἰ δὲ κυρεῖ τις πέλας οἰωνοπόλων  
 ἔγγαιος, οἶκτον οἰκτρὸν αἴων  
 δοξάσει τις ἀκούειν ὅπα τᾶς Τηρεΐας  
 μήτιδος οἰκτρᾶς ἀλόχου  
 κερκηλάτου τ' ἀηδόνοσ·  
 ἅτ' ἀπὸ χώρων ποταμῶν τ' εἰργομένα  
 πενθεῖ νέοικτον οἶκτον ἡθέων,  
 ξυντίθησι δὲ παιδὸς μόρον, ὥς αὐτοφόνως  
 ὤλετο πρὸς χειρὸς ἕθεν,  
 δυσμάτορος κότου τυχών.

— AESCHYLUS, Supplices, 56-65.

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ἀλλ' ἐμέ γ' ἂ στονόεσσ' ἄραρεν φρένας,  
 ἂ "Ιτυν, αἰὲν "Ιτυν ὀλοφύρεται,  
 ὄρνις ἀτυζομένα, Διὸς ἄγγελος.

— SOPHOCLES, Electra, 147-149.

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ἄγε, σύννομέ μοι, παῦσαι μὲν ὕπνου,  
 λῦσον δὲ νόμους ἱερῶν ὕμνων,  
 οὔς διὰ θείου στόματος θρηνεῖς  
 τὸν ἐμὸν καὶ σὸν πολύδακρυν "Ιτυν·

ἐλελιζομένης δ' ἱεροῖς μέλεσιν  
 γένυος ξουθῆς  
 καθαρὰ χωρεῖ διὰ φυλλοκόμου  
 σμίλακος ἡχώ πρὸς Διδῆς ἔδρας,  
 ἦν' ὁ χρυσοκόμας Φοῖβος ἀκούων  
 τοῖς σοῖς ἐλέγοις ἀντιφάλλων  
 ἐλεφαντόδετον φόρμυγχα θεῶν  
 ἵστησι χορούς· διὰ δ' ἀθανάτων  
 στομάτων χωρεῖ ξύμφωνος ὁμοῦ  
 θεία μακάρων ὁλολυγή.

— ARISTOPHANES, *Ornithes*, 209–222.

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ἦμος δ' αἰγλήεντα περιστρέφει' οὐρανὸν ἄστρα  
 παντοθε μαρμαίροντα, πόνου δ' ἐπιλήθεται ἀνὴρ,  
 δὴ τότε 'Αθηναίη μακάρων ἔδος αἰπὺ λιποῦσα  
 ἦλυθε παρθενικῇ ἀπαλόχροϊ παντ' εἰκυῖα  
 ἐς νῆας καὶ λαόν· ἀρηιφίλου δ' ἄρ' 'Επειοῦ  
 ἔστη ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς ἐν ὀνείραϊ, καὶ μιν ἀνώγει  
 τεῦξαι δούριον ἵππον· ἔφη δέ οἱ ἐγκονέοντι  
 αὐτὴ συγκαμέειν, αὐτὴ δ' ἄφαρ ἀγχόθι βῆναι  
 ἔργον ἔς ὀτρύνουσα· θεῆς δ' ὄγε μῦθον ἀκούσας  
 καρχαλδῶν ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἀκηδέος ἔκθορεν ὕπνου·  
 ἔγνω δ' ἀθάνατον θεὸν ἄμβροτον· οὐδὲ οἱ ἦτορ  
 ἄλλο παρὲξ ὤρμαινε, νόον δ' ἔχεν αἰὲν ἐπ' ἔργῳ  
 θεσπεσίῳ· πινυτὴ δὲ περὶ φρένας ἦε τέχνη.

'Ηὼς δ' ὀππόθ' ἵκανε ἀπωσαμένη κνέφας ἡὺ  
 εἰς ἔρεβος, χαροπὴ δὲ δι' ἡέρος ἦεν αἴγλη,  
 δὴ τότε θεῶν ὄνειρον ἐν 'Αργείοισιν 'Επειός,  
 ὥς ἴδεν, ὥς ἤκουσεν, ἐελδομένοισιν ἔειπεν·  
 οἷ δέ οἱ εἰσαΐοντες ἀπειρέσιον κεχάροντο.

— Q. SMYRNAEUS, *xii.* 104–121.

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ΧΟ. θρέομαι φοβερά μεγάλη' ἄχῃ.

μεθεῖται στρατὸς στρατόπεδον λιπών·

ῥεῖ πολὺς ὅδε λεὼς πρόδρομος ἱππότας·

αἰθερία κόνις με πείθει φανεῖσ',

ἄναιδος σαφῆς ἔτυμος ἄγγελος.

ἔτι δὲ γὰς ἐμᾶς πεδί' ὀπλόκτυπ' ὥσὶ χρίμπτει βοάν·

ποτᾶται, βρέμει δ' ἀμαχέτου δίκαν ὕδατος ὁροτύπου.

ἰὼ ἰὼ, θεοὶ θεαί τ', ὁρόμενον κακὸν ἀλεύσατε·

βοᾷ ὑπὲρ τειχέων

ὃ λεύκασπις ὄρνυται λαὸς εὐτρεπῆς ἐπὶ πόλιν

διώκων πόδα.

τίς ἄρα ῥύσεται, τίς ἄρ' ἐπαρκέσει θεῶν ἢ θεᾶν;

προδώσεις, παλαίχθων Ἀρης, τὰν τεὰν γὰν;

ὦ χρυσοπήληξ δαῖμον, ἔπιδ' ἐπιδε πόλιν

τεὰν, ἄν ποτ' εὐφελήταν ἔθου.

θεοὶ πολιάχοι [χθονὸς,] ἦτ' ἕτε πάντες ὦ,

ἴδετε παρθένων ἱκέσιον λόχον δουλοσύνας ὑπέρ.

κῦμα [γάρ] περὶ πτόλιν

δοχμολοφᾷ ἀνδρῶν καχλάζει πνοαῖς Ἀρεος ὁρόμενον.

ἀλλ', ὦ Ζεῦ πάτερ παντελές,

πάντως ἄρηξον δαῖων ἄλωσιν.

Ἀργεῖοι δὲ πόλισμα Κάδμου

κυκλοῦνται· φόβος δ' ἀρείων ὕπλων·

διάδετοί τε δὴ γένυος ἱππίας

κινύρονται φόνον χαλινοί.

ἐπὰ δ' ἀγάνορες πρέποντες στρατοῦ

δορυσσοῖς σάγαις πύλαις ἐβδόμαις

προσίστανται πάλῳ λαχόντες

— AESCHYLUS, *The Seven against Thebes*, 78-119.

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ΧΟ. ὦ πάτρας Θήβης ἔνοικοι, λεύσσετ', Οἰδίπους  
ὅδε,

ὅς τὰ κλείν' αἰνίγματ' ἥδεις καὶ κράτιστος ἦν ἀνὴρ,  
ὅστις οὐ ζήλω πολιτῶν τῆς τύχης ἐπέβλεπεν.

εἰς ὅσον κλύδωνα δεινῆς συμφορᾶς ἐλήλυθεν.

ὥστε θνητὸν ὄντ' ἐκείνην τὴν τελευταίαν χρεῶν

ἡμέραν ἐπισκοποῦντα μηδέν' ὀλβίζειν, πρὶν ἂν

τέρμα τοῦ βίου περάσῃ μηδὲν ἀλγεῖνδον παθῶν.

— SOPHOCLES, Oed. Tyr. 1523-1530.

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ὦ Σεμέλας τροφοὶ Θῆ-

βαι στεφανοῦσθε κισσῶ·

βρύετε βρύετε χλοήρει

σμέλακι καλλικάρπῳ,

καὶ καταβακχιοῦσθε δρυὸς

ἥ ἐλάτας κλάδοισι,

στικτῶν τ' ἐνδυτὰ νεβρίδων

στέφετε λευκοτρίχων πλοκάμων

μαλλοῖς· ἀμφὶ δὲ νάρθηκας ὕβρι-

στάς ὀσιοῦσθ'. αὐτίκα γὰρ πᾶσα χορεύσει,

Βρόμος εὖτ' ἂν ἄγῃ θιάσους

εἰς ὄρος εἰς ὄρος, ἔνθα μένει

θηλυγενὴς ὄχλος

ἀφ' ἱστῶν παρὰ κερκίδων τ'

οἰστρηθεὶς Διονύσῳ.

ἡδὺς ἐν οὔρεσιν ὅς ἂν

ἐκ θιάσωνδρομαίων

πέσῃ πεδόσε, νεβρίδος ἔχων

ἱερὸν ἐνδυτὸν, ἀγρεύων  
 αἶμα τραγοκτόνον, ὠμοφάγον χάριν,  
 ἕμενος εἰς ὄρεα Φρύγια, Λύδια.  
 ὁ δ' ἔξαρχος Βρόμεος, εὐοῖ.  
 ῥεῖ δὲ γάλακτι πέδον, ῥεῖ δ' οἶνον, ῥεῖ δὲ μελισσᾶν  
 νέκταρι, Συρίας δ' ὡς λιβάνου καπνός.  
 ὁ βακχεὺς δ' ἔχων  
 πυρσώδη φλόγα πύκας  
 ἐκ νάρθηκος ἄσσει  
 δρόμῳ, χοροὺς ἐρεθίζων πλανάτας,  
 ἰαχαῖς τ' ἀναπάλλων,  
 τρυφερὸν πλόκαμον εἰς αἰθέρα ῥίπτων.  
 ἅμα δ' ἐπ' εὐάσμασιν ἐπιβρέμει  
 τοιάδ'· ὦ ἕτε βάκχαι,  
 ὦ ἕτε βάκχαι,  
 Τμώλου χρυσορόου χλιδὰ,  
 μέλπετε τὸν Διόνυσον  
 βαρυβρόμων ὑπὸ τυμπάνων,  
 εὖεια τὸν εὖιον ἀγαλλόμεναι θεὸν  
 ἐν Φρυγίᾳσι βοαῖς ἐνοπαῖσί τε,  
 λωτὸς ὅταν εὐκέλαδος ἱερὸς ἱερὰ  
 παίγματα βρέμη σύνοχα φοιτάσιν  
 εἰς ὄρος εἰς ὄρος· ἡδομένα δ' ἄρα  
 πῶλος ὅπως ἅμα ματέρι φορβάδι  
 κῶλον ἄγει ταχύπουν σκιρτήμασι βάκχα.

— EURIPIDES, *Bacchae*, 105-119, 135-169.

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χαλεπὸν

θεῶν παρατρέψαι νόον  
 ἄνδρεσσιν ἐπιχθονίοις.

καὶ γὰρ ἄν πλάξιππος Οἶνεὺς  
 παῦσεν καλυκοστεφάνου  
 σεμνᾶς χόλον Ἀρτέμεδος λευκωλένου  
 λισσόμενος πολέων  
 τ' αἰγῶν θυσίαισι πατήρ  
 καὶ βοῶν φοινικονώτων.  
 ἀλλ' ἀνέκατον θεὰ  
 ἔσχεν χόλον, εὐρυβίαν δ' ἔσσευ[ε] κούρα  
 κάπρον ἀναδομάχαν  
 ἐς καλλίχορον Καλυδῶ-  
 ν'. ἔνθα πλημυρῶν σθένει  
 ὄρχους ἐπέκειρεν ὀδόντι,  
 σφᾶζέ τε μῆλα, βροτῶν  
 θ' ὅστις εἶσαντ' ἄν μόλοι.  
 τῷ δὲ στυγεράν δῆριν Ἑλλάνων ἄριστοι  
 στασάμεθ' ἐνδυκέως

ἔξ ἅματα συνεχέως· ἐπεὶ δὲ δαίμων  
 κάρτος Αἰτωλοῖς ὄρεξεν,  
 θάπτομεν οὖς κατέπεφ-  
 νεν σὺς ἐριβρύχας ἐπαῖσσων βία.

Θεστίου κούρα δαΐφρων  
 μάτηρ κακόποτμος ἔμολ  
 βούλευσεν ὄλεθρον ἀτάρβακτος γυνά.  
 καῖέ τε δαιδαλέας  
 ἐκ λάρνακος ὠκύμορον  
 φειτρὸν ἀγκλαύσασα· τὸν δὴ  
 μοῖρ' ἐπέκλωσεν τότε  
 ζωᾶς ὄρον ἀμετέρας ἔμμεν.



μένυνθα δέ μοι ψυχὰ γλυκεῖα·  
 γνῶν δ' ὀλιγοσθενέων,  
 αἰαῖ· πύματον δὲ πνέων δάκρυσα τλ[άμων]  
 ἀγλαὰν ἤβαν προλείπων.

φασὶν ἀδεισιβόαν  
 Ἀμφιτρύωνος παῖδα μῶνον δὴ τότε  
 τέγξαι βλέφαρον, ταλαπενθέος  
 πότμον οἰκτεῖροντα φωτός.  
 καὶ νιν ἀμειβόμενος  
 τόδ' ἔφα· θνατοῖσι μὴ φῦναι φέριστον,  
 μήτ' ἀελίου προσιδεῖν  
 φέγγος. ἀλλ' οὐ γάρ τίς ἐστιν  
 πρᾶξις τάδε μυρομένοις,

— BACCHYLIDES, v, 94-116, 137-144, 151-163.

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ὁμέων δ' οἳ περ ἔασιν ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν,  
 οὐδ' οἳ προφρονέως μέμαθ' Ἑκτορος ἀντίον ἐλθεῖν."  
 Ὡς νεέκεσσ' ὁ γέρων, οἳ δ' ἐννέα πάντες ἀνέστην.  
 ὦρτο πολὺ πρῶτος μὲν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,  
 τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Τυδεΐδης ὦρτο κρατερὸς Διομήδης,  
 τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Αἴαντες, θοῦριν ἐπιδεικνύμενοι ἀλκὴν,  
 τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Ἰδομενεὺς καὶ ὁπάων Ἰδομενῆος,  
 Μηριόνης, ἀτάλαντος Ἐνυαλίῳ ἀνδρεϊφόντῃ,  
 τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Εὐρύπυλος, Εὐαίμονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός,  
 ἂν δὲ θόας Ἀνδραϊμονίδης καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς·  
 πάντες ἄρ' οἳ γ' ἔθελον πολεμίζειν Ἑκτορι δῖῳ.  
 τοῖς δ' αὖτις μετέειπε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·  
 "κλήρω νῦν πεπάλασθε διαμπερές, ὅς κε λάχῃσιν·  
 οὗτος γὰρ δὴ ὀνήσει ἑὺκνήμηδας Ἀχαιοὺς,  
 καὶ δ' αὐτὸς δν θυμὸν ὀνήσεται, αἶ κε φύγησι

δηΐου ἐκ πολέμοιο καὶ αἰνῆς δηϊοτῆτος.”

“Ως ἔφαθ’, οἱ δὲ κλῆρον ἐσημήναντο ἕκαστος,  
ἐν δ’ ἔβαλον κυνέη Ἀγαμέμνωνος Ἀτρεΐδαιο.  
λαοὶ δ’ ἡρήσαντο, θεοῖσι δὲ χεῖρας ἀνέσχον·  
ὦδε δὲ τις εἴπεσκεν ἰδὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν·  
“Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἦ ἄντα λαχεῖν, ἦ Τυδέος υἱόν,  
ἦ αὐτὸν βασιλῆα πολυχρύσοιο Μυκῆνης.”

“Ως ἄρ’ ἔφαν, πάλλεν δὲ Γερήνιος ἱππότη Νέστωρ,  
ἐκ δ’ ἔθορε κλῆρος κυνέης, δν ἄρ’ ἠθελον αὐτοί,  
Ἄϊαντος· κῆρυξ δὲ φέρων ἀν’ ὄμιλον ἀπάντη  
δεῖξ’ ἐνδέξια πᾶσιν ἀριστήεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν.  
οἱ δ’ οὐ γιγνώσκοντες ἀπηνῆναντο ἕκαστος.  
ἀλλ’ ὅτε δὴ τὸν ἔκανε φέρων ἀν’ ὄμιλον ἀπάντη,  
ὅς μιν ἐπιγράψας κυνέη βάλε, φαίδιμος Ἄϊας,  
ἦ τοι ὑπέσχεθε χεῖρ’, ὃ δ’ ἄρ’ ἔμβαλεν ἄγχι παραστάς,  
γινῶ δὲ κλῆρου σῆμα ἰδὼν, γήθησε δὲ θυμῷ.  
τὸν μὲν παρ πόδ’ ἐὼν χαμάδις βάλε φώνησέν τε·  
“ὦ φίλοι, ἦ τοι κλῆρος ἐμός, χαίρω δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς  
θυμῷ, ἐπεὶ δοκέω νικησέμεν Ἐκτορα δῖον.

— HOMER, Il. vii. 159-192.

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Ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ, ὃ δὲ χρυσὸς αἰθόμενον πῦρ  
ἅτε διαπρέπει νυκτὶ μέγανορος ἕξοχα πλούτου·  
εἰ δ’ ἄεθλα γαρύεν  
ἔλδεαι, φίλον ἦτορ,  
μηκέθ’ ἀλίου σκόπει  
ἄλλο θαλπνότερον ἐν ἀμέρᾳ φαεννὸν ἄστρον ἐρήμας δι’  
αἰθέρος·  
μηδ’ Ὀλυμπίας ἀγῶνα φέρτερον αὐδάσομεν·  
ὅθεν ὁ πολύφατος ὕμνος ἀμφιβάλλεται

σοφῶν μητίεσσι, κελαδεῖν  
Κρόνου παῖδ'.

— PINDAR, Ol. i. 1-10.

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λευκῶλενε Καλλιόπα,  
στᾶσον εὐποίητον ἄρμα  
αὐτοῦ, Δία τε Κρονίδα  
ὕμνησον Ὀλύμπιον ἀρχαγὸν θεῶν,  
τόν τ' ἀκαμαντορόαν  
Ἄλφεόν, Πέλοπος τε βίαν,  
καὶ Πίσαν, ἔνθ' ὁ κλεεννὸς  
[πο]σσὶ νικάσας δρόμῳ  
[αὔξ]εν Φερένικος ἐϋπύργους Συρακούσ-  
σας, Ἰέρωνι φέρων  
[εὐδ]αιμονίας πέταλον.

— BACCHYLIDES, v. 176-186.

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Ματερ ὦ χρυσοστεφάνων ἀέθλων Οὐλυμπία,  
δέσποιν' ἀλαθείας· ἵνα μάντιες ἄνδρες  
ἐμπύροις τεκμαιρόμενοι παραπειρῶνται Διὸς ἀργικε-  
ραίνου,  
εἴ τιν' ἔχει λόγον ἀνθρώπων πέρι  
μαιομένων μεγάλην  
ἀρετὰν θυμῷ λαβεῖν,  
τῶν δὲ μόχθων ἀμπνοάν·

ἄνεται δὲ πρὸς χάριν εὐσεβίας ἀνδρῶν λιταῖς.  
ἀλλ' ὦ Πίσας εὐδενδρον ἐπ' Ἄλφεῳ ἄλσος,  
τόνδε κῶμον καὶ στεφαναφορίαν δέξαι. μέγα τοι  
κλέος αἰεῖ,

ᾧτινι σὸν γέρας ἔσπητ' ἀγλαόν·  
 ἄλλα δ' ἐπ' ἄλλον ἔβαν  
 ἀγαθῶν, πολλὰ δ' ὁδοὶ  
 σὸν θεοῖς εὐπραγίας.

— PINDAR, Ol. viii. 1-14.

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καὶ τότε' ἐγείνατο παῖδα πολύτροπον, αἰμυλομήτην,  
 λῆϊστῆρ', ἐλατῆρα βοῶν, ἡγήτορ' ὀνείρων,  
 νυκτὸς ὀπωπητῆρα, πυληδόκον, ὃς τάχ' ἔμελλεν  
 ἀμφανέειν κλυτὰ ἔργα μετ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν.  
 ἡῶος γερονῶς μέσῳ ἤματι ἐγκιθάριζεν,  
 ἑσπέριος βοῦς κλέψεν ἐκηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος,  
 τετράδι τῇ προτέρῃ, τῇ μιν τέκε πότνια Μᾶα.  
 ὃς καὶ ἐπεὶ δὴ μητρὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτων θόρε γυίων,  
 οὐκέτι δηρὸν ἔκειτο μένων ἱερῷ ἐνὶ λίκνῳ,  
 ἀλλ' ὃ γ' ἀναῖξας ζήτει βόας Ἀπόλλωνος,  
 οὐδὲν ὑπερβαίνων ὑψηρεφέος ἄντροιο.

— HOMER, Hymn to Hermes, 13-23.

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ὦ Πέλοπος ἀ πρόσθεν  
 πολύπονος ἱππεία,  
 ὥς ἔμολες αἰανὴ  
 τᾷδε γᾶ.  
 εὖτε γὰρ ὁ ποντισθεὶς  
 Μυρτίλος ἐκοιμάθη,  
 παγχρύσων ἐκ δίφρων  
 δυστάνοις αἰκίας  
 πρόρριζος ἐκριφθεὶς,  
 οὔ τί πω

ἔλιπεν ἐκ τοῦδ' οἴκου  
πολύπονος αἰκία.

— SOPHOCLES, *Electra*, 504-515.

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πρὸς εὐάνθεμον δ' ὅτε φυὰν  
λάχναι νιν μέλαν γένειον ἔρεφον.  
ἐτοῖμον ανεφρόντισεν γάμον

Πισάτα παρὰ πατρὸς εὐδοξον Ἰπποδάμειαν  
σχεθέμεν. ἄγχι δ' ἐλθὼν πολιᾶς ἀλδς οἶος ἐν ὄρφνῃ  
ἄπυεν βαρύκτυπον  
Εὐτρίαιναν· ὁ δ' αὐτῷ  
πὰρ ποδὶ σχεδὸν φάνη.  
τῷ μὲν εἶπε· “Φίλια δῶρα Κυπρίας ἄγ' εἴ τι, Ποσειδάον,  
ἔς χάριν  
“ τέλλεται, πέδασον ἔγχος Οἰνομάου χάλκεον,  
“ ἐμὲ δ' ἐπὶ ταχυτάτων πόρευσον ἀρμάτων  
“ ἐς Ἄλιν, κράτει δὲ πέλασον.  
“ ἐπεὶ τρεῖς τε καὶ δέκ' ἄνδρας ὀλέσας  
“ ἐρῶντας ἀναβάλλεται γάμον  
“ θυγατρὸς.

ὥς ἔννεπεν· οὐδ' ἀκράντοις ἐφάψατ' ὧν ἔπεσι. τὸν μὲν  
ἀγάλλων θεὸς  
ἔδωκεν δίφρον τε χρύσειον πτεροῦσιν τ' ἀκάμαντας  
ἵππους.  
ἔλεν δ' Οἰνομάου βίαν παρθένον τε σύνευνον·

— PINDAR, *Oli.* i. 67-88.

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Ἐλκίνουος δὲ τότε ἦρχε, θεῶν ἅπο μῆδεα εἰδώς·  
 τοῦ μὲν ἔβη πρὸς δῶμα θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη,  
 νόστον Ὀδυσσῆϊ μεγαλήτορι μητιόωσα.  
 βῆ δ' ἔμεν ἐς θάλαμον πολυδαίδαλον, ᾧ ἔνε κούρη  
 κοιμᾶτ' ἀθανάτησι φυῇν καὶ εἶδος ὁμοίη,  
 Νηυσικάα, θυγάτηρ μεγαλήτορος Ἀλκινόοιο,  
 παρ δὲ δὺ' ἀμφίπολοι, Χαρίτων ἅπο κάλλος ἔχουσαι,  
 σταθμοῖιν ἐκάτερθε· θύραι δ' ἐπέκειντο φαειναί.  
 ἡ δ' ἀνέμου ὥς πνοιῇ ἐπέσσυτο δέμνια κούρης,  
 στῆ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς, καὶ μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν,

“Νηυσικάα, τί νύ σ' ὥδε μεθήμενα γείνατο μήτηρ;  
 εἴματα μὲν τοι κεῖται ἀκηδέα σιγαλόεντα,  
 σοὶ δὲ γάμος σχεδὸν ἔστιν, ἵνα χρή καλὰ μὲν αὐτὴν  
 ξυνυσθαί, τὰ δὲ τοῖσι παρασχεῖν οἷ κέ σ' ἄγωνται.  
 ἐκ γάρ τοι τούτων φάτις ἀνθρώπους ἀναβαίνει  
 ἐσθλή, χαίρουσιν δὲ πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ.  
 ἀλλ' ἵομεν πλυνέουσai ἅμ' ἡοῖ φαινομένηφι·  
 καὶ τοι ἐγὼ συνέριθος ἅμ' ἔψομαι, ὄφρα τάχιστα  
 ἐντύνεαι, ἐπεὶ οὗ τοι ἔτι δὴν παρθένος ἔσσεαι·  
 ἦδη γάρ σε μνῶνται ἀριστῆες κατὰ δῆμον  
 πάντων Φαιήκων, ὅθι τοι γένος ἐστὶ καὶ αὐτῇ.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγ' ἐπότρυνον πατέρα κλυτὸν ἠῶτι πρὸ  
 ἡμεόνους καὶ ἅμαξαν ἐφοπλίσαι, ἥ κεν ἄγῃσι  
 ζῶστρον τε καὶ πέπλους καὶ ῥήγεα σιγαλόεντα.  
 καὶ δὲ σοὶ ὥδ' αὐτῇ πολὺ κάλλιον ἢ ἐπὶ πόδεσσιν  
 ἔρχεσθαι· πολλὸν γὰρ ἀπὸ πλυνοῖ εἰσι πόλῃος.”

Ἡ μὲν ἄρ' ὥς εἰποῦσ' ἀπέβη γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη  
 Οὐλυμπόνδ', ὅθι φασὶ θεῶν ἕδος ἀσφαλὲς αἰεὶ  
 ἔμμεναι· οὗτ' ἀνέμοισι τινάσσεται οὔτε ποτ' ὄμβρῳ

δεύεται οὔτε χιὼν ἐπιπίλναται, ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἴθρη  
πέπταται ἀνέφελος, λευκή δ' ἐπιδέδρομεν αἴγλη·  
τῷ ἔνι τέρπονται μάκαρες θεοὶ ἥματα πάντα.  
ἔνθ' ἀπέβη γλαυκῶπις, ἐπεὶ διεπέφραδε κούρη.

Αὐτίκα δ' Ἠὼς ἦλθεν εὐθρονος, ἥ μιν ἔγειρε  
Ναυσικάαν εὐπεπλον· ἄφαρ δ' ἀπεθαύμασ' ὄνειρον,  
βῆ δ' ἕμεναι διὰ δώμαθ', ἔν' ἀγγεΐλειε τοκεῦσι,  
πατρὶ φίλῳ καὶ μητρὶ· κινήσατο δ' ἔνδον ἔοντας·  
ἡ μὲν ἐπ' ἐσχάρῃ ἦστο σὺν ἀμφιπόλοισι γυναιξίν,  
ἡλάκατα στρωφῶσ' ἀλιπόρφυρα· τῷ δὲ θύραζε  
ἐρχομένῳ ξύμβλητο μετὰ κλειτοῦς βασιλῆας  
ἐς βουλήν, ἵνα μιν κάλεον Φαίηκες ἄγαυοί.  
ἡ δὲ μάλ' ἄγχι στᾶσα φίλον πατέρα προσέειπε·

“ Πάππα φίλ', οὐκ ἂν δὴ μοι ἐφοπλίσσεις ἀπήνην  
ὕψηλὴν εὐκυκλον, ἵνα κλυτὰ εἴματ' ἄγωμαι  
ἐς ποταμὸν πλυνέουσα, τά μοι ῥερυπωμένα κεῖται;  
καὶ δὲ σοὶ αὐτῷ ἔοικε μετὰ πρῶτοισιν ἔοντα  
βουλὰς βουλευεῖν καθαρὰ χροῖ εἴματ' ἔχοντα.  
πέντε δὲ τοι φίλοι υἱες ἐνὶ μεγάροις γεγάασιν,  
οἳ δὴ ὀπυΐοντες, τρεῖς δ' ἡἴθεοι θαλέθοντες·  
οἳ δ' αἰεὶ ἐθέλουσι νεόπλυτα εἴματ' ἔχοντες  
ἐς χορὸν ἔρχεσθαι· τὰ δ' ἐμῇ φρενὶ πάντα μέμηλεν.”

ᾧ ὧς ἔφατ'· αἰδέτο γὰρ θαλερὸν γάμον ἐξονομῆναι  
πατρὶ φίλῳ· ὁ δὲ πάντα νόει καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ·

“ Οὔτε τοι ἡμίωνων φθονέω, τέκος, οὔτε τευ ἄλλου.  
ἔρχευ· ἀτάρ τοι δμῶες ἐφοπλίσσουσιν ἀπήνην  
ὕψηλὴν εὐκυκλον, ὑπερτερὴν ἀραρυῖαν.”

ᾧ ὧς εἰπὼν δμῶεσσιν ἐκέκλετο, τοὶ δ' ἐπίθοντο.  
οἳ μὲν ἄρ' ἐκτὸς ἄμαξαν εὐτροχον ἡμιονεῖην  
ᾧπλεόν, ἡμίωνους θ' ὕπαγον ζευξάν θ' ὑπ' ἀπήνην·  
κούρη δ' ἐκ θαλάμοιο φέρεν ἐσθῆτα φαεινήν.

καὶ τὴν μὲν κατέθηκεν ἑὺξέστω ἐπ' ἀπήνῃ,  
 μήτηρ δ' ἐν κίστῃ ἐτίθει μενοεικέ' ἔδωδὴν  
 παντοίην, ἐν δ' ὄψα τίθει, ἐν δ' οἶνον ἔχευεν  
 ἄσκῳ ἐν αἰγείῳ· κούρη δ' ἐπεβήσετ' ἀπήνης.  
 δῶκεν δὲ χρυσέῃ ἐν ληκύθῳ ὕγρον ἔλαιον,  
 ἧος χυτλώσαιο σὺν ἀμφιπόλοισι γυναιξίν.  
 ἡ δ' ἔλαβεν μᾶστιγα καὶ ἡνία σιγαλόεντα,  
 μᾶστιξεν δ' ἐλάαν· καναχὴ δ' ἦν ἡμιμόνοι·  
 αἱ δ' ἄμοτον τανύοντο, φέρον δ' ἐσθῆτα καὶ αὐτήν,  
 οὐκ οἴην, ἅμα τῇ γε καὶ ἀμφίπολοι κίον ἄλλαι.

Αἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ ποταμοῖο ῥόον περικαλλέ' ἵκοντο,  
 ἔνθ' ἡ τοι πλυνοὶ ἦσαν ἐπηετανοί, πολὺ δ' ὕδωρ  
 καλὸν ὑπεκπρορέει μάλα περ ῥυπόωντα καθῆραι,  
 ἔνθ' αἶ γ' ἡμιόνους μὲν ὑπεκπροέλυσαν ἀπήνης.  
 καὶ τὰς μὲν σεῦαν ποταμὸν πάρα δινήεντα  
 τρώγειν ἄγρωστιν μελιθδέα· ταῖ δ' ἀπ' ἀπήνης  
 εἴματα χερσὶν ἔλοντο καὶ ἐσφόρουν μέλαν ὕδωρ,  
 στεῖβον δ' ἐν βόθροισι θοῶς ἔριδα προφέρουσαι.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πλυνάν τε κάθηράν τε ῥύπα πάντα,  
 ἐξεΐης πέτασαν παρὰ θιν' ἄλός, ἤχι μάλιστα  
 λάϊγγας ποτὶ χέρσον ἀποπλύνεσκε θάλασσα.  
 αἱ δὲ λοεσσάμεναι καὶ χρισάμεναι λίπ' ἐλαίῳ  
 δεῖπνον ἔπειθ' ἔλονται παρ' ὄχθησιν ποταμοῖο,  
 εἴματα δ' ἡελίοιο μένον τερσήμεναι αὐγῇ.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ σίτου τάρφθεν δμῳαί τε καὶ αὐτή,  
 σφαίρῃ ταί γ' ἄρ' ἔπαιζον, ἀπὸ κρήδεμνα βαλοῦσαι·  
 τῇσι δὲ Ναυσικάα λευκώλενος ἤρχετο μολπῆς.  
 οἴῃ δ' "Αρτεμις εἴσι κατ' οὔρεος ἰοχέαιρα,  
 ἡ κατὰ Τηϋγετον περιμήκετον ἡ Ἐρύμανθον  
 τερπομένη κάπροις καὶ ὠκείης ἐλάφοις·  
 τῇ δέ θ' ἅμα νύμφαι, κοῦραι Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο,



ἀγρονόμοι παΐζουσι· γέγηθε δέ τε φρένα Λητώ·  
 πασάων δ' ὑπὲρ ἥ γε κάρη ἔχει ἡδὲ μέτωπα,  
 ῥεῖά τ' ἀριγνώτη πέλεται, καλαὶ δέ τε πᾶσαι·  
 ὥς ἡ γ' ἀμφιπόλοισι μετέπρεπε παρθένος ἀδμῆς.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ ἄρ' ἔμελλε πάλιν οἰκόνδε νέεσθαι  
 ζεύξασ' ἡμόνους πτύξασά τε εἴματα καλὰ,  
 ἔνθ' αὖτ' ἄλλ' ἐνόησε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη,  
 ὥς Ὀδυσσεὺς ἔγροιο, ἴδοι τ' εὐώπιδα κούρην,  
 ἥ οἱ Φαίηκων ἀνδρῶν πόλιν ἡγήσαιο.  
 σφαῖραν ἔπειτ' ἔρριψε μετ' ἀμφίπολον βασίλεια·  
 ἀμφιπόλου μὲν ἄμαρτε, βαθείῃ δ' ἔμβαλε δίνη,  
 αἰ δ' ἐπὶ μακρὸν ἄϋσαν. ὁ δ' ἔγρετο δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,  
 ἐζόμενος δ' ὥρμαινε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν·

“Ὡ μοι ἐγὼ, τέων αὖτε βροτῶν ἐς γαῖαν ἰκάνω;  
 ἦ ρ' οἷ γ' ὑβρισταί τε καὶ ἄγριοι οὐδὲ δίκαιοι,  
 ἦε φιλόξεينوι, καὶ σφιν νόος ἐστὶ θεουδής;  
 ὥς τέ με κουράων ἀμφήλυθε θῆλυς αὐτῇ,  
 νυμφάων, αἷ ἔχουσ' ὀρέων ἀπεινὰ κάρηνα  
 καὶ πηγὰς ποταμῶν καὶ πίσεα ποιήεντα.  
 ἦ νύ που ἀνθρώπων εἰμὶ σχεδὸν αὐδηέντων;  
 ἀλλ' ἄγ', ἐγὼν αὐτὸς πειρήσομαι ἡδὲ ἴδωμαι.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν θάμνων ὑπεδύσετο δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,

σμερδαλέος δ' αὐτῇσι φάνη κεκακωμένος ἄλμη,  
 τρέσσαν δ' ἄλλυδις ἄλλη ἐπ' ἡϊόνας προὔχουσας·  
 οἷη δ' Ἀλκινόου θυγάτηρ μένε· τῇ γὰρ Ἀθήνη  
 θάρσος ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θῆκε καὶ ἐκ δέος εἴλετο γυίων.  
 στῇ δ' ἄντα σχομένη· ὁ δὲ μερμήριξεν Ὀδυσσεύς,  
 ἦ γούνων λίσσοιτο λαβὼν εὐώπιδα κούρην,  
 ἦ αὖτως ἐπέεσσιν ἀποσταδὰ μειλιχίοισι  
 λίσσοιτ', εἰ δείξειε πόλιν καὶ εἴματα δοίη.

ὥς ἄρα οἱ φρονέοντι δοάσσατο κέρδιον εἶναι,  
 λίσσεσθαι ἐπέεσσιν ἀποσταδὰ μελιχίοισι,  
 μή οἱ γοῦνα λαβόντι χολώσαιτο φρένα κούρη.  
 αὐτίκα μελίχιον καὶ κερδαλέον φάτο μῦθον·

“Γουνουμαί σε, ἄνασσα· θεός νύ τις ἦ βροτός ἐσσι ;  
 εἰ μὲν τις θεός ἐσσι, τοὶ οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἔχουσιν,  
 Ἀρτέμδι σε ἐγὼ γε, Διὸς κούρη μέγαλοιο,  
 εἰδός τε μέγεθός τε φυήν τ’ ἄγχιστα ἔϊσκω·  
 εἰ δέ τις ἐσσι βροτῶν, τοὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ ναιετάουσι,  
 τρισμάκαρες μὲν σοί γε πατήρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ,  
 τρισμάκαρες δὲ κασίγνητοι· μάλα πού σφισι θυμός  
 αἰὲν εὐφροσύνησιν ἰαίνεται εἵνεκα σεῖο,  
 λευσσόντων τοιόνδε θάλος χορὸν εἰσοιχνεῦσαν.  
 κεῖνος δ’ αὖ περὶ κῆρι μακάρτατος ἔξοχον ἄλλων,  
 ὅς κέ σ’ ἐένδοισι βρίσας οἰκόνδ’ ἀγάγεται.  
 οὐ γάρ πω τοιοῦτον ἐγὼ ἴδον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,  
 οὔτ’ ἄνδρ’ οὔτε γυναῖκα· σέβας μ’ ἔχει εἰσορόωντα.

ὥς σέ, γύναι, ἄγαμαί τε τέθηπά τε δειδία τ’ αἰνῶς  
 γούνων ἄφασθαι· χαλεπὸν δέ με πένθος ἰκάνει.  
 χθιζὸς ἐεικοστῶ φύγον ἡματι οἴνοπα πόντον·  
 τόφρα δέ μ’ αἰεὶ κῦμ’ ἐφόρει κραιπναί τε θύελλαι  
 νήσου ἀπ’ Ὀρυγίης· νῦν δ’ ἐνθάδε κάββαλε δαίμων,  
 ὄφρα τί πού καὶ τῇδε πάθω κακόν· οὐ γὰρ ὄϊω  
 παῦσεσθ’, ἀλλ’ ἔτι πολλὰ θεοὶ τελέουσι πάροιθεν.  
 ἀλλά, ἄνασσ’, ἐλέαιρε· σέ γὰρ κακὰ πολλὰ μογήσας  
 ἐς πρώτην ἰκόμεν, τῶν δ’ ἄλλων οὐ τίνα οἶδα  
 ἀνθρώπων, οἳ τήνδε πόλιν καὶ γαῖαν ἔχουσιν.  
 ἄστου δέ μοι δεῖξον, δὸς δὲ ῥάκος ἀμφιβαλέσθαι,  
 εἴ τί πού εἴλυμα σπείρων ἔχες ἐνθάδ’ ἰούσα.  
 σοὶ δὲ θεοὶ τόσα δοῖεν ὅσα φρεσὶ σῇσι μενοινᾷς,

ἄνδρα τε καὶ οἶκον καὶ ὁμοφροσύνην ὁπάσειαν  
 ἐσθλὴν· οὐ μὲν γὰρ τοῦ γε κρεῖσσον καὶ ἄρειον,  
 ἢ ὅθ' ὁμοφρονέοντε νοήμασιν οἶκον ἔχητον  
 ἀνὴρ ἡδὲ γυνή· πολλὰ ἄλγεα δυσμενέεσσι,  
 χάρματα δ' εὐμενέτησι· μάλιστα δὲ τ' ἔκλυον αὐτοί·”

Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἀμφιπόλοισιν εὐπλοκάμοισι κέλευσε·  
 “στῆτέ μοι, ἀμφίπολοι· πόσε φεύγετε φῶτα ἰδοῦσαι;  
 ἢ μή πού τινα δυσμενέων φάσθ' ἔμμεναι ἀνδρῶν;  
 οὐκ ἔσθ' οὗτος ἀνὴρ διερὸς βροτὸς οὐδὲ γένηται,  
 ὅς κεν Φαιήκων ἀνδρῶν ἐς γαῖαν ἵκηται  
 δῆϊοτῆτα φέρων· μάλα γὰρ φίλοι ἀθανάτοισιν.  
 οἰκέομεν δ' ἀπάνευθε πολυκλύστῳ ἐνὶ πόντῳ,  
 ἔσχατοι, οὐδὲ τις ἄμμι βροτῶν ἐπιμέσγεται ἄλλος.  
 ἀλλ' ὅδε τις δούστηνος ἀλώμενος ἐνθάδ' ἱκάνει,  
 τὸν νῦν χρή κομέειν· πρὸς γὰρ Διὸς εἰσιν ἅπαντες  
 ξεῖνοί τε πτωχοί τε, δόσις δ' ὀλέγη τε φίλη τε.  
 ἀλλὰ δότ', ἀμφίπολοι, ξείνῳ βρῶσιν τε πόσιν τε,  
 λούσατέ τ' ἐν ποταμῷ, ὅθ' ἐπὶ σκέπας ἔστ' ἀνέμοιο·”

ὣς ἄρα τῷ κατέχευε χάριν κεφαλῇ τε καὶ ὤμοις.  
 ἔζετ' ἔπειτ' ἀπάνευθε κιῶν ἐπὶ θῖνα θαλάσσης,  
 κάλλεϊ καὶ χάρισι στίλβων· θηεῖτο δὲ κούρη.  
 δῆ ῥα τότε ἀμφιπόλοισιν εὐπλοκάμοισι μετηύδα·

“Κλυτέ μευ, ἀμφίπολοι λευκώλενοι, ὄφρα τι εἴπω.  
 οὐ πάντων ἀέκητι θεῶν, οἷον Ὀλυμpton ἔχουσι,  
 Φαιήκεσσ' ὅδ' ἀνὴρ ἐπιμέσγεται ἀντιθέοισι·  
 πρόσθεν μὲν γὰρ δῆ μοι ἀεικέλιος δέατ' εἶναι,  
 νῦν δὲ θεοῖσιν ἔοικε, τοὶ οὐρανὸν εὐρὸν ἔχουσιν.  
 αἶψά γὰρ ἐμοὶ τοιόσδε πόσις κεκλημένος εἴη  
 ἐνθάδε ναιετάων, καὶ οἱ ἄδοι αὐτόθι μέμνενι.”

ἀλλὰ δότ', ἀμφίπολοι, ξείνῳ βρῶσίν τε πόσιν τε.'

“Ὡς ἔφαθ', αἱ δ' ἄρα τῆς μάλα μὲν κλύον ἠδ' ἐπί-  
θοντο,

πὰρ δ' ἄρ' Ὀδυσσῆϊ ἔθεσαν βρῶσίν τε πόσιν τε.

ἦ τοι ὁ πίνει καὶ ἦσθε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς  
ἀρπαλέως· δηρὸν γὰρ ἐδητύος ἦεν ἄπαστος.

Αὐτὰρ Ναυσικὰ λευκώλενος ἄλλ' ἐνόησεν·  
εἷματ' ἄρα πτύξασα τίθει καλῆς ἐπ' ἀπήνης,  
ζεῦξεν δ' ἡμόνους κρατερώνυχας, ἃν δ' ἔβη αὐτή.  
ὥτρυνεν δ' Ὀδυσῆα, ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

“Ὅρσεο δὴ νῦν, ξεῖνε, πόλινδ' ἵμεν, ὄφρα σε πέμψω  
πατρὸς ἐμοῦ πρὸς δῶμα δαΐφρονος, ἔνθα σέ φημι  
πάντων Φαιήκων εἰδησέμεν ὅσσοι ἄριστοι.

ἀλλὰ μάλ' ὧδ' ἔρδειν· δοκέεις δέ μοι οὐκ ἀπινύσσειν·  
ὄφρ' ἂν μὲν κ' ἀγροὺς ἵομεν καὶ ἔργ' ἀνθρώπων,  
τόφρα σὺν ἀμφεπόλοισι μεθ' ἡμόνους καὶ ἄμαξαν  
καρπαλέμως ἔρχεσθαι· ἐγὼ δ' ὁδὸν ἡγεμονεύσω.  
αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν πόλιος ἐπιβήομεν ἦν πέρι πύργος

τῶν ἀλεείνῳ φῆμιν ἀδευκέα, μή τις ὀπίσσω  
μωμεύῃ· μάλα δ' εἰσὶν ὑπερφίαλοι κατὰ δῆμον·  
καὶ νῦν τις ὧδ' εἴπησι κακώτερος ἀντιβολήσας·  
“τίς δ' ὅδε Ναυσικὰ ἐπεταί καλὸς τε μέγας τε  
ξεῖνος; ποῦ δέ μιν εὔρε; πόσις νῦν οἱ ἔσσεται αὐτῇ.  
ἦ τινὰ που πλαγχθέντα κομέσσατο ἥς ἀπὸ νηὸς  
ἀνδρῶν τηλεδαπῶν, ἐπεὶ οὐ τινες ἐγγύθεν εἰσιν·  
ἦ τίς οἱ εὗξαμένη πολυάρητος θεὸς ἦλθεν  
οὐρανόθεν καταβάς, ἔξει δέ μιν ἥματα πάντα.  
βέλτερον, εἰ καὶ τῇ περ ἐποιχομένη πόσιν εὔρεν  
ἄλλοθεν· ἦ γὰρ τοῦσδε γ' ἀτιμάζει κατὰ δῆμον

Φαίηκας, τοί μιν μυνῶνται πολέες τε καὶ ἐσθλοί.’’  
ὥς ἐρέουσιν, ἐμοὶ δέ κ’ ὀνείδεα ταῦτα γένοιτο.

ἔνθα καθεζόμενος μεῖναι χρόνον, εἰς ὃ κεν ἡμεῖς  
ἄστυδε ἔλθωμεν καὶ ἰκώμεθα δώματα πατρός.  
αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν ἡμέας ἔλπη ποτὶ δώματ’ ἀφίχθαι,  
καὶ τότε Φαιήκων ἔμεν ἐς πόλιν ἥδ’ ἐρέεσθαι  
δώματα πατρός ἐμοῦ μεγαλήτορος Ἀλκινόοιο.  
ῥεῖα δ’ ἀρίγνωτ’ ἐστὶ καὶ ἂν πᾶσι ἡγήσαιο  
νῆπιος. οὐ μὲν γάρ τι ἐοικότα τοῖσι τέτυκται  
δώματα Φαιήκων, οἷος δόμος Ἀλκινόοιο  
ἥρωος. ἀλλ’ ὁπότ’ ἂν σε δόμοι κεκύθωσι καὶ αὐλῇ,  
ᾧκα μάλα μέγαροιο διελθέμεν, ὄφρ’ ἂν ἵκηαι  
μητέρ’ ἐμήν· ἡ δ’ ἦσται ἐπ’ ἐσχάρῃ ἐν πυρὸς αὐγῇ,  
ἡλάκατα στρωφῶσ’ ἀλιπρόφυρα, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι,  
κίονι κεκλιμένη· δμῳαὶ δέ οἱ ἦατ’ ὀπισθεν.  
ἔνθα δὲ πατρός ἐμοῖο θρόνος ποτικέκλιται αὐτῇ,  
τῷ ὃ γε οἶνοποτάζει ἐφήμενος ἀθάνατος ὥς.  
τὸν παραμειψάμενος μητρὸς ποτὶ γούνασι χεῖρας  
βάλλειν ἡμετέρης, ἵνα νόστιμον ἡμᾶρ ἔδῃαι  
χαίρων καρπαλίμως, εἰ καὶ μάλα τηλόθεν ἐσσί.  
[εἴ κέν τοι κείνη γε φίλα φρονέῃσ’ ἐνὶ θυμῷ,  
ἐλπωρή τοι ἔπειτα φίλους τ’ ἰδέειν καὶ ἰκέσθαι  
οἶκον ἐϋκτίμενον καὶ σὴν ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν.]’’

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἔμασεν μᾶστιγι φαεινῇ  
ἡμιόνους· αἰ δ’ ᾧκα λίπον ποταμοῖο ῥέεθρα.  
αἰ δ’ εὖ μὲν τρώων, εὖ δὲ πλίσσονται πόδεσσιν.  
ἡ δὲ μάλ’ ἡνιόχευεν, ὅπως ἄμ’ ἐποίατο πεζοὶ  
ἀμφίπολοί τ’ Ὀδυσσεύς τε· νόῳ δ’ ἐπέβαλλεν ἱμάσθλην·

— HOMER, *Odyssey*, vi. 12-320.

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ἔκ ρ' ἀσαμίνθου βὰς ἄνδρας μέτα οἰνοποτῆρας  
 ἦϊε· Ναυσικάα δὲ θεῶν ἄπο κάλλος ἔχουσα  
 στῇ ῥα παρὰ σταθμὸν τέγεος πύκα ποιητοῖο,  
 θαύμαζεν δ' Ὀδυσῆα ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὁρῶσα,  
 καὶ μιν φωνήσας' ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“Χαῖρε, ξεῖν’, ἵνα καὶ ποτ’ ἐὼν ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ  
 μνήσῃ ἐμεῖ’, ὅτι μοι πρώτη ζώαγρι’ ὀφέλλεις.”

Τῇνδ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·  
 “Ναυσικάα, θύγατερ μεγάλῃτορος Ἀλκινόοιο,  
 οὔτῳ νῦν Ζεὺς θεΐῃ, ἐρίγδουπος πόσις Ἥρης,  
 οὔκαδ' ἐλθέμεναι καὶ νόστιμον ἡμᾶρ ἰδέσθαι·  
 τῷ κέν τοι καὶ κεῖθι θεῷ ὥς εὐχετοῦμην  
 αἰεὶ ἡματα πάντα· σὺ γάρ μ' ἐβιώσας, κούρη.”

— HOMER, *Odyssey*, viii. 456-468.

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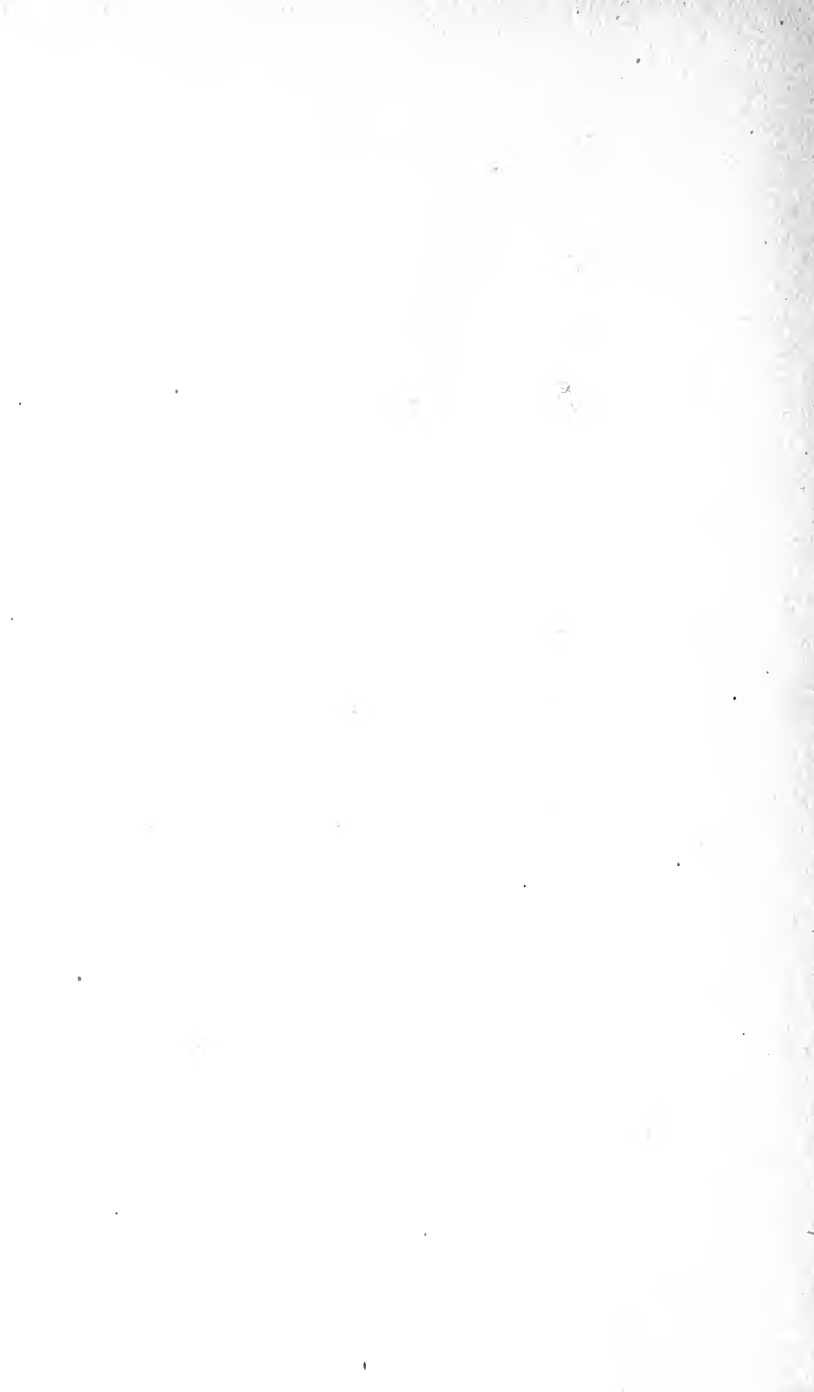
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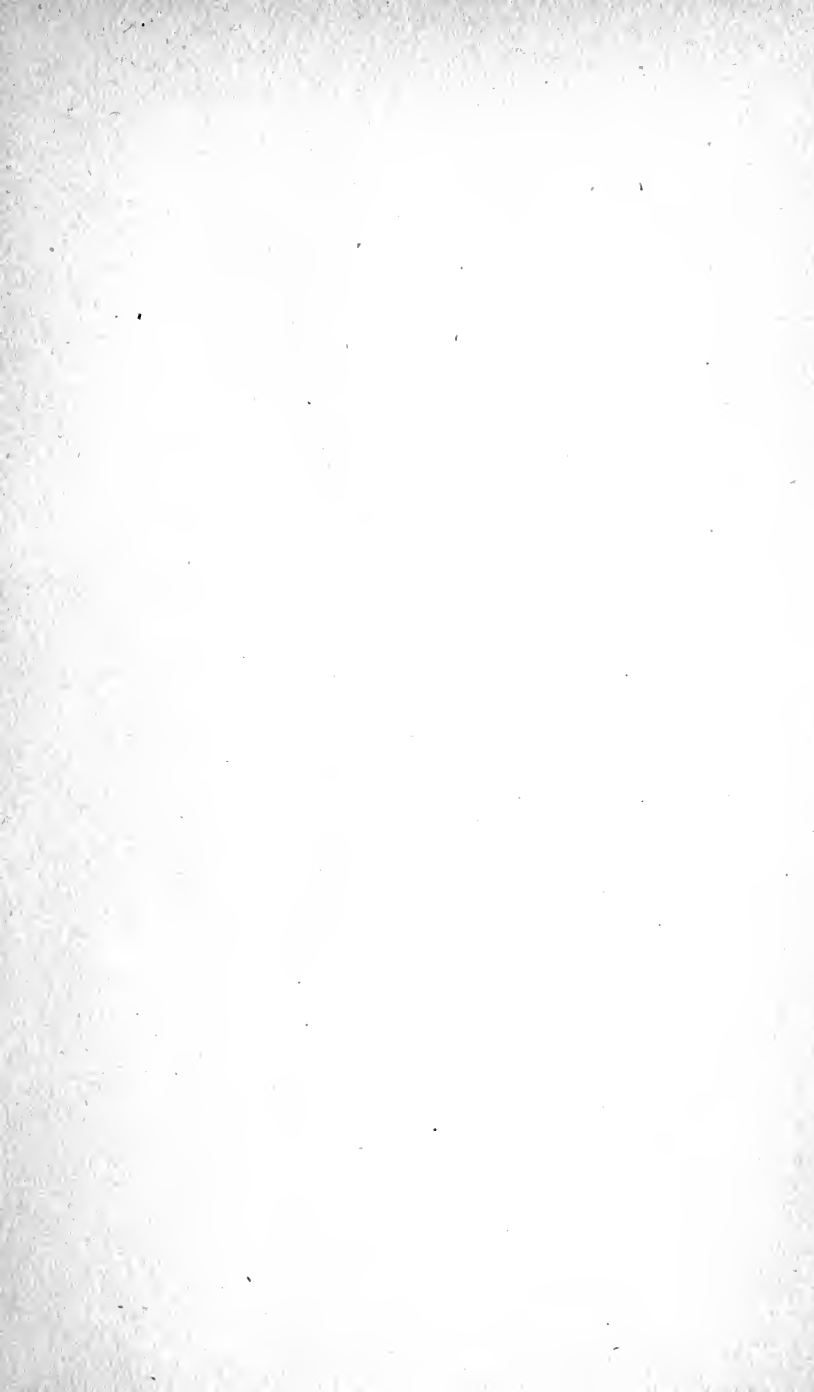
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